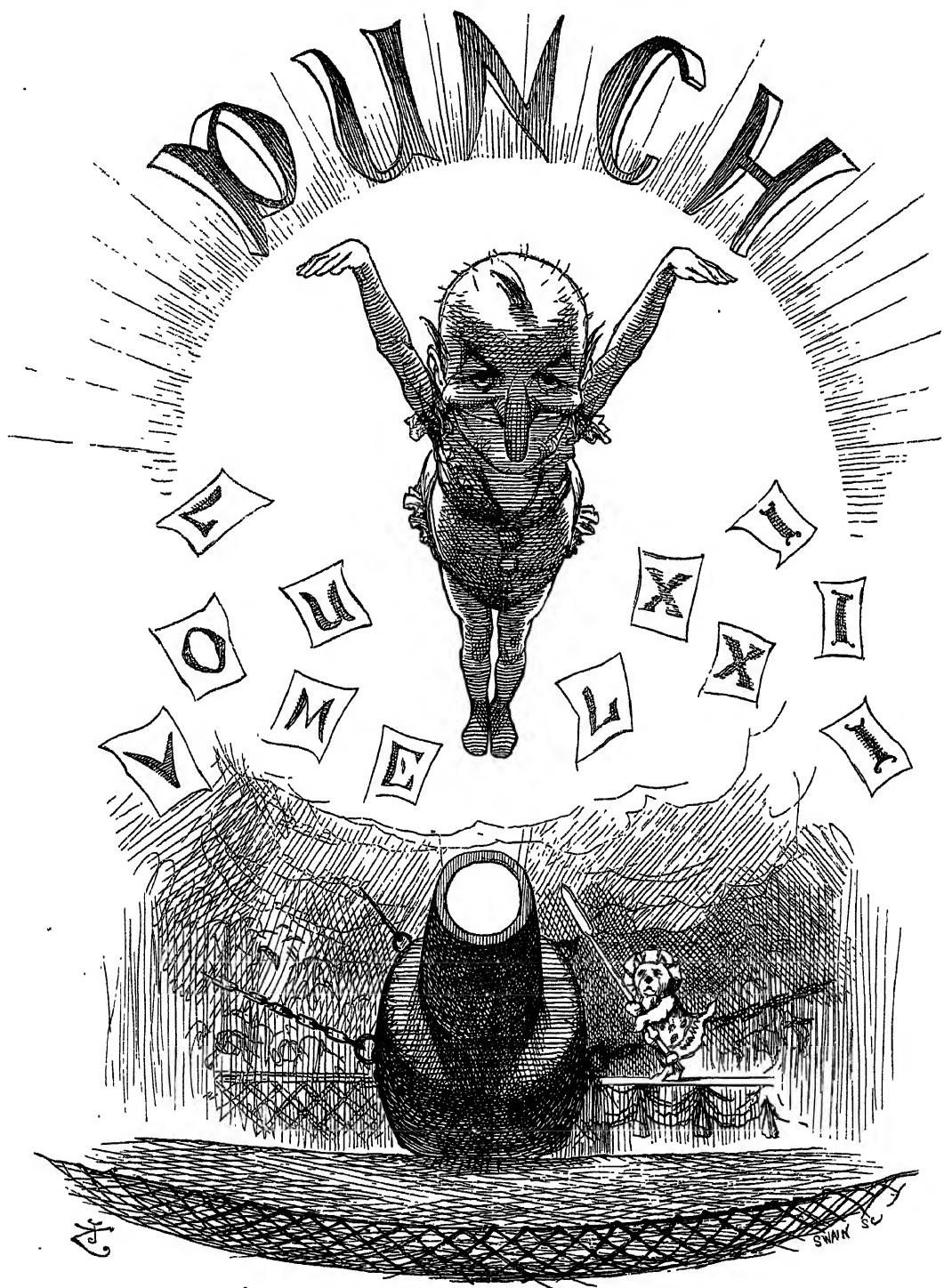


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1877.

LONDON:
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HIS sleepless ear to the central ear-piece of the World-Telephone whose ramifications converge in PUNCH's Cabinet, the Great Teacher sat and listened. He heard the slow, stertorous breathing of 1877, the year of blood, as he fought his way painfully to his last gasp. He listened for Christmas and New Year's Bells. In vain. He heard only the roll of caissons, the boom of guns, the shrieks of wounded and the groans of dying men, the roaring and crackling of burning villages, and—worse than all—the low wailing of houseless women and starving babes.

With a heavy sigh he shut off his telephone-tube. "I will hear no more," he said.

"But you must," said TOBY. "Not through that pipe of ill-omen, but by word of mouth. They are all here. They will see and speak with you."

"They? Who?"

"The Czars and Kaisers, the Kings and Cardinals—the pivots of the world's working."

"Tell them at least to wait for the meeting of Parliament."

"They say they want Wisdom, not Words."

"Let them, at all events, await the revelation of Ministerial intentions."

"They want advice how to act, not contradictory reasons for not acting."

And before PUNCH could bar the entrance of the *Adytum*, the consulters of the Oracle were before him—the Crowned Heads of Europe, the Red-hatted Heads of the Church—suppliant, submissive—waiting to be told what to do, and how to do it.

"We will follow our Protestant order of precedence, if you please," said the Oracle. "Crowns before Tiara. You Temporal Sovereigns are here to consult Me on the important point in Europe's Christmas dinner—How to CARVE THE TURKEY."

The Crowned Heads meekly bowed assent.

"And you, Red-hatted Heads of the Church, would be glad of a lead in your choice of a successor to my excellent, though infallible, old friend, Pio Nono?"

The Red Hats inclined, for once unanimous.

"How do you elect to speak?"

"By our totems!" exclaimed the Crowned Heads; "the beasts and birds who represent us in our coats of arms."

"And admirably they represent you, I must say," rejoined the Oracle, courteously. "As for the carving of the Turkey—you will pardon me for reminding you that the bird is not dead yet, and I fancy my friend ALEXANDER will find him harder killing than he bargained for. Perhaps it would be wiser to postpone the consideration of how the troublesome fowl is to be dismembered, till you are quite certain he is dished. When that little detail is settled, though the British Lion is no way disposed to lift a paw in the savage old creature's defence, he will certainly expect to have a voice in his cutting up;—and if the Egyptian liver-wing should be going a-begging—"

"It is not so much about the Lion's share, as the Bear's, that I am anxious," interposed a mild and mellifluous ursine

voice. "And though I should be the last to press my own claim to so much as a drumstick, still, after all the hard fighting I have had, I must naturally expect my little pickings, disinterested as I am known to be, and purely Christian as my motives must be admitted to be—for a Bear."

"Nothing can be more reasonable," rejoined the Oracle; "and, provided the Bear does nothing to block the Lion's road to India, I really don't see why your respective interests or appetites need clash."

"Of course *we* don't want a slice!" shrieked two large Black Eagles, one single, the other double-headed. "But in the meantime," continued the one with two heads, "if you would only tell me how to keep my two heads from quarrelling—"

"And how about *our* share?" struck in the Servian Buzzard, the Greek Kite, and the spirited little Montenegrin Sparrow-Hawk.

"Really, my feathered friends, I am afraid that whatever trouble you may have had with the living Turkey, the carving of the dead bird is likely to cost you as much difficulty. I must, for the present, decline the task of assigning your respective portions. My one counsel to you is *not* to cross the Lion's path, or to leave him out of any arrangement you may make; or you may find that his claws are sheathed not snipped, and his teeth none the less sharp that he is in no way forward to show them—for all the kind friends who are so ready to roar for him, and so prompt to poke him up."

"This is scarcely the counsel we came for," growled the Bear.

"It is the best I can give you," curtly replied the Oracle. "And now for *you*, most reverend Red Hats! If you can find one among you able to read the signs of the times, and less disposed to rely on Papal infallibility than secular sense, concentrate your votes on him, and leave the Church and the World to find a *modus vivendi*, instead of a *modus internecandi*, as at present."

"Is *that* all the guidance you have to give us?" sighed the Red Hats.

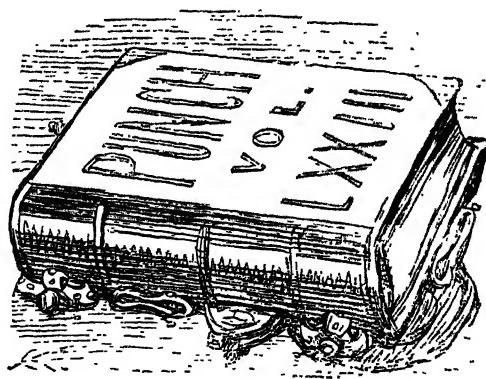
"That—and this, which contains the same advice distilled into Wit, and crystallised into Wisdom—" And the Teacher, with a graceful turn of his wrist, lightly pitched

Volume Seventy-Three

on the pile of shaky Crowns, a-top of which the tottering Tiara strove to maintain a hopeless balance. "Take it among you!" he cried. "Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it, for the better ruling of Kingdoms and Churches at home and abroad, in the present and in the future!"

Crushingly fell that weight of wisdom on the untrustworthy substratum of Crowns—for even those made of iron, and cemented with blood, were honeycombed. Not one but collapsed; some with an elasticity that gave hopes of restoration to better form hereafter; others feebly, flatly, beyond all power of tinkering, all arts of beating out or beating in!

"Past praying for, most of them!" sighed the Teacher. "For the rest, let us pray!"





REGULATIONS FOR WIMBLEDON, 1877.

*War Office, Intelligence Department,
85, Fleet Street.*

FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH cannot permit the Annual Encampment of the National Rifle Association to be held without calling the attention of the Volunteers of Great Britain in general, and London in particular, to the present troubled state of the Continent. It is most important that every English Soldier should appear to the greatest advantage, when the eyes of united, or rather disunited, Europe are upon him. Under these circumstances Volunteers are expected to obey the subjoined General Order.

Tents.—Riflemen will not attempt to convert their tents into gorgeously furnished drawing-rooms. Showy carpets, theatrical furniture, and gaudily-framed mirrors, will not be permitted. Volunteers should remember that the fortnight at Wimbledon ought to be turned to account in accustoming them to roughing it under canvas.

Uniform.—Every Volunteer should appear in uniform. Nothing is more unsoldierlike than a mixture of *mufli* and regiments. Last year, and on many previous occasions, the costumes of some of the Volunteers at Wimbledon would have been inappropriate to any day other than the Fifth of November.

Diet.—For the sake of their own health as well as for their proper training, Volunteer diet should be simple. Expensive messes and continuous "pegs" are quite out of place. The Camp at Wimbledon must not be turned into a pic-nic, if it expects to be received with military honours.

Discipline.—Volunteers should behave as becomes soldiers. Nothing looks more absurd than a disorderly civilian in a uniform that implies obedience to orders. Men should respect their officers, and officers should respect themselves.

In conclusion, FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH would request the public-spirited majority of the Volunteers to put down the snobbish minority. The force has done good service, and is likely to do more. It has often been subjected to unmerited contempt by the antics of a few bad bargains. The hard-working efficient have the matter in their own hands, and can easily suppress the lazy and noisy impostors who claim to be their comrades. If they insist upon good discipline, Volunteers in sport will have to become Soldiers in earnest.

By Order, (Signed) Toby,
Adjutant-General.

THE GRAMPUSES OF GOOLE.

THE sharks of the South Coast are preparing for their summer prey—the seaside visitor. Their ferocity and voracity are familiar facts in the Londoner's natural history. But, we had no idea the Yorkshire coast had its terrors of the sea, not less alarming to the visitor in the porpoises and grampus of Goole:—

"These beasts," says the *Fishing Gazette*, "are as savage as sharks. On one occasion some pleasure-boats were out on the river near Goole, when some of these fish boldly charged the boats, and the fishermen who had command of them, considering they were in absolute danger, immediately returned to the shore, the people in the boats being terribly frightened."

Terror, like indignation, sometimes makes verses. Here is a sample from one of the boats which turned sail from repeated charges—not of the lodging-house south-coast shark, but the till now uniformly considered porpoises and grampus of Goole:—

See a grampus, Going to swamp us! From yon porpoise Save my corups! We read at school Of Arabian Ghoulies, Nor think it odd he's Fond of bodies.	But that Goole porpoise Should eat corups, Is a fact so appallin'. Your tacks pray haul in, And ashore, my man, As fast as you can! Or we'll all be rations For hungry Cetaceans.
---	--

Keeping it Dark.

"THE Association of the Holy Cross," has held a meeting with closed doors, and all present sworn to secrecy, to consider *The Priest in Absolution*. Such secrecy may be un-English, yet not unwise. One is reminded of the Immortal WILLIAM on another father, not Father BAGSHAW—"Let the door be shut upon him, that he play the fool nowhere but in his own house,"—which is emphatically, in this case, *not* the Protestant House of Prayer.

Those Awful Russians!

WHAT are we to think of the contrast between Russian activity and English supineness, when we read in the *Globe* of July 4:—

"Our Cronstadt Correspondent informs us that the Russian ironclad, *Peter the Great*, is now ready to proceed to sea, and is only awaiting the arrival of her guns!"

As Hamlet says, "The readiness is all."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



NOTH^E watch-dog of Standing Orders than LORD REDESDALE it were needless to wish. (Monday, July 2.) The Lords have a "Standing Order" that Bills for confirming Provisional Orders shall not be read a Second Time after a certain day in July. This Standing Order is a case of "*lucus a non lucendo.*" It is not allowed to stand, but is shoved on one side, by leave of the House, whenever it stops the way. LORD REDESDALE complains that "parties" have not their Bills ready earlier. "Parties" would do well to take the hint. But "Confirming Bills" are not the only ones that hang fire—thanks sometimes to "other parties,"

and generally to causes beyond "parties'" control. If "parties" were more under control, Legislation, altogether, would be easier work. (Commons.)—What a vast deal of information is to be gathered from that very "instructive miscellany," the Monday and Friday nights questions! To skim the long list is to "survey mankind from China to Peru." From this "wonderful bottle" we draw what every one will be glad to know, that the Russian Bear's sore head is better, and COLONEL WELLESLEY once more a *persona grata* (*construe*, not a *grateful*, but an *agreeable*, person) at head-quarters.

Does anybody want to know anything about the Clerkship of Durrow Petty Sessions, or the Drainage of Ash, or the Abominations of Italian Child-cramping, or the alarming number of Vacancies among the Vets.—fifteen berths offered and no takers!—or the Fate of the late Moufetish of Egypt, or the Indian Salt Duties, or Plumstead Common, or the Fiji Islands, or that gallant body across country, the Hampshire Mounted Rifles, and their plucky old Colonel, most evergreen of BOWERS, whom the War Office has shunted at sixty-seven, though he is as good across country as ever,—or the grievances of Army Surgeons? Let him refer to Monday's Parliamentary Report. As well try to summarise a chapter of *Mangnall's Questions*.

The dissatisfaction of the Army Surgeons is a serious matter, for it threatens the efficiency of a most important "Arm" of the Service—the arm that physics our Soldiers in peace, and amputates or bandages them in war. MR. HARDY is impatient of these grievances, which find a voice in PLAYFAIR and LUSH. LUSH is scarce the help to fall back on, but PLAYFAIR in the House may assist the Surgeons of the Service to fair play out of it. MR. HARDY declares they have had more than fair play. The Surgeons don't think so, and this is shown by the small number of competitors for Commissions. If Army Surgeons have had all the honours and advantages heaped on them which MR. HARDY insists on, it is surely odd that Army-Surgeons should go a-begging. Men don't usually turn up their noses at bread so richly buttered—especially in one of the most crowded and fiercely competitive of callings. The Medical Department declares the Army never had a better Medical Staff than now. It wouldn't be pleasant to have that Staff give way under the British Soldier in a moment of emergency.



AFTER BURNS.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ousels as others see us!"

Alice. "If I WERE TO PUT ON AUNTIE'S SPECTACLES, I WONDER IF I SHOULD SEE HER FAULTS AS BIG AS SHE SEES MINE?"

When four votes had been got through in Army Supply—£27,013 for expenses of Military Law (even drum-heads, "cats," and court-martials come expensive); £534,000 for Militia pay and allowances (Mr. HATTER called attention to some rather startling facts, as that only 100,611 men were present at the last inspection, out of a paper-force of 134,500; though, to be sure, if short of men, we have lots of officers, quality perhaps not quite up to quantity, seeing that only 558 out of 2,552 have obtained certificates of proficiency, being 25 per cent. of the force, whereas of the Volunteer officers 75 per cent. are certificated); £74,400 for Yeomanry-Cavalry (the country gentlemen's rather costly plaything, which seems to want overhauling); and £468,700 for Volunteer pay and allowances, the Parliamentary machine was brought to a stand-still, at half-past twelve, at the fifth vote of £132,000 for Reserve pay and allowances, on Mr. O'CONNOR POWER's Motion to Report Progress. From that hour till ten minutes after seven on Tuesday morning, a majority of between 188 and 62, and a minority of between 8 and 6, had a lively mill of seventeen rounds, on alternate Motions to Report Progress, and that the Chairman do leave the Chair, till, when the minority still came up smiling for the eighteenth round, SIR CHARLES DILKE got the House Counted Out, after daylight had replaced the gas for three hours. *Aurora—not Nox—pugnam diremit.*

Punch has been exact in recording the incidents of the battle, for it may be an epoch in Parliamentary History—may end either in the devising of some means for overriding an obstinacy that surely deserves (see *Punch's Cartoon*) to be called "Pigheadedness," or—which will be quite as useful—in putting an end to the practice of voting away JOHN BULL's money in lumps during the small hours. In the face of this objectionable practice, it must be owned that there was more justification than a wise Government would have given, even for the interposition of the Powers—O'C. and R.—though Punch cannot honestly wish the House more Powers to her elbow. At least they and their Milesian coadjutors may be proud of having raised Obstruction to the dignity of a fine-art. We speak of the Mechanical and Chemical Powers. This homonymous pair deserve to be raised to a place of their own, in Parlia-

mentary dynamics, as "the Obstructive Powers." PARNELL was to the fore, but could scarce be said to shine. In fact, the new *Gemini* of Obstruction—Powers of the first magnitude—took the shine out of him. And the BIGGAR of those twin stars of Meath and Cavan was absent—absent on such a night! One thinks of HENRI-QUATRE's letter:—

"Pends-toi, brave CRILLON, nous nous sommes battu en diable, et tu n'y étais pas."

Also, a new star of obstruction arose on this memorable morning, which promises to outshine even the two *Gemini* of Mayo and Waterford, Meath and Cavan, The O'DONNELL of Dungarvan, gleaming of spectacles, and strident of speech, shock of head and rutilant of locks—who, comet-like

"From his horrid hair
Shakes Boredom down, and with the fear of Talk,
Perplexes Members."

Nor let us forget WHALLEY, who, divided between envy and admiration of the Obstructive Six—so sublime in stubbornness, so unassailable in unreason, so defiant of dictation, so contemptuous of cajolery—took his place among them as a humble but hearty volunteer, and bade the Parliamentary Juggernaut-Car come on and crush them if it dare!

The names of the sublime Six of that gallant Irish Brigade, with their one English recruit, must be recorded in *Punch's Roll of Fame*—*nominatum et verbatim*:—

Sing we the names of the Six, who, from half-past twelve unto seven—
Boomed from the throat of Big Ben, that never called "Time!"—
to such prowess—

Full in the teeth of the House obstructed the progress of business,
Facing the wrath of JOHN LOCKE and the chiding ironic of
HARCOURT,
Reckless of RAIKES's rebuke, KNIGHT's charge, and the lashing of LUBBOCK.

First in the forehead of battle was he, the selected of Mayo,
POWER, renamed O'CONNOR, and not less a POWER, he also,
RICHARD, whom Waterford honours, returning along with the
Major.

He too, the Major, was there, the great and the genial O'GORMAN,
Irish of spirit un-silent, amusing, obese, and obstructive.
NOLAN, a range-finder rare, the Captain from grim County
Galway,

Bent on finding to-night the range of the House's endurance;
PARNELL, chosen of Meath, but milder than wont in the *mélée*,
Sad to be severed of BIGGAR, his brother in arms and obstruction;
Last-born Hope of the House, precocious in arts of annoyance,
Long and loud of discourse, hard-mouthed, audacious, abusive,
Gleamed through his glasses O'DONNELL, the doughty delight of
Dungarvan.

Such were the Six, but the Seventh was Saxon in name, if in nature

Celt of the Celts, untiring of speech, impervious to reason,
Pig-headedest of pig-headed, a creature of crazes and crotchetts,
WHALLEY, who, wrongs of the Claimant and Jesuit plottings
abandoned,

Joined the Obstructive Brigade, betwixt admiration and envy.

Never a stiffer battle was fought on the field of St. Stephen's—
Never more clearly was proved the saying of GOTTHEL the singer—
"Gegen die Dummheit kämpfen selbst die Götter vergebens."

Tuesday.—The report that the British Fleet has been ordered to Besika Bay officially confirmed in both Houses. *Punch* would like to ask my LORD BEACONFIELD what is to be the next move in his Lordship's little game of Besik(a Bay). But, bless you, he wouldn't get an answer.

(*Lords.*)—LORD COLCHESTER tried to have the Universities Bill hung up for further inquiry. Their Lordships, mindful that the Bill has already been two years in incubation, are determined that something shall be hatched of it, and Committee is fixed for Thursday week.

The EARL OF DERBY explained to LORD HARROBY how Turkey and Persia have been fighting over their boundaries for the last thirty years, and have come to no settlement yet—on the Oriental principle of doing nothing this year you can put off till next.

(*Commons, Morning Sitting.*)—The Irish Sunday Closing Bill, talked out once last Wednesday, was talked out again.

(*Evening Sitting.*)—EARL PERCY rose to move for an inquiry into the present practice of Vaccination.

MR. SLATER-BOOTH gave unanswerable reasons for declining inquiry, not only as unnecessary, but as likely

to give countenance to a mischievous and utterly unreasonable distrust of the most certain protection ever given by Science against the most terrible scourge ever held over humanity. This distrust, which he had hoped was confined to the crassest of ignoramus, *Punch* is sorry to see, is not too unreasonable to find a voice, though a half muffled one, even in the Collective Wisdom.

The House supported MR. SCLATER-BOOTH's abundantly justified refusal by 106 to 56. *Punch* is sorry to read MR. GLADSTONE'S name in the minority.

The House was Counted Out just as Cross entered the Confessional—on MR. WHALLEY'S Motion. The House evidently fights shy of *The Priest in Absolution*—won't touch him, as the saying is, even with a pair of tongs. Perhaps this is as well, if the Bishops will but protest congregations against the abominable book, and the "Priests" who, directly or indirectly, countenance or tolerate it. Mere disclaimers by individual Brethren of the Holy Cross are not sufficient. The unclean book, and the prurient pryings it prescribes, must be cut out of the Church by the roots. No Protestant Church can nurse such a cancer and live.

Wednesday.—MR. O'SULLIVAN'S Bill empowering Irish ratepayers to elect a Justice in each Union, was rejected by 178 to 36. This is not the sort of "Justice to Ireland" England is disposed to put faith in.

A dead set against the Divine Worship Facilities Bill—empowering the Bishop to appoint a Clergyman when provision is needed for the spiritual wants of a parish. What on earth have the Abuses of the Confessional to do with so reasonable a measure, that the Bill should be put to the "Previous Question"? The House pronounced for Second Reading by 94 to 78.

Thursday (Lords).—The DUKE OF SOMERSET opposed Second Reading of the New Forest Bill. His Grace thinks it gives the Commoners too much of what it takes from the Crown. Now, between Commoners and Crown, the Public is very apt to be kicked out of bed. But the Lords' House, whose Committee in 1868 recommended "disafforestation," is hardly the body to strike the balance between Crown's rights and Commoners'. The Bill, in fact, puts into form the recommendations of a Select Committee of the House of Commons; and its object is principally to define the limits within which the Crown must confine rights, which, as insisted upon, and till lately exercised, have materially interfered with the beauty and public enjoyment of the Forest.

(Commons).—The Commons declined for the present to alter the Rules of Debate, in deference to the powers of the Irish Obstructive Brigade.

There was once a famous fighting Irish Regiment known as "The Dirty Half-hundred." Suppose we christen MR. O'CONNOR-POWER'S compact minority, "The Dogged Half-Dozen?"

The House agrees with its Leader, that it would be doing the Dogged Half-dozen too much honour to alter the Rules of Debate in acknowledgment of their powers of obstruction.

There is such a thing as throwing away contempt. Is not the House wasting its contempt in this case? Ought these gentlemen to be allowed to stop the way? Are they likely to be scolded, or sneered, or shamed out of the practice? Did to-night's repetition of Tuesday's morning-performance look like it? To be sure, the House was Counted Out at ten minutes to three instead of ten minutes after seven.

But then BIGGAR shone in his true sphere to-night, at PARNELL'S side.

MR. PARNELL caught the word "blackguard," and MR. BELL apologised, as he had not meant MR. PARNELL to catch it.

Friday (Lords).—LORD REDESPALE wants to upset the Clauses introduced by the Post-Office into the Private Gas and Water Bills to protect their telegraph-poles and wires. The LORD CHANCELLOR had to make a long speech in repelling this strange attack of the too crotchety Chairman of the Lords' Committees on the telegraph apparatus.

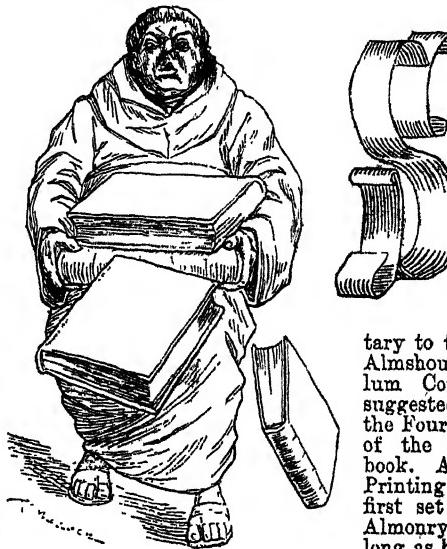
(Commons).—Thanks to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, we know why the Fleet has been ordered to Besika Bay. It is because it is a convenient station." Perhaps this is only a "convenient answer," but it is the best we are likely to get. Little games are best kept dark.

"Will she Swim?" *A propos* of the *Inflexible*, the House discussed at length the question in *Punch*'s last week's *Cartoon*, and put his "two OBEDIARS" into a debate, in which MR. REED conducted the attack, and MR. A. EGERTON the defence, of the Admiralty Model. Government distinctly declines to submit the Ship and Model to a Select Committee, and so takes the responsibility of her upon its own shoulders.

MR. E. JENKINS tried to re-open the case of CAPTAIN ROBERTS—an officer of twenty years' standing, but only eighteen months' regimental service, who, after five years' on half-pay, having joined a regiment, was, not unnaturally, found inefficient, was put through a questionable course of treatment to force him into sending in his papers, complained, was court-martialled and cashiered. It

seems a hard case; but more blame attaches to the War-Office Authorities who, under such circumstances, allowed CAPTAIN ROBERTS to join a regiment, than to the unfortunate Captain himself. At all events, hard as the case may be, the House declined to re-open it by 137 to 72.

ADDENDA ET CORRIGENDA.



ALFRED CAXTON—printers of books and readers—as not only the father of English Printing, but one of the honestest and worthiest of men, both in his craft and his character, as far as it is written—or rather printed—in his work. All honour, too, to MR. J. S.

HODSON, the Secretary to the Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Asylum Corporation, who first suggested the celebration of the Four-Hundredth Birthday of the first English-printed book. And all honour to the Printing Press which Caxton first set up in Westminster Almonry in 1477, and plied, as long as he lived, in the fear of God, and for the good of man.

All honour too, to MR. GLADSTONE, who on the last day of June, did justice to the old Westminster Printer's memory, in a speech worthy of himself and the occasion, though writing—not printing—ink is the form in which the fluid is most largely consumed by him, and post-cards are the vehicle of his wisdom, rather than printed pages.

One thing MR. GLADSTONE noticed, that CAXTON printed no Bible,—WYCLIFFE'S translation, the only one of that date in the English vernacular, being under ban of the Church. A stranger thing he might have noticed, that the Bible is at this time the only book, not copyright, which no printer, save the little knot who possess the privilege, is allowed to print without note or comment.

The printing of the most precious of all books—the Book whose free circulation was to be due to the Printing Press, indirectly as well as directly—is, on this Four-Hundredth Anniversary of the first products of the Printer's Art in England, the single surviving subject of a Printer's monopoly!

Why should this be? Shilling *Shakspeares*, freed from the dead-weight of note or comment, many printing and publishing firms have given us already, and any that like may give. Who pleases may print, as who runs may read. But a Shilling Bible with an unnoted text only the Oxford and Cambridge University Presses and the Queen's Printers are privileged to put forth.

If other Printers print the Book, it must be with notes. This seems to *Punch* a thing that MR. GLADSTONE might have made a note of, to more purpose than the little bit of book-binding claptrap by which a hundred copies of this very Book, "set up" at leisure at one of these privileged Presses, had been printed off by a multiplication of machines, and put through all the processes of drying, folding, cutting, gilt-edging, and binding, between midnight of the 29th and midday of the 30th of June.

There are scores of firms that could have done as much; and thefeat had no bearing whatever on the Printers' Art, instead of being as MR. GLADSTONE called it, its "climax and consummation." If it was a "climax and consummation" of any art, it was of the bookbinder's, not the book-printer's, and, as such, this little "bit of business" strikes one as rather a theatrical intrusion on an occasion which in no way called for it, considering, moreover, that the printing of this Book is still the one Printer's monopoly surviving in England, and that this copy came from one of the three Presses to which that solitary monopoly is confined.

"Ici on Parle Français?"

CLERGYMAN recommande particulièrement, comme PRECEPTEUR ou PROFESSEUR, gentleman Français, sortant chez lui, qui accepterait voyager. Address, &c.—*Times*, July 6th.

Has "CLERGYMAN" been indebted to "gentleman Français" for the French of his advertisement?



OH, HORROR!

Surgeon. "YOUR PULSE IS STILL VERY HIGH, MY FRIEND ! DID YOU GET THOSE LEECHES ALL RIGHT I SENT THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY ?"

Patient. "YES, SIR, I GOT 'EM RIGHT ENOUGH. BUT MIGHTN'T I HAVE 'EM BILLED NEXT TIME, SIR ?"

PARLIAMENTARY NOTICES.

(By the Seven.)

MR. PARNELL—to move the adjournment of the House until justice is done to Ireland.

MR. POWER (No. 1)—To move that the Royal Speech on the Prorogation of Parliament be postponed until it can be delivered in Dublin.

MR. POWER (No. 2)—To move that the Chairman do leave the Chair and take his seat on the Stool of Repentance.

MR. O'DONNELL—To give notice of his intention to move next session that no Army or Navy Estimates be passed until the Government give a solemn pledge that they will enrol the entire Adult Male Roman Catholic Population of Ireland as Volunteers, supply them with rifles of the newest and most approved pattern, and defray all their expenses out of the Exchequer.

MR. PARNELL—when the House goes into Committee on Home-Rule (Dublin Parliament) Bill, to move the introduction of a Clause conferring the office of Speaker on Mr. BIGGAR, during bad behaviour.

MR. BIGGAR—when the House goes into Committee on Home-Rule (Dublin Parliament) Bill, to move the insertion of a Clause conferring the appointment of Chairman of Committees on MR. PARNELL during usual behaviour.

MAJOR O'GORMAN—to give notice of his intention to move the impeachment of the Lord-Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary for Ireland, in the event of the Colorado Beetle making its appearance in that down-trodden country.

CAPTAIN NOLAN—to ask the reason why the Summer Manœuvres are not held on the Curragh instead of at Aldershot.

MR. WHALLEY—to move that a handsome premium be offered for the best design for a fresco to be placed on the walls of the House

WHALLEY'S WISH.

"MR. WHALLEY declared that the part which the Honourable Member for Dungarvan, and those who had acted with him, had taken inspired him with admiration and envy."—*Times*.

The Member for Peterborough has sometimes been asked to sing. Punch presenteth him with an appropriate song.

AIR—"Oh, would I were a Bird!"

WOULD a pig-head were mine,
That I might lie with these,
The Parliamentary line
That block as they d——d please.
How happy could I be,
As the Session's end draws near,
With small hours making free,
Till morning doth appear.
Hibernianest of pleasures,
In cold obstruction's zest,
To mar the Saxon's measures,
And break the Saxon's rest !

Chorus—Cold Saxons may abuse you,
But you 've a friend in me,
Hibernis still Hibernior,
Pig-headeder than ye !

Oh, what delight to lie
Right in the public way,
Bidding Old Time go by—
Dividing night and day !
Resistance to defeat,
And block the crowded path
Of measures incomplete,
And men in howling wrath !
Envy and admiration
My heart between them sway,
Though not of Irish nation,
An Irish part to play !

Chorus—Cold Saxons may abuse you,
But you 've a friend in me,
Hibernis still Hibernior,
Pig-headeder than ye !

TOO GOOD TO BE HOPE FOR.

MR. O'DONNELL, M.P. for Dungarvan, represents the Irish Obstructive Brigade as a "Parliamentary Early-Closing Association." If it could only succeed in "shutting up" the Obstructives themselves !

of Commons, to commemorate vain attempts at the "Arrest of the Seven Members, July 3, 1877!" and to suggest that it be an instruction to the Artists competing to throw into his own countenance an expression of mingled admiration and envy, to introduce in the middle distance a view of the Vatican, and in the background one of Dartmoor.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER—to Report Progress on some plan for carrying on public business without hindrance or obstruction from a minority of Seven (including Tellers).

"WATER IS BEST."

THERE are Associations nowadays for everything under the sun, but none that has done more good in an unpretending way than the Metropolitan Drinking Fountains Association. Theirs are fountains that work and don't play—diminishing drunkenness, and affording pure refreshment to man and woman, boy and girl, bird and beast.

Their motives are pure as the element they work in, and their credit should be clear as the crystal lymph they supply. Nobody, we should think, can throw dirt at their object, any more than anybody would throw dirt into the 324 basins and 342 troughs they count in London at this time. Of this respectable sum-total—or sum total—thirty-three drinking fountains and fifty-eight troughs have been added this year. This is emphatically a good work, quietly done. *Punch* rejoices it has made such good speed, and can only wish to the Association and its offshoots that good speed better. May they help on the time when England will be able to sing or say, what it cannot by any means say yet, "Water, water, everywhere, and lots of it to drink!"



SPEAKING BY THE CARD.

"YOU SEEM TO KNOW ALL THE GOSSIP OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD, PARKER!"

"YES, MA'AM. MY YOUNG MAN IS A POSTMAN, AND HE READS ME ALL THE POST-CARDS!"

THAT BLESSED BEETLE!

ATTEND, all ye lieges! This is to give notice
A foe's on your track, and a terrible foe 'tis.
A horror that long has disturbed our discussions;
A bogey less bogus than BETSY PRIG's Russians.
Their crossing the Danube drove BETSY half frantic;
But, Britons, that Beetle has crossed the Atlantic!
Encamped on the Baltic, beleaguered Cologne,
And made Rhine potato-fields calmly his own!
He comes in his thousands. To nab or to nobble 'em
Is sadly declared an insoluble problem.
As bold as mosquitoes, as mobile as midges,
They dread not big guns, and they do not need bridges.
Torpedoes to them are indifferent trifles,
They care not a button for round-shot or rifles;
And 'gainst them—for GLADSTONE a gloomy reflection—
Our dear Silver Streak will afford no protection.
They fly, and they float, and they paddle, and plod;
Are at home in the air, on the sea, on the sod;
And, if tired, not a whit do they falter or fail,
But travel—*sans* ticket—by steamer or rail.
They can fast like a Trappist, or gorge like a pig,
Change habitat, appetite, diet, and rig;
Play Proteus or 'possum, feign slumber or death—
In fact they have cantrips that quite take one's breath.
A bogey more likely with terror to toss us
Than even the big-booted Northern Colossus;
And Science herself has no present suggestion
For finally solving this great Western Question.
What then? Must we sit like dumb stoical CATOS,
And see this dread Beetle devour our Potatoes?
Not quite. The brown demon, with black striped and dotted,
Whereso'er he's espied should be instantly potted.
And if PAT doesn't wish *sans* his Murphies to starve, he
Must keep sharp look-out for the eggs and the larvae,

Whose jackets, red-brown, like an iron nail rusted,
When twigg'd, should with Paris Green promptly be dusted.
And that, up to date, seems about the sum-total
Of what can be done in a way antidotal
To minimise, localise, limit the ravages
To be dreaded from these coleopterous savages.
Yet stop! There's our climate. The reddish-brown rover
A barrier in that, BATES opines, may discover.
We'll hope so. And England may not have to share her
Potato-crop out with the "Ten-lined Spear-bearer."*

* *Doryphora decemlineata.*

CAVE LUPUM!

THE School-Board has been sitting on the *Priest in Absolution*. If only the Priest in Absolution is not allowed to sit on the School-Board! As it is, he is allowed to sit on too many National-School Committees in London, including those of St. Alban's Holborn, St. Peter's London Docks, St. Michael's Shoreditch, St. Augustine's Kilburn, All Saints' Margaret Street, St. Mary Magdalene's Paddington, St. Matthew's Warwick Road, St. Stephen's Lewisham, St. Paul's Wilton Place, Holy Trinity Bethnal Green, St. Paul's Loximore Square, and St. Columbo's Kingsland Road.

This is a formidable list, but it is to be hoped that the managing Priests in Absolution have not yet taken to put their pupils through the unwholesome discipline of Confession by the Book. But the School Board has a right to demand full proof on this point, and where Priest confesses, let parents see to it that their children do not; or the *Priest in Absolution* will draw on the *Penitent in Pollution*, as a natural sequel—or second volume.

CHILDREN IN SPORT TAUGHT SLAUGHTER IN EARNEST.

THERE is talk in Society of the intended formation amongst the youthful aristocracy of a Junior Hurlingham, to be entitled the Pop-gun Club.



PIGHEADED OBSTRUCTION.

'OUR WHILLI-Y. "THEY IMPRESS ME WITH ENVY, AND ADMIRATION, AND I WILL TAKE MY PLACE AMONGST THEM!"'

PARLIAMENTARY ENGINE-DRIVER (*pulling up*). "WE WON'T DRIVE OVER 'EM THIS TIME; BUT IF THESE 'GENTLEMEN' PERSIST IN BLOCKING THE LINE, WE SHALL HAVE TO CLEAR THE WAY!!"

THE PALACE OF ART.

(New Version.)

PART II.

Yet oft the riddle of Art's real drift
Flashed through me as I sat and gazed.
But not the less some season I made shift
To keep my wits undazed.

And so I mused and mooned ; for three long weeks
I stood it : on the fourth I fell.
All trace of natural colour fled my cheeks,
And I felt—far from well.

When I would gush, where'er I turned my sight
A mocking hand confusion wrought;
Wrote "Meaning ? Meaning ?" till I felt me quite
Dyspeptic and distraught.

Deep dread and loathing of my mystic brood
Fell on me ; from which mood was born
Scorn of my taste ; again, from out that mood,
Laughter at such self-scorn.

"What ! Is not this my Home of Art ?" I said.
"My Aidenn of aesthetic joy ?
Surely, sweet Self, you must be off your head !
What ails you, Self, my boy ?"

For in the corners of my Aidenn stood
Uncanny shapes ; and unawares
I came on phantom heads dripping with blood,
And dim nocturnal mares.

Hollow-cheeked, hectic, rufous-headed dames,
With opiate eyes, and foreheads all
As wan as corpses', but with wings like flames,
Glared on me from each wall.

Those fixed orbs haunted me ; I grew to hate
Those square and skinny jaws, those high cheek-bones.
Nocturnes in soot and symphonies in slate
Moved me to sighs and groans.

Queer convolutions of dim drapery
Inwrept me like a Nessus-snare.
I seemed enmeshed in tangles hot and dry
Of copper-coloured hair.

I loathed the pallid Venuses and Eves,
Nymph-nudity, and Sorceress and Thrall ;
The Wings prismatic, the metallic Leaves—
I loathed them one and all.

I howled aloud, "Let me no more behold
A witch, an angel, or a saint.
Aught mediaval-mystic, classic-cold,
Or *cinqe-cento* quaint.

"It may be that my taste has come to grief,
But if the spectral, dismal, dry,
Do constitute 'High Art,' 'tis my belief
High Art is all my eye."

So when four weeks were wholly finished,
I from my gallery turned away.
"Give me green leaves and flesh and blood," I said,
"Fresh air and light of day."

"I pine for Nature, sad and sick at heart
Of the affected, strained, and queer.
What was to me Ambrosia of Art
Hath grown as drugged small-beer.

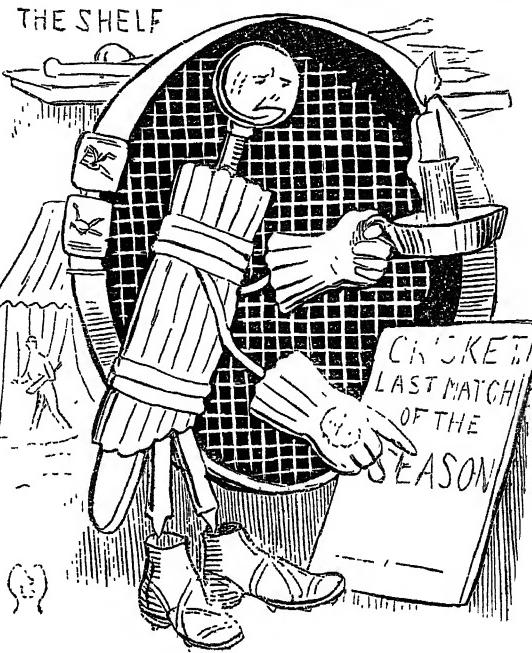
"Yet pull not down my galleries rich and rare :
When Art abjures the crude and dim,
I yet may house the High Ideal there,
Purged from preposterous Whim !"

CROSS-QUESTIONS OF CONSCIENCE.

It is a mistake to suppose that cross-examination in Protestant England is limited to the Witness-box, and conducted only by Lawyers. The reverend members of the "Society of the Holy Cross," are accustomed to cross-examine their disciples in their counterfeit Confessional.

LORD'S AND LADIES;
OR, WHAT A DAY WE'VE BEEN HAVING!

DEAR PUNCH,



UGHT I to say *Mr. Punch*? I suppose I ought, but I feel more at home beginning without ceremony.)

You know—or at least that is a *façon de parler*, because you can *not* know yet—I am not witty. No woman ever is, of course ; but I often say things which the boys (one is in the Guards—that's Douglas; the other is in the Foreign Office—that's Hugh) declare I ought to send to *Punch*.

I have my doubts about that awfully terrible waste-paper basket you threaten us with, and I dare say, if the truth were really known—but we never shall know the truth in

this quite too dreadfully false age—not so very many people, after all, write to you any correspondence at all. Now do they? Be honest for once. Of course that is a joke, because I *know* *Punch* is honest. I thought perhaps, after all, I might have a literary turn, and as I noticed that your "staff"—I believe that is the correct title for your combination of authors and artists, is it not?—never said much about cricket, and as that nice—quite too awfully nice—LORD SPARROWBRAIN had offered to take us (the boys, me, and Mamma) to Lord's, to see the Oxford and Cambridge Match last week, it would be a good opportunity—as I quite, oh! *quite*, understand the game, and both the boys were at Oxford—to try and write an account of the Grand Inter-University Contest—that really does look awfully well, doesn't it?—which I witnessed from the box-seat (think of that, dear old *Punch*—I was really on LORD SPARROWBRAIN's box!) of the best turned-out drag on the ground.

I had never been on a box-seat on a coach before. I could not be on a box-seat *behind*, you know, could I? That's one of the things the boys encored, but I will not say anything that looks like vanity—I do hate it so. There's BELLA TROSSTY, who was on the coach with her sister, MRS. THISTLEDOWN, came in such a Gainsborough hat! If you had seen it, or MR. DU MAURIER had been there, you know, he must have put her into his book there and then—hat and all. This child was very particular about her get-up, I assure you ; in fact, SPARROWBRAIN confided to me there was not another *toilette* on the ground after mine. The others weren't in it.

Let me see. I think I said we arrived at Lord's, and of course you don't want, or your readers either, to hear all the Lord's shop about the Pavilion, and the old players, the health of the Secretary, or the death of ADMIRAL ROUS. What you want is cricket. Oh! that reminds me of what that wretch MAJOR KILLROBIN, who amused me so awfully much more than poor dear SPARROW, who is awfully nice all the same, and I *know* admires me, said to me—that he feared I was "a wicket little thing, he would go bail." Not to be behindhand and by no means, oh! dear no! to be shut up, I told the Major—he really has a love of a moustache and an eye—*Je ne dis que ça*, as THERESA would say—two eyes, indeed, and I am quite too afraid I looked into them—more than once. Oh! I quite forgot to say that as LORD SPARROWBRAIN had most kindly asked his mother, the COUNTESS OF LARKSPUR, to invite Mamma to a Clerical Aid Society's Meeting, she most unfortunately, for her, poor dear Mamma, was conspicuous by her absence, and the boys were left to chaperone me, which of course I took care they did, only DOUGLAS, the horror, would run off half the time to flirt with LADY SEABLOOM, and HUGH took far, quite too far, too much interest in a retired widow, who had a villa in the neighbourhood—*Try back, old man*—that's it, not to be shut up I told the Major that "he was bold," and if MRS. KILLROBIN "caught him out," I fancied he would be "stumped." Now, honour bright, don't you think that is quite up to the average of feminine repartee, not to say a long way to the front, bit between the teeth, hands down, and all the rest of it?

Poor dear SPARROW didn't like it at all when the Major would take my hand in his, only to satisfy himself as to the number of my gloves, for of course I had backed OXFORD, and equally of course I should not allow even that good-looking wretch KILLROBIN to take my hand. Well, I could not help the squeeze,



THE POTATO HARVEST.

Eastern Counties Farmer (at the R. A. Exhibition—before Mr. Macbeth's Picture). "STAMMIN'!"* (*Consults Catalogue.*) "NUMBER 'ONE, OUGHT—POTATO'—No, THAT AIN'T IT, 'TAIN'T LIKELY!" (*Examines Picture again.*) "WH' 'TIS 1031!" (*Catalogue again, and then Picture.*) "WH' LOE"—A—MUSSY! SURFLY—" (*Another long look.*) "WH' THEY ARE A-TATERIN'!!"

* Genuine Suffolk: not a misprint for "Stunnin'."

because that dreadfully athletic hero BUCKLAND sent a ball swishing like a comet right over us, and I might have fallen off the seat if the Major hadn't been there, though that darling SPARROWBRAIN swears he saved me. He did put his arm round my waist—oh! most respectfully, I assure you, and somehow came in contact with the Major's, I cannot think how it got there. Oh! by the way, that made BUCKLAND's score 112. I adore cricket! I never saw better play! And MAJOR KILLEBIN was quite of the same opinion, though he backed Cambridge through thick and thin: I won twelve dozen pairs of gloves, five and a half. Yea! you are right—that's an awfully pretty hand and worth winning, though BELLA TROSSITY does toss up her head. Oh! dear! dear! Quite awfully bother! you know. I have no more time to write, and I must tell you all about the runs next time. But why should a Cambridge man be wanted to keep a wicket at Lord's? Can't a Commissionnaire be paid for it as they are at the Aquarium?

Yours, dear old *Punch*,

KITTUMS.

HIGH-FALUTIN'.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing to the *Times* on the subject of Printing, the Caxton Celebration, and the Copy of the Oxford University Press Bible there shown and puffed (on which *Punch* has commented in another article) winds up, firework-fashion, with the following "bang":—

"As to progressive printing, the Caxton Exhibition demonstrates that direct printing may be applied from the same block to coarse sacking, the surface of sheet iron, or looking-glass, to print upon a file or impart a delicate kiss upon an egg shell. But the greatest marvel of typography is our *Times*; practically and truly you could cast off your linen at one end of a machine to behold it before your eyes transformed into a journal, the whole being produced in less time than it would take a scribe of old to put a new nib to his pen."

Really, Mr. Luke Limner, this "is a leetle strong." The idea of MR. WALTER, or some devoted servant of the *Times*—"not Launcelot, but another"—in a dearth of paper, taking off his shirt at one end of the machine to come out as the broadest of broad-sheets at the other—still more of the conversion of the long cloth into pulp first, and paper afterwards,—to say nothing of the mere "machining,"—taking less time than the mending of a scribe's pen!

Punch can only top this astounding paragraph with one comment in large caps—**BUNKUM!**

From an Ill-used Old Party.

MR. PUNCH.—Sir,

Now that I have been seen, and certified by the Officers and Crew of the Royal Yacht, and reported to the Admiralty, I trust I shall not again be insulted by that disbelief in my existence which is the usual and very painful lot of

Yours indignantly,
THE SEA SERPENT.

P.S.—See Report to the Admiralty, and LIEUTENANT HAYNES's likeness of me in the *Graphic*, which, however, as it represents the back of my head, can hardly be called a satisfactory portrait, were it even more like my *occiput* than I can allow it to be. He describes me as "bullet-headed." I suppose that is why he has drawn my body like a cannon—with wings.

LA RÉPUBLIQUE TO THE BLOCK.

THE publishing firm of HACHETTE (the SMITH of France), who have the exclusive privilege of selling French journals at French railway stations, announce that the station traffic in newspapers will be suspended, the Government having forbidden the sale of the Republican journals—the most moderate not excepted.

This is a *coup d'état* in its way. It is indeed "*couper la tête*" of the Republican Press—and, as usual in cutting off heads, a "Hachette" has been used for the purpose.

POLITICAL PREFECTIBILITY.

THE *Daily News* learns "from Paris that the work of remodelling the staff of Prefects throughout France is completed." Practice makes prefect.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE BROTHERS OF THE HOLY CROSS.—Wholly cross them out.

SPIRIT-RAPPING.—What a Drunkard's Wife too often knows far too much of.

DIARY OF MY RIDE TO KHIVA.

The Last Scene—The Rider carries out his own proposition—Safe Return and Explanation all round.



6:30.—I have been peering through my telescope. I catch sight of *HERRE GRÜNTZ*, the Learned Pig, galloping away towards the snow range as fast as his legs will carry him? A deserter! Why is this! "Boot and spur!" I cry. I rush to boot to ascertain if, after all, I am not deceived, and whether it is not another pig, or a phantasmagoric pig—a pig of the mirage—that I have seen.

No! Alas!! Alas!!! Alas!!!!

For one hour I am overcome. I cannot even write it down in my Diary. *Wickski!*

7:30.—Recovered. I make this entry: "O miserable day! O Woe! Woe! Woe!"

(It was lucky I said this out loud, as the Horse had begun to trot off after the Pig; only, when he heard "Woe! Woe!" he pulled up, and stopped. It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good.)

Let me record the fact.

On the ground before the boot I found the letters of the Alphabet thus arranged:—

"Mouse would sing. Pig could not sleep." You called Pig a bore. Mouse hath murdered sleep. Pig hath murdered Mouse. Henceforth Pig is a wanderer on the face of the earth."

At once I examined the hole where the Mouse used to repose.

Only the remains of a small bit of toasted cheese!

I see how it was done. Detectives of no use here. Pig evidently put cheese out for Mouse. Mouse went out to supper, and Pig, like a second *LUCREZIA BORGIA*—or, rather *BOAR-GIA*—murdered the unhappy vocalist at the meal.

As there are no traces of the deed, it is clear that Pig ate Mouse.

Alas! alas! This breaks up the establishment. "Oh, all my pretty chicks in one fell soup!" How intent *SHAKESPEARE* must have been on chicken-broth when he wrote this—if my quotation is correct.

And yet—Justice must be done. The Pig must be pursued and punished, —yes, even though he flee to Africa, for protection among the sons of Ham!

8 A.M.—Packing up, and off. Gaoler's Daughter still asleep. Why disturb her? Why should her fate be linked with mine? I will leave a slip of paper,

saying, "If I am not back by four, don't expect me." I shall not be back at four, and she will not expect me. At least she can never say that I disappointed her. Farewell, O Gaoler's Daughter!

Away to Khiva!

11 A.M.—Several miles on the road. Horse galloping. Through telescope I see Pig reaching summit of distant range. Pig's ears visible—back—curly tail—hind trotters in air as he disappears over the mountains.

Oh, if a thaw would only set in! Oh that these ice-mountains would but melt! I should re-name the locality the *Melton* country. It is like travelling over a perpetual rink.

Next day.—Forced to abandon sleigh, trap, and Tartar Boy. Told him to wait till called for. He asked for payment, alleging that he was the sole surviving representative, the heir and assignee of the Sleigh Driver. Kicked him. Tartar Boy threatened to follow me on skates, or to go back to Gladitzova and inform Russian Police that I was a spy.

Gave Tartar Boy three roubles and a half (sorry to part with one of them, as it was my tossing rouble, with which I had been invariably fortunate—but this is mere superstition), and promised to send the rest home to his Mother. Farewell, ungrateful Boy! Ta Ta! Tartar Boy! I am now alone! with the sleigh behind me containing only the empty boot and the broken barrel-organ, and I am bravely sticking to my word, for I am riding postilion to Khiva.

The day after.—Still riding, thank Heavens! A thaw!!! The mountains are disappearing! The tops of the spires of the kromeskyys in Khiva are just visible to the spectacled eye.

Midday.—Clear view all round.

4:30. P.M.—Thaw continuing. Attic-windows of Greek Church in Khiva visible. On! on! my gallant Mare!!

5 P.M.—I am suddenly aware of being followed at a distance by a crowd of people. Through telescope I recognise their faces. They are all persons to whom I have, during my progress, given free admissions for the first night of my Exhibition (with Pig & Co.) at Khiva. What a House it will be! But how can I apologise for the non-appearance of *HERRE GRÜNTZ*? Perhaps I may yet come up with him. Thawing fast. No more mounds; they are thawed away! Gee up!

Last Days of my Diary.—Shall I ever reach Khiva? Only a few pounds of cocoa left in my saddle-bags. No wickski! All gone! Cold setting in again. No money left. Only a cheque on the Kashgar Bank.

Monday.—Came on a small village suddenly. It is called *Bokagain*. The Bokagainians told me I'd better not proceed. Dangerous. Ask them for an advance on my Kashgar cheque. The Bokagainians informed me they never advanced. They gave me some rice, as many black beans as will make five white ones, and an Inland Haddock (dried), as a symbol of amity. Rode on to Khiva. Made some cocoa. Lost sight of pursuers.

Same Night.—Gave Horse some beans, and some whacks. On again.

* * * * *

Next Morning.—Horrible—too horrible! Saw wolves before me. Waved my hat, played barrel-organ, and hooted. They went away slowly . . . as if after a heavy meal . . . A carcass lies in the road . . . *Cold Pig!* . . . Alas, poor Pig! . . . Shed tears—the first I've shed for some time . . . Poor Pig! What will thy family say? "This Pig went to Khiva, this Pig stayed at home," &c. He may have deserved his fate, but there were two sides of bacon to his character. How playful and unobjectionable was thy cheek! how brilliant thy crackling! how open thy countenance! How thou didst lick thine own pork-chops! Alas, poor Pig! I strew thy resting-place with beans! . . . Fortunately the wolves have left the greater portion of his skin. On the spot I cover my saddle with it. *In-memori-ham* . . . Once more in the pigskin!! But what will the Free Admissions say?

Next Night.—Khiva at last. At a distance they perceive me. Flags up. Fireworks. Rejoicing. Bands of music. Rush to meet me. Affecting scene. I have achieved my object. I have ridden to Khiva!

* * * * *

Arrived. I dismount, and ask for a bath. They cannot give me a bath, but bring me an old Khan.

Jollifications. Will they change my cheque on the

Kashgar Bank? Yes, with pleasure, on receiving instructions to that effect from England. Till they do, will I stop here as a guest, and enjoy myself? Certainly. Good.

I am at Khiva. The Free Admissionists are outside the gates parleying with the Governor, who is inside looking over the wall. My "orders" only admit them to my Show, but not *into Khiva*. Row. The information which I shall be able to give the English Government will be most valuable.

Joyful News!—I re-open my Diary. This morning I heard a peculiar yet familiar noise outside my door. Half awake, I jumped out of bed.

"Who's there?" I cried, in three languages.

No verbal answer, but in the space between the door and the floor appeared some of the letters of the well-known Alphabet, spelling, "Me! Poor Pig! Pardon!"

I opened the door, and in he trotted. Alive! all alive!! . . . He is pardoned. It was the remains of a wild boar that I had mistaken for those of HERR GRÜNTZ.

To-Night.—At Khiva. First performance of Learned Pig. Great success.

Shall return to England at once. As I learn there is a Performing Dog going about in the best society imitating my Pig's tricks.

My Pig will tell any one his or her age on the Cards if the inquirer only mentions the date of his birth. He need not do this aloud, but merely whisper in my ear, or write it down.

My Pig will double any number that any Gentleman or Lady in the company may think of; he will halve it; he will add ten to it; he will subtract twenty: and be right in the result. He will back himself against *Psycho* or *Zoe* at the Egyptian Hall, and play *écarté* and the Russian *Vkooch Dnib* with any one, including either MR. MASKELYNE or MR. COOKE, for twenty pounds a side.

My Pig will be shot from an eighty-four pounder, dance on a slack wire, and take a hundred feet header into a litter.

No connection with any other Show now exhibiting. Pigstickers beware! Early application to my agent in London absolutely necessary.

From information received I may mention that it is highly probable that I shall be able to add an

ADDITIONAL ATTRACTION

In a Terpsichorean performance by the

FAIR CIRCASSIAN,

Who has written to say she will join me in London at an enormous expense. She will be accompanied by the

EVANSKI CHORISTERS,

Who will sing most of their native Tartar glees, play the Sleigh Bells, and dance

THE "NWODKAERB,"

The National War-Dance of their native land.

The whole to conclude with

A GRAND PYROTECHNIC AND PANORAMIC DISPLAY, With Scenes in the Circle (introducing the Governor's Horse), illustrating the various episodes, the almost insurmountable obstacles, the escape from Wolves, comic business with Sentry in Sentry-box, and, finally, MYSELF ON THE GOVERNOR'S HORSE, in full costume, as I rode into the gates of the town, and so finished

THE RIDE TO KHIVA !!

Postscriptum.

I am now riding back. I promised to outdo CAPTAIN F. BURNABY, by riding to and from Khiva. My friends who have confidence are already singing "He will return, I know him well." And believe me, "I am coming, Sister Mary!"

Returning via Monaco.

Not many people here. Good business. Met rich old Gentleman. Left poor old Gentleman. Rode on.

Paris.—Once more in the capital of pleasure. *Moi et le Cochon!* Rode into Paris by the *Arc de Triomphe* on horseback. *L'homme Cheval* they call me here. The bill is headed with the picture of a centaur.

Boulogne.—One night only. All quiet.

Calais.—Crossed on horseback by the packet-boat.

Dover.—Arrived. Never dismounted once. Riding at anchor. On my way to Home Sweet Home.

End of Diary.

Editor's Appendix.—We have done our Riding Representative an unintentional injustice. PRIVATE WIRE, who was an old soldier in every sense of the word, has absconded, and left a confession with the Confidential Boy in our office, who has returned to his duties thoroughly penitent. PRIVATE WIRE has appropriated the subscriptions raised for Our Riding Representative's tour, and therefore Our Representative has been, equally with ourselves, the victim of a cruel conspiracy. Our Esteemed Contributor's Friend, the Livery Stable Keeper, has called on us, and we have referred him for a settle-

ment to our Riding Representative, who, on his return, will no doubt set everything right.

* * * * *

He has returned. All amicably settled. We retract everything, and are sorry we spoke. He is a man of his word. Everything is right. No further difficulties. There can be no doubt that our excellent friend has ridden to Khiva and back again. In future we shall have every confidence in him, and send him away as soon as possible. He says Khiva is a very charming place, and, from his description, not totally unlike Margate.—ED.

OPENING THE WICKET TO THE LADIES.



ERHAPS Ladies have hitherto had their wrongs in the Cricket-field, as elsewhere. But they are now in the way to get more than their rights, witness this rough draft, picked up by Mr. Punch during a late fashionable match, at what used to be called "Lord's," but soon promises to be Ladies':—

Rules and Regulations for the M. C. C.

1. Candidates of both sexes will in future be eligible for election. The Men should not be

cricketers, and the Ladies are expected to be young and pretty. No objection to frisky matrons, girls of the period, and a small percentage of purblind dowagers.

2. Male candidates will be expected to furnish the Committee with the names of their Clubs and their tailors. They will be called upon (if considered necessary) to pass an examination in billiards and *écarté*.

3. Female candidates (with the exception of dowagers) will be expected to forward to the Committee testimonials from members of Hurlingham, the Orleans, and the chief Military Clubs, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good form.

4. Every Member shall have the right to introduce a cook, a butler, and four footmen on Match days.

5. Members will be expected to provide their own crockery, plate, and table-linen; but (when possible) dining-tables will be provided by the Club.

6. In future Members will not be permitted to send anything beneath the rank of a donkey-cart, as a substitute for their own carriage, on the occasions of the University Contest and the Eton and Harrow Match.

7. Members cooking their luncheons, dinners, &c., on the ground, will be expected to consume their own smoke.

8. In future lawn-tennis or Badminton will be substituted for cricket when the Oxoniens meet the Cantabs and the Public School Boys contend for victory. This alteration has been decided upon so that luncheon-parties may be disturbed as little as possible.

9. Members will be entitled to bring pianofortes upon the ground, and to organise musical parties.

10. The tennis-court will be available for dancing at 10 A.M. A stringed band will be provided by the Club on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

11. In future the Public will be rigidly excluded from Lord's, except during the months of December, January, and February, when rough games, such as football, &c., will not be permitted.

And, lastly (Rule 12), Four times a year the centre turf may be used for cricket, if the Members can be induced to waive their right to use it for a luncheon-ground.

IRONY OF PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Commons, among the methods of impeding legislation, it is customary to move "that the Chairman do Report Progress." Should it not rather be, "that the Chairman do Report Obstruction"?

"ATROCITIES AND ATROCITIES;"
OR, "THE DISTORTIONS OF PARTISANSHIP."



HE "Gentleman who writes for Gentlemen" in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and complains that the party of sentiment will not give his side credit for good intentions, is, it must be admitted, a master of strong language, if not of strong logic.

Let us gather some

of the plums flung by him at the heads of the party—he delights to dishonour:

"The truly blood-thirsty disposition of the party of sentiment," shows itself in their irrepressible "chagrin and disappointment, shocking to behold," that "the extermination of the Turks has been temporarily deferred." They show "with an almost horrid frankness" their "impatience of any intermission in the work of slaughter." They feel an "anxious longing for a heavy list of Turkish killed and wounded." Their leading paper is "an organ of sentimental blood-thirst." They are "indifferent to human suffering" not only among the belligerents, but among harmless peasant families driven into the forests to die of starvation.

We reserve the plum for the last, and give it the honour of italicics—

They "employ their powers of defamation" to "deny the Turks the virtue of veracity, which has hitherto been allowed them by the most virulent of their detractors."

It may be necessary to assure our readers that this rich selection of Billingsgate abuse and reckless assertion, is made not from *Reynolds's Miscellany*, but from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, whose discovery of the "veracity" of the official Turk is worthy to figure among the most wonderful audacities or hallucinations of partisanship.

Why, if there be one quality of Turkish Officialism on which there is a perfect *consensus* of disinterested testimony, it is its practice of cool, calm, gigantic lying, that not only qualifies or suppresses, but calmly reverses the truth with a grand composure and dignified assurance which has often imposed on English Diplomats, and led them to accept as facts the statements of official reports that were, from first to last, tissues of unblushing lies, converting tyranny into tenderness, assailed into assailants, defeat into victory, and black into white.

And this brings us to another article by our friend, the Gentleman of the *Gazette*, which for amenity of phrase, and fairness to those who differ from him, is worthy to be put on a par with the one from which we have culled the sweet things above quoted. This article is headed, "Atrocities and Atrocities;" and its object is to insist on the glaring inconsistency of "the party of sentiment" for not "losing their wits" as completely, and becoming as blind to all "generous allowance for difficulties" over the "Atrocities," reported by the Turkish bulletins to have been committed by the Russians in Armenia and Bulgaria, as over the "Atrocities," which last year turned the universal feeling of England towards the ruling Turk to one of horror and repulsion, and forced our Govern-

ment to hold its hand from aid to the power that had sanctioned, if not directed, such abominable brutalities and indiscriminate massacres.

It never occurs to this amazing drawer of parallels that for the Bulgarian atrocities we had the testimony both of English eyewitnesses of the hideous relics of Batak and Philippopolis, and of the English gentleman officially charged to investigate the facts, to set against the audacious lying of the Turkish official report; while for the alleged Russian atrocities we have as yet no evidence but those very Turkish official reports, which we know, as a rule, to be unworthy of credit.

Next, apart from the question of evidence altogether, our common sense tells us that there is all the difference in the world, as a matter of justification, between such trivial provocation as alone was ever proved in the case of the Bulgarian Atrocities and the exigencies of actual war. The burnings and bombardments of an invading army are blind, and cannot always distinguish between the persons or properties of avowed enemies and unarmed peasants, between magazines and hospitals, head-quarters and consulates, particularly where flags are hoisted at the command of those to whom lying costs nothing.

If the Gentleman of the *Pall Mall Gazette* cannot see the difference between the horrors and sufferings which follow the advance or retreat, the course of attack or defence, of an invading army, and the massacre and outrage of unoffending women, innocent children, unarmed peasants, and unoffending priests, to say nothing of the indescribable horrors far worse than death, which revealed the utter brutality of the ruling Turks in Bulgaria last year, we find it difficult to say which most unfits him for his task of public instructor—his lack of common fairness, or his want of common sense.

ALFRED THE GREAT AT WANTAGE.

WHAT'S in a name? Something, sometimes. Thus *Wantage*, without a statue of its noblest son, ALFRED THE GREAT, may be said to have represented a Want of the Age. This want is now supplied by COUNT GLEICHEN's full-length statue of that best and bravest of English Monarchs, that "worthy father of a worthy line," presented to the town by COLONEL LOYD LINDSAY, and last Saturday unveiled by the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES. It was well that the statue of such a king and hero should be the work of a sculptor of the British blood-royal, that it should have been given by a soldier who bears the badge of valour on his breast and unveiled by the hand that will one day, it is hoped, bear the sceptre of these Isles, and hers whom this isle has taken to her heart out of those Danes from whose fathers ALFRED rescued England. A pleasant thought that she should do ALFRED honour, for whom ALFRED's Kingdom, grown to fulness of strength, has, of its free-will, again put on Danish chains—the chains of love and honour.

APPOINTMENTS FOR THE INSANE.

THE EARL OF SHAFESBURY, among various uses, serves as honorary Chairman of the Lunacy Commissioners. Examined, the other day, before the Select Committee of the House of Lords appointed to inquire into the operation of the Lunacy Laws, he expressed an opinion worthy of note:—

"His Lordship would not render admittance to Asylums easier than it was at present, although he would not increase the obstacles attending it."

This statement, authoritative as it is, will perhaps induce legislators to relinquish the idea of enacting that a necessary condition of admittance to a Lunatic Asylum shall be success in a Competitive Examination.

Entre Dire et Faire.

"M. LéON SAY, late Finance Minister of France, and leading representative of Free-trade in that country, is expected to attend the next dinner of the Cobden Club."—*Daily News*.

LéON for COBDEN hath couched lance:
And yet, for all this champion true,
Free-trade in France has yet to advance
From the domain of "Say" to "Do."

The Latest Opera.

THE Second Act of *Santa Chiara* (the DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA's unfortunate Opera) is entirely funereal, representing the obsequies of the deceased wife of the Czarowitch. Mr. GYE should have announced this as "a great undertaking."

AN EXPENSIVE ELECTION.—For the Ward of Cheap. (*With Punch's compliments to SIR JOHN BENNETT.*)

THE SONG OF SHINDY.

A Poem which Mr. Punch earnestly commends to the attention of Reformers, Inventors, Practical Philanthropists, and all lovers of their kind.

I'M the only true child of Old Chaos alive,
But by Science ignored or accepted I thrive.
She is down on Disorder and Dirt, but till now
Seems tolerant still of Unlimited Row.
Men prate about Silence and fight about Peace ;
I am sworn foe of both, and my triumphs ne'er cease.
Art hears me, the Church all my powers employs,
And Progress itself is the patron of Noise.

In the Centres of Commerce I rule and rejoice,
Uplifting a harsh and cacophonous voice
Of incredible compass, from thunder to squeal.
Through roar, rattle, rumble, explosion, and peal,
Thud, clatter, and clash, all the changes I ring
On the gamut of Row; and my voice is a thing
Which to rival in power or shrillness of note
Old Stentor might fruitlessly strain his huge throat.

Poor Music my rival, mine enemy Quiet,
Are nowhere with me in the race of sheer Riot ;
For Silence and Song are but interludes rare
In the Devil's Tattoo that I beat everywhere.
I'm Civilisation's chief Nemesis. She,
Whilst weighted with such an Old Man of the Sea,
Is held, by the wise, mere mechanical welter,
Whose name should be altered to wild Helter-Skelter.

Reform, which lays hands upon everything now,
Has made an exception in favour of Row;
And Satire, which scariifies all that's absurd,
Lets me off with a feeble occasional gird.
A sour SCHOPENHAUER may sometimes protest,
A LEECH or a BABBAGE bewail his lost rest ;
But men in the mass, howsoever annoyed,
Accept me as nuisance that none may avoid.

And yet did but Science and Satire unite
Against me, in earnest to scheme and to fight,
The rule of the last of the tyrants of Man
Would be quickly reduced to a limited span.
Should tolerant tympanums fairly revolt,
I'm afraid I should have to sing small, or to bolt,
Like most later despots, of whom which enjoys
Such irrational rule as preventible Noise ?

But Conservative dulness is Shindy's best friend,
And while that holds sway my long rule knows no end.
To stop needless Noise, from bells, whistles, or jaws,
Would be held as subversive of Nature's first laws.
A crusade 'gainst Caophony ? Bless you, no fear !
The Millennium itself is precisely as near.
'Gainst despots of all sorts shout orators windy,
But who dares to head a revolt against Shindy ?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

LIKE the two lions upon Afric's burning shore in *Bombastes Furioso*, two Earls of Mar confront each other rampant in the Peerage Roll of Scotland. As "the last lion thought the first a bore," so, doubtless, thinks the EARL OF MAR AND KELLIE by the creation of 1567 of MR. ERSKINE GOODEVE, who claims to be Earl of Mar by the creation of 1457 :—

"Creations clashing—'tis a shock of worlds !"

The DUKE OF BUCLEUCH (*Lords*, Monday, July 9), who moved to reverse the order of nature by putting the second creation before the first, was fain, in the end, to agree to the LORD CHANCELLOR'S suggestion of a Select Committee. Well may we say that a Select Committee is the end of all things, when even the order of creation—though it be only a creation of Scotch Peers—is referred to it. EARL FORTESCUE thinks the lower middle-class have not their fair share of the good things that should fall from the rich table of the Endowed Schools, objects to their management by the Charity Commissioners, and moves for returns which he thinks will bear out both conclusions. The DUKE OF RICHMOND grants the returns, and defends the Commissioners, who are only discharging a very thankless duty laid on them by Parliament. Let who will try to build on our old Educational foundations, they will find the more urgent the

RETROSPECTIVE REGRETS.

(At the End of the Season.)

LADIES.

I'M not sure, MARY, that it does one harm getting up at twelve and going to bed at four in the morning ; but I do not feel quite as good as when I was up at Fairholme.

Bother ! I could bite my tongue off ! I wish I hadn't gone in for being satirical when I came out. CHARLIE left me for saying those cruel things to him ! And I know I shall never love anyone again. I could dance on my best bonnet !

If I had only taken the box-seat at Lord's I should have had his coronet at my feet. Just like my absurd shyness. My Lord has got a nice bit of temper in BELLA, though. I ought to know if anyone does.

Yes, I believe I have broken his heart ; but he has done nothing desperate yet. I wish I hadn't been so merciful. A sensational *dénouement* would have made me the rage. Men can't appreciate a woman nowadays !

I could have cut out the Yankee Beauty into little stars and stripes, if I hadn't caught the measles from that stupid boy, who ought never to have left his school. "Why, suttinly !" as the siren with the fetching twang says ; and the Yank nowhere in the betting. "Oh, snakes !"

GENTLEMEN.

WHY the deuce, CHARLIE, didn't I back *Sylvio* and *Placidia*? And what on earth persuaded you to play that knave at the *Macheaterium*? We might have made our fortune ! Duffers !

Ah, my boy, if I'd only had the pluck to pop that evening in the conservatory, I know she would have taken me ; and now she's gone off with O'Cresus ! I am an idiot.

I say, old man, what could have awoke my conscience t'other night, when that tipsy De GRÜNHORN offered to swap his phaeton and pair for EVA's bouquet ? Donkey !

My good BENJAMIN, where shall I find the ready to last me through another season ? Unfortunate pauper that I am !

Right you are ! I ought to have nicked the widow, after all. She wasn't ten years older than myself, and positively good-looking under a white veil. Ass !

How can I get out of my stupid promises to IDA and ETHEL ? Fortunately both the Baronet and the M.P. are too proud to bring an action. Lucky dog !

Now just look at that ! If I hadn't become a member of the Lyons Club I should never have got mixed up with MRS. JEANNE DARK, and the row wouldn't have happened, and MABEL wouldn't have turned her back on me, and—confound it, you know, it's really quite too awfully big a nuisance. Dash it all !

CHANGE OF TITLE.—From *The Priest in Absolution* to *Absolute Pollution in the Priest*.

work the harder it is. The most flagrant jobs die hardest, and there is no job so bad but it can find a Parliamentary mouthpiece, if it but cry loud enough. A good job needs no defender. The point is to make the best of a bad one.

(Commons).—The British Ambassador (*tests* the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER) has not informed the SULTAN that it may be necessary for Great Britain to occupy Constantinople and the Dardanelles for the protection of British interests. The French Government has not come to any understanding with the English as to naval operations in the East. So Monday's lies are settled.

The arrest of two Plumstead patriots with the significant names of "COWING" and "DEADMAN," charged with riot in resisting enclosure, exercised MR. BOORD. The stout assertion of public rights in common grounds has no stronger friend than *Mr. Punch*. But MR. DE MORGAN is distinctly becoming not only a nuisance himself, but a cause of nuisance in others, and will have to be taught, sharply if need be, that he is not MIRABEAU, but DE MORGAN—always bearing in mind that the last thing he ought to be made is a Martyr.

Navigating Sub-Lieutenants, Isle of Wight Paupers, Easter Monday Field Days, Herring Fisheries, Dartmouth Naval College, Land Sales in the Forest of Dean, the British Flag in Central Africa, Naval Chaplains marked with the Holy Cross, that blessed Brotherhood, the Holy Cross Society, as a whole, and lastly, the



A RENCONTRE.

MRS. H. (WISHING TO ECONOMISE) TAKES AN EARLY MORNING TRAIN TO THE AMERICAN MEAT STORE. MRS. H.'S WEST-END BUTCHER (WHO SELLS ONLY "PRIME ENGLISH" MEAT) HAS, FOR SOME MYSTERIOUS REASON, COME TO THE SAME PLACE. THEY MEET—TABLEAU!

Inflexible, in the matter of which the Government has shown itself of more flexibility than stability, and grants an unofficial Committee to report on that much-discussed ship—

"Quicquid agunt homines votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago reporti."

After the Lower Chamber's Miscellany came the Second Reading of LORD CARNARVON'S skeleton South Africa Bill, not sweetened by the hint that some £100,000 will be wanted at once to meet the expenses of Transvaal Annexation of which MR. LOWTHER gave the history, which is at the same time the justification.

MR. COURTNEY and SIR C. DILKE think the Annexation a blunder, if not worse. It is always well that such acts should be well threshed out; and that, as in the canonisation of a Saint there is an *advocatus diaboli* to set forth all the reasons against Sainthood, there should be Parliamentary Protesters to pick all the holes possible in a proceeding as open to question as most Annexations. But, after taking tent of all the holes that MR. COURTNEY and the acute Chelsea Baronet can pick, *Punch* believes the Transvaal Annexation will hold water—*imprimis*, as a necessity for the safety of British South African Dominion, and, secondly, as for the good, not only in the long run, but immediately, of both Dutch Boers and South African Natives—brown, whitey-brown, and yellow—Caffres, Totties, Bushmen, and Afrikanders alike; both the matter and manner of which reflect honour on SIR THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE and credit on LORD CARNARVON.

MR. RYLANDS was down on the cost of buildings and administration in Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum; and MR. CROSS, admitting that the cost of the Asylum was enormous, promised to look into it. For once RYLANDS scores a point.

MR. SHAW-LEFEVRE raised a matter that sorely wants raising—our Consular Service in Turkey. It is hard not to feel that there is but too much foundation for his charge against our Consul in Bosnia, of passionate Philo-Turkism, and obstinate injustice to the Bosnian rebels against Turkish oppression, whom the Consul's reports (made on Turkish authority, *not personal investigation*) represent as "brigands" unworthy of sympathy. Judging

by all recent unofficial record, if there be a region of European Turkey, after Montenegro, in which honest and well-informed English sympathy would be safe to centre, it is Bosnia and the Herzegovina, where the Rayahs, at their own risk and the risk of all near and dear to them, have left their homes and braved cold, hunger, danger, and death in battle, on the hill-side, and, worse than either, in the Turkish prisons or at the hands of the Turkish tormentor, rather than bear the unspeakable oppression and indescribable outrage of Ottoman mis-rule. These men are fighting a good fight, and we do not wonder that it has roused even the calm wisdom of MR. SHAW-LEFEVRE to see them described as "brigands" and "filibusters," roused to revolt not by domestic oppression but by foreign intrigue.

Happily we have in Bosnia one FREEMAN at least, able and willing to sympathise with freemen, and his picture is there to correct the other by. Of course MR. BOURKE, as in Foreign Office duty bound, defended our Bosnian Consul. But facts are stranger than Foreign Office instructions; and if our Consul, speaking on Turkish authority, reports facts, then the statements of MR. EVANS, MISSIS IRBY and MUIR-MACKENZIE and MR. STILLMAN, who have perambulated these regions expressly to study and report from observation the state of the people and their treatment by their rulers, are fictions: Which conclusion is the more probable? Let us hope the days are gone, or going, by, when it was an instruction to English Consuls to paint the Turks in *couleur de rose*.

Perhaps, however, the spirit of those days in the Foreign Office may survive Ottoman Rule in Bosnia. But with the Turks out of European Turkey as rulers, we can put up with any amount of them in that little European Turkey over in Downing Street. It is when the Turks here and the Turks there play into each other's hands, that mischief is made. One point in conclusion; our Consul in Bosnia, MR. LOWTHER said, had been forty-one years in the service. Surely he has earned his retiring pension, or, at all events, an easier berth than Bosnia in times like these. He can't be good for much in the saddle over such roads as travellers in those parts describe; and how else is he to get about? and how but by getting about is he to learn the truth, surrounded by those great masters in the art of lying and



A HINT FOR HOT WEATHER.

IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY. WHY NOT DO AWAY WITH THE SLEEVES OF YOUR OUTER GARMENT, LIKE THE LADIES?

evasion, the Turkish Officials? Home is clearly the place for HOLMES, and let FREEMAN come to the front.

The Home-Rulers were, for once, almost unanimous in defence of one of the most egregious jobs ever attempted even in Ireland, or defended, even by Irish Members—the appointment by a Master in an Irish Court within three weeks of his last act of official life, of his son to a junior-clerkship with no duties, the abolition of which had been recommended by the Chief Justice and Chief Baron, and the salary of which, thus filled up, the Treasury have refused to pay. CHIEF JUSTICE WHITESIDE is quoted as characterising this as “incredible meanness.” We should have called it “plain duty,” or, “inevitable necessity,” which you will.

COLONEL WELLESLEY seems destined to breed battle. Now they are quarrelling over his retention in the Military Attachéship more than five years, because it puts him over the heads of his military seniors, and violates the rotation rule.

A propos of that rule which shifts holders of Staff appointments after five years’ tenure, if any Military Reformer—not Mr. Holmes, but another—would move for a Select Committee to inquire into the working of it, in such appointments as the Superintendence of Woolwich Arsenal or the Governorship of the Military College, he would do good service, and expose little-suspected practical ill-consequences of the hard and fast application of a rule that, to work well, must be worked “with a difference.”

In certain classes of appointments the application of the five years’ rule means simply throwing away all the benefit of an expensive experience, and constant replacing, at JOHN BULL’s heavy cost, of men who have learnt a difficult business by those who have it all to learn.

Tuesday (Lords).—*Ea nihil nihil.*

Commons (Morning Sitting).—*A propos* of a question by Mr. WHALLEY, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER protested against canards being let fly in the House of Commons, and the Government being expected to bring them down. On the motion for going into Supply for Education, LORD SANDON, essaying a general statement, was pulled up sharp by MR. FORSTER, and told to keep his talk till the House was in Committee. After some time wasted in a smart

wrangle, LORD SANDON shut up, whereupon MR. SAMUELSON moved a relaxation of the rule that requires those who are learning to teach to live in Training Colleges. The Scotch Universities are able and willing to teach teachers, and “my Lords” will facilitate attendance of Queen’s Scholars on their classes. But further they decline to go, and the House, by LORD SANDON’s direction, in spite of MR. FORSTER’S plea for Day-Training Colleges, supported the Department by 121 to 78—an official majority.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK asked, on behalf of School Boards and Committees, for more elbow-room in choice of subjects, and order and mode of teaching them. He gave abundant illustrations of present absurdities and palpable improvements in national schooling, as to which the only question is, if they be possible under present conditions and with existing appliances. Common-sense seems to point out, that there would be infinitely more use in teaching boys common gardening, and girls the simplest household work and plainest cookery, instead of much in the bookwork way that both are now kept at without learning. It is well that *somebody* in the House should call attention to what may or might be done, and clearly is not done, in this matter. Teachers’ pensions; what we have got, and what we want, in the way of inspectors; the difference between the number of children who ought to be, and who are at school, were all brought up, and attention to all promised.

LORD SANDON reported good work doing in the way of that most urgent of all educational wants—the teaching of Cookery. If the British workman’s broth and the British shopkeeper’s joint and potatoes are spoiled for them, it is certainly not thanks to too many cooks. All the training-schools *can*, as it is, appoint teachers of Cookery. Why don’t they?

LORD SANDON asks for close on Two Millions. No two millions of national outlay will be more readily given, nor will JOHN BULL grieve to hear that since he first put his hand in his pocket for School purposes, nineteen millions of his money have been spent in providing school-sittings for some three millions and a half of children—for the three millions by many years of voluntary effort, and for the half million by a few years of the School Boards, which are doing their work well and quietly, and over a population of nearly thirteen millions out of twenty-three, while Voluntary Schools deal with the rest. Gradually the sectarian strife between the two classes of Schools is changing to wholesome rivalry in work done.

English cottons in India pay an Import Duty of five per cent., Manchester kicks against this, of course on the most disinterested of Free Trade principles.

When the Indian Budget can afford to dispense with the millions these Duties bring in, Government will remit them, and meantime all parties are agreed such Duties cannot be maintained on principle, but the Government would have them kept up, as Manchester would have them repealed, for reasons of interest.

Wednesday.—The House threw out the Scotch Church Rates Abolition Bill, after an exhaustive debate; and talked out the Irish Peageage Bill, after an exhausting one.

Thursday (Lords).—Royal Assent given to a batch of some forty or fifty Private or *hybrid* Bills, and a big batch of Confirmation Bills rattled through Second and Third Reading and Committee—all by a quarter-past five. All business and no baffle.

(Commons).—All baffle and no business. Among the multifarious topics touched on, MR. BOUTKEE reported that the Porte had not fulfilled its promises long since given to MR. LAYARD to release the Bulgarian prisoners. MR. CROSS promised a thorough investigation of the management of the Blue Coat School, over which a cloud has been cast by the late sad suicide. MR. VIVIAN promised next session to take up *The Priest in Absolution*, as the Government did not feel themselves equal to grapple with that very objectionable party. SIR M. H. BEACH announced that the Beetle seen climbing on Dublin Quay was not the true Colorado Bug, being twice as big, and not a bit like it in any respect—pleasant news for Pat and his potatoes. Or is it that the dirty Saxon begrudges poor Ireland even her Colorado Beetle? Bedad, *Punch* wouldn’t wonder—and the Major evidently thinks so. (See our Cartoon.) “Who Killed the Irish Sunday Closing Bill?” Not an easy question *a propos* of any Bill that has died of an Irish Obstruction in its Parliamentary passage.

Enough, it is dead—though, as the Major declared, all had been done that could be done for “those dismal Sabbatarian Men.”

The Scotch and Irish Education grants (£488,782, £645,236) voted, with a running accompaniment of remark, practical in the Scotch case, contradictory and cantankerous in the Irish. The salaries of Irish National School Teachers ought to be increased. But then so ought the Irish local contributions to the cost of National Education. An increase of the latter would be unassailable ground for insisting on an increase of the former.

Friday (Lords).—In Committee on Universities’ Bill, a last blow at Clerical Fellowships dealt by LORD GRANVILLE. The House parried it, by 103 to 69. Not the less, my good Clerical Fellows, you are doomed.



A BROAD HINT.

English Traveller (to Irish Railway Porter labelling Luggage). "DON'T YOU KEEP A BRUSH FOR THAT WORK, PORTER?"

Porter. "SURE, YOUR HONOUR, OUR TONGUES IS THE ONLY INSTRUMENTS WE'RE ALLOWED. BUT THEY'RE ASY KEP' WET, YOUR HONNER?" [Hint taken]

(Commons).—Before going into Supply, PARNELL once more lifted up his voice for his friends the Convicts, and the irrepressible WHALLEY, of course, lugged in the "Unfortunate Nobleman." MR. CROSS promised inquiry in the Recess. Anything for a quiet life.

The Blue-Coat Committee is to inquire not only into the suicide of the poor boy, GIBBS, but into the state and discipline of the School. Its members are MR. WALPOLE, MR. FORSTER, MR. RUSSELL GURNEY, MR. WALTER, and the DEAN OF CHRIST-CHURCH. Thank you, MR. CROSS. There could not be a better selection. The discipline like the dress of EDWARD THE SIXTH's school evidently wants overhauling.

ON AMATEUR ACTORS

Who court publicity, and love to see something about themselves in print.

So long as the Upper Ten among Professional Actors and Actresses encourage the "Distinguished Amateurs" by their remarkably disinterested friendship, and their (of course) genuine praise, so long will these Amateurs, whether "distinguished" as "The Idiotic Lot" (from Earlswood Asylum for *One Day Only—Great Attraction!*), or by any other weakminded title, continue to degrade and render ridiculous the Art of which they would have the Public suppose they are so deeply enamoured. If their endeavours are for the benefit of a Charity, then that particular cause would be far better served were these Amateur Actresses and Actors who are so perpetually distinguishing themselves from the rest of their fellow-creatures, to make the round of their large dress-circle of fashionable friends and acquaintances, and collect the sovereigns themselves.

The money that would have been spent on the inevitable feastings and other "vanities" inseparable from all Amateur performances, could be devoted to the same charitable object. And then if they must perform, let them do it among themselves, in some private house, where the patient victims, who serve as audience, may have

been previously put into a state of somnolent good humour by an admirable dinner, or at least be buoyed up, during the purgatorial suffering of sitting through the performance of their Amateur friends, by the prospect of an excellent supper.

As one of these Amateurs to witness an Amateur performance! Will not his humorous reply be, "Not if he knows it"?

Are these Amateurs rendered so obtuse by their marvellous self-conceit that they do not perceive how they are being laughed at, behind their backs, by those very Professionals with whom they are so delighted to consort, and with whom they are so childishly pleased to "talk shop," and who only flatter them to their faces in order that they may, when the occasion requires, secure their valuable patronage for their "Benefits"?

There was an excellent notice in the *Daily Telegraph* the other day of one of these brilliant Amateur Performances at the Gaiety Theatre. The writer avoided all criticism of the performers, but adroitly charged the audience with being dull; and this, he explained, had a depressing effect on the Actors!! The audience were, it appears, so densely stupid, and so unappreciative, that the majority quitted their Stalls (for they were almost entirely a stall-fed audience) before the last piece. The deduction is cleverly left to the reader.

There are "wheels within wheels" in most cases, and much microscopic machinery in all Amateur Theatrical Movements. For ourselves, we are satisfied with "the escape movement." But while the wheels of toadyism, funkeyism, and individual interest exist, they will act and re-act on one another, the machinery will be set in motion, the professional puppets will bow and praise, and the "Distinguished Amateurs" will continue to strut their long hours on the Stage, and live in a blissful state of self-gloryification.

THE MONITOR SYSTEM.

JUDGING by the blowings-up which have occurred, the Turkish Monitors, like those of the Blue Coat School, seem to be in need of official overhauling.

PRIEST-PENITENT IN ABSOLUTION.

Go, self-styled "Priest in Absolution,"
And fitting penance be put through—
Or, owning a base substitution,
At least confess thyself a "doo"!

Go, sham Confessor, self-appointed,
Kneel to a Priest with patent chrism,—
Rome's own original anointed!
To shrive thee of the sin of schism!

Own thee a double-faced backslider
Who ought to join St. Peter's bark;
Too long a heretic misguider,
From LUTHER's light to DENS's dark.

A base deceiver and beguiler
Of silly women, old and young;
A humbug and impostor, viler
Than aught that can be told with tongue.

Humbly beg pardon for exploring,
Unauthorised, another's breast,
And, thine own frailties while forth-pouring,
A quack Confessor stand confess!

Solicit of thy ghostly father
A penance worthy thy desert;
One that will incommod thee rather—
An iron belt or horsehair shirt,

Peas in thy boots, or flagellation
Prescribed to merited extent,
Or whate'er worse humiliation
It hath pleased Priest-craft to invent!

Seek, before spreading more pollution,
Of thine own sins to be released;
And be thyself, in Absolution,
The Penitent instead of Priest!

Confiteor!

PUNCH, in last week's *Essence of Parliament*, in a fit of forgetfulness, gave GOETHE the credit of a famous line of SCHILLER's on the supremacy of folly.

A score of "kyind friends" have been quick to warn him of his mistake. He thanks them, and thus does penance for it in his own sheets.



NATURAL INDIGNATION.

Materfamilias (whose pretty Daughters have not got Partners). "JUST LOOK AT THOSE HORRID MARRIED WOMEN DANCING AWAY! THEY OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF THEMSELVES!"

THE COMING BEETLE.

A CROWDED Meeting of Members of the Entomological Departments of the Irish Animal Kingdom was held last night at the "Hole in the Wall," Dublin, to consider the expected arrival from the United States and Canada of the Colorado Beetle (*Doryphora decemlineata*). The assembly chiefly consisted of the Coleoptera, but representatives of the *Aphaniptera*, *Hemiptera*, *Diptera*, *Homoptera*, and *Orthoptera* were also present. The Chair was taken by—

The Stag Beetle (*Lucanus cervus*), who, in a few words, stated that the advent to this down-trodden island of the Colorado or Potato Beetle, already found on the Continent of Europe, was now merely a matter of time. He should, for his own part, receive him as a brother—with open horns.

The Rosechafer (*Cetonia aurata*) was of opinion that they should prepare to give the distinguished immigrant a warm reception.

The Bleeding-nose Beetle (*Timarcha tenebricosa*) said that had been done by the people at Cologne, where they had covered a field in which their American cousin had been detected, with sawdust and petroleum, and set it on fire. ("Shame!") But, for all that, the Colorado Beetle "had been seen on the wing," and, plase the potatoes or not, would soon be among them. ("Hear!")

The Cockchafer (*Melolontha vulgaris*) was a Beetle to whom nothing came amiss. In his larva state he, like the *Doryphora decemlineata* and the Irish population, rejoiced in potatoes. But the world was quite wide enough for both him and the Potato Beetle. They had both the same interests, and the same enemies. Man would be down on the Potato Beetle's larvae with poison. Boy would be down upon him, too, with foot and finger. He would probably have to beware of the Goatsucker, or Nightjar (*Caprimulgus Europaeus*), and also of the Kestrel (*Falco tinnunculus*); but the former was only a bird of passage, and gamekeepers were fast exterminating the latter, which fed chiefly on mice and insects, by shooting it down. ("Hear! hear!") It was a particular foe of his kind, and he hated it, as he did the whole brood of Saxon destroyers, of which this was one of the worst. (Cheers.)

The Devil's Coach-horse (*Staphylinus (Ocyphus) Olens*) supposed that himself and the Potato Beetle would perhaps be considered to belong to the same stud. But he (the J. C.) was a carnivorous Beetle, and feared he hardly deserved his name; for whatever he looked like, as he consumed carrion, and ate destructive insects, he did mankind service, though he cocked his tail at them, but at none so high as the base, bloody, and stupid Saxon.

The Shard-born Beetle (*Geotrupes stercorarius*) made an observation inaudible on account of his drowsy hum.

The Turnip Flea (*Haltica nemorum*) hoped their Colorado friend would do for potatoes as he (the Turnip Flea) did for turnips and swedes, but that care would be taken that the value of the crops destroyed should be deducted from the rent, so that the loss might fall on the landlords.

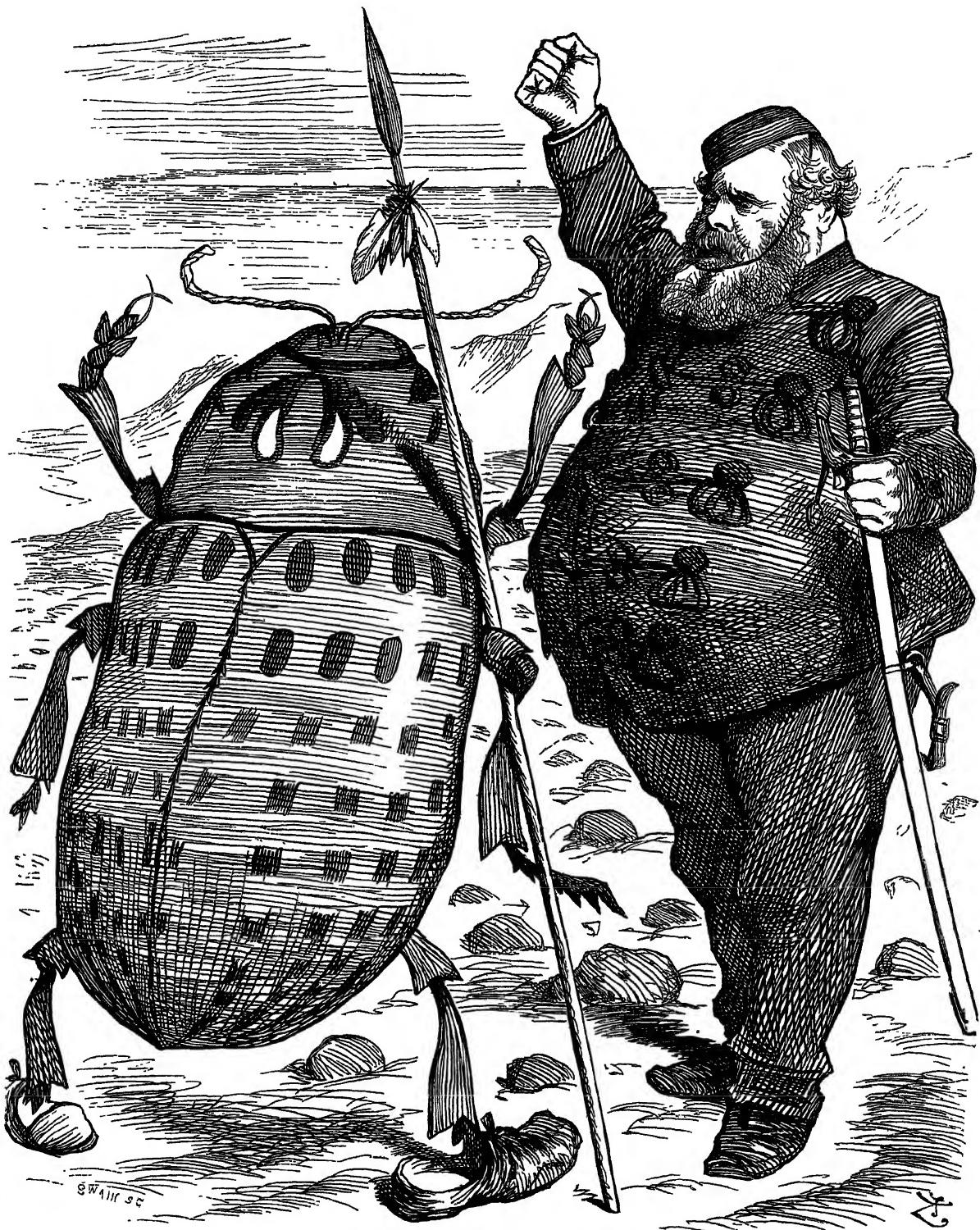
The Domestic Flea (*Pulex irritans*) would hail the arrival of another annoyance to the inhuman race, he meant, of course, the Saxon oppressor.

The Norfolk Howard (*Cimex lectularius*) cordially cried "ditto" to the last speaker.

The Plant Fly (*Aphis vastator*) could, as his technical name might seem to imply, help to devastate 'tatars, but he could not destroy everything off the face of the earth, even with the aid of the most patriotic motives. He expected to find the Colorado Beetle an efficient ally.

The Meat Fly (*Musca vomitoria*) had to do chiefly with meat. He should be glad to see a new-comer attack potatoes; and as for gardeners and farmers or St. Patrick himself trying to stamp him out in this favoured island—they be blown!

The Praying Mantis (*Mantis religiosa*) was not himself a vegetable feeder. Yet he sympathised with their Potato brother. He did not look upon him in the light of an enemy to Man. No; he regarded him rather as a beneficent dispensation—a bountiful provision for the limitation, if not the extirpation, of a tuber possibly working, unsuspected, evil amongst men. Who knew? The Potato Beetle might have been sent to supplement the Potato Famine, and still further reduce the population of this beautiful but mis-ruled island. If so, he would still prove a friend to the National cause, as the



A FALSE ALARM!

MAJOR O'G-M-N. "BAD SCRN TO YE, YE RAVAGIN' COLORADO RUFFIAN! IF WE'D HAD HOME RULE, WE'D NEVER SEEN YOU IN OULD OIRELAND!"

THE STONE BEETLE. "AH, THIN, MEEJOR DARLIN', YOU'RE WRONG FOR ONCE. SURE, I'M NOT THE COLORADO, AT ALL, AT ALL!!!!"

Potato Famine had done, for he saw, in that, the 'great spring of migration to the United States, and the tap-root of Fenianism. To all the words of welcome with which the approaching advent of the *Doryphora decimlineata* had been hailed by preceding speakers, he devoutly responded "Amen!"

Great excitement was here produced in the Meeting by the announcement, on the best authority, that a large specimen of the Potato Beetle had just been caught climbing up a rope to Dublin Quay!

The Domestic Flea—who was proud to avow himself a Home-Ruler—begged to move three cheers for the Invader. Any invader of his unhappy country was welcome, and the worse the better.

Three cheers for the Potato Beetle were then proposed from the Chair, and given with tremendous buzzing.

The cheers had hardly subsided when a pair of Devil's Coach-horses was rapidly driven up, bearing the following telegram:

House of Commons, Thursday, Midnight.

HICKS BEACH says it isn't a Colorado Beetle that's in it, but a Stone Beetle, twice as big and not a bit like the raal ould Colorado boy. Don't believe it. The Sazons want to stand between Ould Ireland and precedency in possession of the genuine Potato Bug. I'm holdung up for the raal ould Colorado. Hurroo!

The reading of this telegram was the signal for a scene of unprecedented excitement, amidst which our reporter, being recognised, was expelled with circumstances of the utmost ignominy.

A GOOD KNIGHT, AND HIS GUERDON.



"CHILDE RowLAND to the Dark Tower came"—Over its closed door was carved "Post-Office," and it was locked all about with big padlocks labelled "Postage." And CHILDE RowLAND smote long and loud on the tower with his lance, and at last, after much hard knocking on the tower, and the weird things that came forth to fight in its defence, the padlocks dropped off, and light shone from loophole and parapet till now all dark and drear, and in place of all the heavy padlocks was but one slight latch with a penny stamp

thereon; and through the doors came and went millions of letters, where hundreds went before. . . . And the Dark Tower became a Light Tower, whence Knowledge and Love flashed forth to the ends of the earth.

All which is an allegory of SIR ROWLAND HILL and his good work of Penny Postage.

When we say that SIR ROWLAND, although no carpet knight, was born in Kidderminster—that of all the kids, or children, of Kidderminster, he is the one theborough is proudest of—and that its municipal worthies have set on foot a subscription for, a statue to this good knight of Kidderminster in his native town, and want another £1000 to complete the sum needed for commemoration worthy of the man and his work, *Punch* need only add that "Applications for Subscription Cards; Donations to the Memorial Fund; and all communications may be addressed to the 'Hon. Secretaries, Sir Rowland Hill Memorial Fund, Town Hall, Kidderminster,' to set such applications and donations streaming in, in a flood as full as the flow of penny stamped letters through the Post Office ROWLAND HILL has re-created.

Between Chalet and Shanty.

(A Tourist's Question.)

For the Autumn essay a Swiss valley?
Or explore a new world in the West?
Stand betwixt Coon and GAZZ, shilly-shally?
Or subside in a "shan't-he?" to rest?

MR. PUNCH'S SELECT COMMITTEES.

No. V.—ON MUSIC—OF THE PRESENT, AND OF THE FUTURE.

MRS. HAZY HIGHFALUTER examined.

Q. I understand you are passionately devoted to Music?

A. For many years I have made the Tone-Art my *spécialité*.

Q. What do you mean by the "Tone-Art"?

A. I mean what you would scarcely, I fear, understand, as Music. I mean the form that Music now takes to the higher, and, if I may be allowed to say so, the more Teutonic order of intelligences.

Q. Do you yourself belong to this order?

A. I am Teutonic, though of the English or lower branch of that great World-family.

Q. May I take it that you have for many years devoted yourself to Music?

A. I prefer the phrase "Tone-Art."

Q. Have your studies and practice been in the vocal or instrumental branches of Music?

A. In neither?

Q. Is there any other?

A. Yes; the most important—the aesthetic and appreciative. I conceive it to be my mission to prepare the way for the Tone-Art of the Future.

Q. Will you define the Tone-Art of the Future?

A. It defies definition. I should describe it as a mighty system of spiritual aéronautics, meant to lift up the soul to the sublime regions of supersensuous Harmony, above the gross and earthly restraints of received Form in Composition, and the vulgar attractions of sustained Melody.

Q. I am afraid I must ask you to explain your answer.

A. I decline explanation. I am attempting to give you an idea of the musical standpoint of the higher aesthetic school of Tone-Art.

Q. In whom do you find this embodied?

A. WAGNER is the present embodiment of the Tone-Art of the Future. Amongst past Composers I have no doubt I should class GLÜCK very high, if I knew his music. I also rank BERLIOZ and LITZI amongst those who, in the morning twilight of Tone-Art, anticipated its noonday brightness.

Q. What do you especially admire in the music of WAGNER?

A. It is difficult to make this apparent to the uninitiated. But I claim generally for his music—it is difficult to avoid the expression, though I am aware we attach very different ideas to the word—an epic grandeur of intention, with a symbolising at once of sense by sound, and an uplifting of sound above sense, combined with a subtlety, variety, and colour of instrumentation, which gives a new value to the orchestral interpretation of passion and poetry, and throws new Tone-lights on Man, Mind, and Nature.

Q. Will you kindly attempt to make your meaning a little plainer?

A. I fear I can hardly expect you to understand me. The subject belongs to the domain of the Higher Ästhetic, and requires special cultivation of abstract subjectivity. As such subjectivity becomes the fashion, I have no doubt the faculties requisite for its application will be developed. I find this to be usually the case.

Q. Probably I need hardly ask if you admire the music of earlier Operatic Composers?

A. I do not. The German Tone-Poets, as MOZART, WEBER, BEETHOVEN, and MENDELSSOHN, may have had occasional glimpses of the higher regions of Tone-Art; but the Italians are hopelessly condemned to wallow in the mud of sustained melody, and the fetters of fixed form. The French are still further below contempt.

Q. Do you admit within your pale BISHOP, BALFE, WALLACE, or in fact any English composer?

A. Certainly not. They are essentially defective from the standpoint of the higher Tone-Art—mere writers of tunes, contented wallowers in the Melodic Bathos.

Q. What do you mean by the "Melodic Bathos"?

A. The region of recurrent rhythmical form, delightful to the vulgar ear, ere it is cultivated to perception of the higher Tone-Art.

Q. You have said you conceive it to be your mission to prepare the way for the Music—I beg your pardon—the Tone-Art of the Future. How is this to be effected?

A. By carrying musical fashion a stage higher than even the most serious musical matinées do at present.

Q. What is a musical matinée?

A. In the popular sense, an assemblage of people of the most various tastes, in a crowded drawing-room on a hot afternoon in the height of the season to listen to amateur musical talent.

Q. Taking place in the afternoon, why are those assemblies called "matinées"?

A. Everything is called a "matinée" that takes place before dinner.

Q. What is the entertainment generally provided at these "matinées"?



THE BAROMETER.

Master (soliloquising aloud). "THIS HAND DOESN'T MOVE A BIT!"
Housemaid. "No, SIR. PLEASE, SIR, I THINK IT WANTS OILING."

A. At my own, and those of the School of Higher Aesthetic to which I belong, all but the higher element of Tone-Art—the Wagnerian *répertoire*—is rigidly excluded. In other houses, even of high pretensions to musical culture, the staple is what is called "classical music." If there is a daughter of the house having pretensions to a voice, an occasional operatic solo, or a song by one of the fashionable English composers—as SULLIVAN or MOLLOY—must of course be introduced for her.

Q. Will you oblige me by defining "classical music"?

A. I would rather leave that to those who still believe in it. It includes, I should say, the works of BACH, BEETHOVEN, MOZART, WEBER, SPOHR, MENDELSSOHN, SCHUBERT, SCHUMANN, and some modern composers—in particular, RAFF, and BRAHMS. But this, I should explain, is far above the standard of most of these *matinées*. At a large number the lower forms of Italian operatic music are alone indulged in; while some even descend to the degradation of French *Opera-Bouffe* compositions.

Q. How is the music usually interpreted at these *matinées*, whether of the higher or lower order?

A. By an amateur quartette band, if one can be got together, with, or without the instrumental aid of professionals. The vocal element is, as a rule, also amateur. Besides the daughters of the house, and any of their friends not likely to interfere with the success of their performances, it is of importance to secure, for these occasions, the fashionable amateur tenor (who is said to be thinking of adopting the Opera as a profession), the popular baritone (who sings SANTLER's songs), or, in some cases of a still lower order of taste, the Comic Gentleman (who is thought as good as CORNEY GRAIN). I know such things are done—from report. I never attend any of these so-called "musical" entertainments myself.

Q. Are such *matinées musicales* largely attended?

A. Very largely indeed, I am sorry to say, if I may trust report; but the Music of the Future is rapidly overtaking that of the Present. My own Aesthetic Zukunft's-Musik-mornings, for instance, which appeal only to the higher order of musical appreciation, and are very largely and even fashionably attended, are confined, as I have said, to selections from WAGNER.

Q. Is this as yet equally fashionable with the so-called Classical music?

A. Not yet, perhaps, but it is rapidly becoming so. The tide has set in the right—or Wagnerian—direction. And "set of the tide" is everything in a maritime country like England.

[*The Witness (who had listened to the questions through an ear-trumpet) here withdrew.*

A FLOWER-SHOW IN FINSBURY.

CITY Progress in numbers and wealth
Works results not entirely unpleasant.

In the Past unrevealed, laws of health

Are made known and applied in the Present.

Though the Wen Babylonian extends

Over meadows and fields in each quarter,

In its midst we discern some amends

For the growth of unblest bricks-and-mortar.

Open spaces in suburbs around,

What with builder, and landlord, and renter,
Are improved off the face of the ground;

But slums, too, are cleared in the centre.

And through fires that consume their own smoke,

And main-drainage pipes, of a surety,

Close-packed metropolitan folk

Enjoy air of comparative purity.

Cockney villas encroach all about

On the waste and the wold—more's the pity!

But behold window-gardens laid out,

To gladden the heart of the City!

Yellow stonecrop and sweet-smelling musk,

Nay, even verbena and myrtle,

In the region, most excellent Lusk,

Where you Aldermen tuck in your turtle!

See, with heartsease, geranium, and rose,

Lobelia and calceolaria,

Creeping Jenny herself grows and blows,

While Bank-preincts house nummularia.

These are features that somewhat atone

For much that in Progress must irk us;

And we hail the display of them shown

In the garden of Finsbury Circus.

There was Westminster's Duke, who to all

The demands of Philanthropy rises;

While his Duchess, alert at the call

Of womanhood, dealt out the prizes.

'Mongst the prizemen, on Paul's airy height,

One, a Verger, had planted his garden,

An emblem of sweetness and light,

Set o'er all that town-life tends to harden.

Did you e'er, defunct Citizens old,

Dream of flowers in your close Wards a-blown;

O'er your heads, where ye sleep in the mould

Of your Churchyards, luxuriantly growing,

Whilst you slumber in breathless repose,

With the ends of your once jolly noses,

And the tips of your mouldering toes

Turned up to the roots of the roses?

TORTURED GHOSTS.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, the other evening, made a statement to one Honourable Gentleman which may have been interesting also to another. He informed MR. O'SULLIVAN that "he had called upon the Board of Inland Revenue and the Board of Customs to prepare a General Report on the practice as to racking spirits in bond." This announcement, relative to a fearful custom and questionable source of revenue, was no doubt welcome to MR. WHALLEY, if, as is too probable, he takes "racking spirits in bond" to mean the doctrine of Purgatory, and the practice to mean the imposition of Masses for the dead, extensively practised by Priests and Jesuits.

EXCLUDED MEMBERS.

If the suggestion be carried out that the monument to ADMIRAL Rous should take the form of an Alms-House at Newmarket, let us hope it will be strictly an "alms" house,—in the sense that "legs" will be excluded.

FROM WIMBLEDON TO BULGARIA.



SOLDIERING IN SPORT, AND FIGHTING IN EARNEST.

IMPORTANT PERSONAL EXPLANATION.

From the Riding Representative who Rode to Khiva and back.

TO THE EDITOR.



SIR.—YOUR retraction in the last number was ample and most handsome. Permit me, therefore, to set myself right once and for ever with the Public, and, in reply to numerous inquiries, to state clearly—

Firstly.—That I am not going to ride again. “Ride again, WHITTINGTON, grey mare to London” the bells may ring out, but they will not move me. I intend spending (as usual), a few quiet days in the Isle of Wight, and this may have given rise to the report that I am “going to Ryde again.”

Secondly.—I mean to rest on my laurels. This is metaphorical, as laurels are the last things I’d choose to rest on, or among, after a long ride. I’d rather choose a parsley-bed than a laurel-bush.

Thirdly.—The horse on which I “finished” will not be sold at TATTERSALL’s by public auction.

Fourthly.—Pig will not appear at the Winter Cattle Show, nor has he made arrangements with MESSRS. HODGE AND ESSEX for public performances at either the Albert or the Agricultural Hall.

Fifthly.—I have accepted no engagement from HENGLER’S or SANGER’S, and don’t intend to.

Sixthly.—I have no intention of writing anything about *Half-Hours with the best Devil-Worshippers*, though my experience among them has been considerable. I do not mind admitting that, out of curiosity, I have so far joined in their ritual as to have occasionally *burned a candle to the Devil*.

Seventhly.—My name will not appear this season under the heading “Fashionable Marriage,” I must see Pig settled first.

Eighthly.—I deny that I am in the pay of Russia. I have not even allowed my book (*The Ride to Khiva*, just published) to be bound in Russian leather.

Ninthly.—I am not aware of five thousand copies having already been ordered by the CZAR. Of course the CZAR’s order will be attended to in the usual course, as will the SULTAN’s—the CZAR’S first: alphabetically.

Having thus said all I had to say, I merely beg to remonstrate with the clever artist who represented me, in his last illustration, as walking—I never walk when I say I’ll ride—and, with a fond farewell, I sign myself

THE AUTHOR OF *THE Ride to Khiva*.

WHERE NOT TO GO—AND WHY.

(All Round the Alphabet. By a Used-Up Tourist.)

Antwerp.—Because after a long sea journey in hot weather you find yourself landed in a city redolent of RAUBENS at his beefiest.

Boulogne.—Because what may be “Port” to the French, thanks to mud and malaria, is death to the English.

Cologne.—Because genuine “Eau de Cologne” by any other name would smell much sweeter.

Dieppe.—Because there is nothing in either their Old or our New Haven to pay for the misery of the crossing from one to the other.

Engadine.—Because the company of *malades imaginaires* is not particularly enlivening, and that of *malades au grand sérieux* still worse.

Florence.—Because nearly all the shops and all the hotels are closed until the middle of October, and those that aren’t ought to be.

Genoa.—Because I can imagine a combination of Thames Street and Pall Mall for myself without leaving London.

Heidelberg.—Because it is the favourite “aunt” of “ARRY.”

Interlachen.—Because “too many Cooks spoil” a good many more things than the broth, and I don’t like “personally-conducted” tourists.

Killarney.—Because you will have to do the Lakes, and be done by the hotel-keepers, guides, touts, toy-merchants, and goats’-milk purveyors.

Lausanne.—Because, if you find yourself in that neighbourhood, you had far better go on to Ouchy.

Milan.—Because some one or other will be sure to insist upon your going to the top of the Cathedral.

Naples.—Because Vesuvius is all smoke, the Chiaja all sun, and Pompeii only a section of the Crystal Palace out of repair.

Oban.—Because you can’t stand a Scotch translation of Brighton.

Paris.—Because, if you are fond of life in a capital, you had better remain in London.

Quebec.—Because, if you must cross the Atlantic, you will find the United States better fun than Canada.

Rome.—Because when you visit Rome in the summer you ought to do as the Romans do—that is to say, get away from it as fast and as far as you can.

Silistria.—Because, if you are fond of shells, you will find the collecting them cheaper in Ramsgate and safer in the Isle of Wight.

Trebizond.—Because the *opéra-bouffe* accounts of the place are not to be relied upon.

Utrecht.—Because the town is within twenty miles of Amsterdam, and, as malaria travels far and fast, those who have smelt the canals of the Dutch capital should be the last to venture within that distance of it.

Venice.—Because the mosquitos are said to be unusually lively this season.

Worms.—Because if you have been there once you won’t want to go again; and, if you have never been, there is no reason why you should go.

Xeres.—Because the sherry there is no better than the sherry anywhere else.

Yeniseisk (East Siberia).—Because you can’t get a “through carriage” to the spot from Clapham Junction.

Zanzibar.—Because this once interesting watering-place has been done to death, and you don’t mean to be “Badgered” into going there.

A CLERGYMAN’S QUESTION.

MR. THOMAS MEYLEY, Town Clerk of Taunton, has, by direction of the Aldermen and Town Councillors, forwarded to the newspapers a correspondence consisting of a letter from the REV. FREDERICK JEREMIAH SMITH, the Vicar, to MR. MYERS JACOBS, the Mayor, and the reply of MR. JACOBS thereunto. MR. SMITH writes to invite MR. JACOBS to contradict, if he can, a very general report that he is “an unbaptised person, and, consequently, not a Christian.” MR. JACOBS, in answer, says that he is proud to avow himself a Jew. What does the ARCHDEACON OF TAUNTON think of the Vicar? Perhaps that, though incapable of impertinence, his zeal a little outruns his discretion and his taste. It is remarkable that the Reverend Gentleman addresses his epistle “To the Worshipful the Mayor;” thus giving him the benefit of the doubt he entertains as touching his faith, and, consequently, his worship; which is charitable.

Two of a Trade.

SAUCE for the goose is ditto for the gander:—
What choice ‘twixt priestly Fry and prurient Pander?
Sale of sealed packages and sly confession?
Behial, in search of suitable profession,
Might halt ‘twixt venal dirt and fetid piety,
Unsavoury street, malodorous Society,
And finally decide there’s not a toss
‘Twixt print of Holywell, and Holy Cross.

Change for the Better.

THE Hellenic Correspondent of the *Daily News* reports—a propos of the Greek Loan, just proclaimed—silver drachmas so scarce that they are likely to disappear altogether. Perhaps the Greeks are ready to defy the want of small change, in consideration of the great change they have made in uniting five heads of faction in one administration, under brave old CONSTANTINE CANARIS.

A MATCH MISCALLED.

CONSIDERING the style and number of the turn-outs on the ground, and the amount of champagne-cups consumed at Lord’s during the Great Public School Cricket Encounter, suppose it were rechristened the *Drag and Drunken*, instead of the *Harrow and Eton Match*?

TITLE OF COUNT OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE (if the Holy Father wishes to acknowledge the services of MR. WHALLEY).—Count Out.



“INSULT TO INJURY.”

Domestic (to Family Grocer). “NOTHING THIS MORNING, THANK YOU. BUT MISSIS SAYS, WILL YOU GET A STAMP, AND POST THIS LETTER TO THE CO-OPERATIVE STORES?”

BLUECOAT BOYS AND BRUTES.

HUMAIN MR. PUNCH,

Is a Boy a Wertebrate Hanimal? Eunny ow e've got a Backbone, and e can feel. Then wy not Aloud the Bennyfitt o the Wiveysection Hact? Ain't it Wiveysection to cut into a Littel cove with a Burch Rodd? The consequens of Witch you sawr the uther Day apeers to a bin that pore littel Feller, WILLIAM ARTHUR GIBBS, only 12 yere ov hage at the Bluecoat Scoul bunched once for runnin away from Crule Treatment bein Bully'd and Beet by a Monnitor, then runnin away agin broxt back wunce more and Shutt up in the Infirmary wile the Master was a thinkin wot Punnishment to Inwent for im, e, in Terrier and Haggany o Mind no Dout lookin forrad to Another Burchin. Went Mad and ung is Self. Wot e must a Suffer'd frum is fust Floggin to make im—a Kid ov 12—comitt Sooiside! Spouse a Pupy ad bin wipt anythink like it by a broot ov a Master wooden't the Siety fur the Purwenshun o Crulety to Hanimals a bin down upon Im? If i wos to Wallup my Donkey arf as sewere wooden't They be down upon Mee? Jest wooden't they!

In coarse Boys as Wel as Donkeys can't be Manigged Without bein Wallup'd moderate at Times when they deserves it, but wot i sez is wy is there wun Lawr fur Donkys and Another for Boys? If yer purteets Donkys frum bein wallupt onmercifull, purteet Boys too. As to Wiveysecshun of dum Hanimals, there's Rools and Reglations to prevent that from bein carry'd Too Fur. Particler wen the Operiorators is Fissishens and Surgins Performin Experiments for the Hadwancement o Siense and the bennyfitt of there Suferin feller Creeters with their Minds Coold and Collected. But Not so wen the Wiveysecshun's Perform'd with a Burch Rodd by a Peddigog very likely in wirelent Pashun. Wen scoolboys Is wiveyseeted with Burch, ave it Dun by Licens'd Parties under Rools and Regilashons likewise, and, like at Noogit in the presense of members of the Force and a Perfesshonal Docter. Leastways make it so at crice Ors-spittle or the Bluecut Skool as it's called, witch Black and Bluecut Scoul wood be the beter name for it wot with the Nockin about and Betin and Bullyin and Burchin as Drives Boys to ang theirselves. Another boy honly a few months Ago tried to committ Sooiside there, witch the joory at the Crown'r hinkvest got that fack out o the Skool Warden, MAJOR BRACKENBURY. Wile Rooshan torpedos is a Blowin Turkish Monitors

hupp the Black and Bluecut Skool Monitors wants a good Talkin to sum on 'em—if not halso a good Idin.

It may seem hall very manly for midel-haged and holdery Gents, parties wot's forgott their own scoul days, a good menny Hanimles' Friends as ood, cry ten thousand murders at tuchin up a Oss on the Rawr, to stick up for Floggin at Skools and snere at are a word said agin it as morkish sentiment; but then wooden't it be ekally manly o me to hadwocate unlimited non-hinterference with the libberty of hevery Britton to wallup his own Moke? But i'spose 'tis a feller feelin makes 'em so wunderus kind to that are Hannimle in comparison with the Human Specie. The latter rayther enlists the sympathy of yures Trooly,

SAM TATURS.

Barrow Road, July 18th.

FACES AND FLOWERS.

A Summer Song.

DULNESS avaunt! English summer smiles sunnily
Full in your face.
Seasons of late have been jumbled up funnily,
Each out of place.
Now cynics, wont to vituperate viciously
Wearisome wet,
Melt, and admit that our sun can deliciously
Beam on us yet.
Prophets preposterous, fain to Russ-panic us,
Now may shut up.
Here is a health to our *Phœbus Britannicus*!
Brim we the cup!
Paganish? Pooh! Pan's astir in my blood to-day.
Faith, and why not?
Nature's strong life-stream's aflow in full flood to-day.
(Pheugh! It is hot!)
Fancies fantastic will flash and will float on it—
Bubbles, no more.
Vogue la galère! Let us launch Frolic's boat on it,
Spurning the shore.
Here is a rose might have budded by Bendemeer,
Crimson, dew-laden.
Thank the flower-loving Immortals that send 'em here,
Waifs from their Aidenn.
What if ours fade? Poke no pessimist chaff at us,
Murmurings stint.
Beauty's a prophecy; while Love deigns laugh at us,
Death's a mere hint.
Then here's a face! Wicked eyes in full battery
Levelled at mine,
Put a stern veto on Tom-Mooreish flattery
False as it's fine.
Well, but a flesh-and-blood Peri might graciously
Listen and smile,
While a fond word-spinner limns her veraciously,
Once in a while.
No? Well, floridomous despot, I'm dutiful;
Yet I must say
Flower-world never bore blossom so beautiful
As— Well-a-day!
Just to be gagged by those digits delectable,
Well might one dare
Violate rules the most sage and respectable,
Proper, and fair.
Take them away, they but tempt one to trespassing.
Yield me this rose
Coiled in your hair. From those lips is a “yes” passing
As they unclose?
Summer's astir in me. Pardon a levity
Born of the time.
Summer is short, yet, in spite of its brevity,
Sweet is its prime.
Though it may bake us, or chill us, or bring to us
Swithinish showers,
Ever it sendeth us song-birds to sing to us,
Faces and flowers.

DECLARATION OF ENGLAND.

“Is and remains forbidden” (*in Anglican Sees*).—
Private-eating.

HOW EFFECTUALLY TO OBSTRUCT THE PASSAGE OF THE
BALKANS.—Send PARNELL and BIGGAR.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



HIELDS have two sides. The two sides of the Irish Shield were held up (*Lords, Monday, July 16*)—the black by LORD ORANMORE AND BROWNE, the white by the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, LORD O'HAGAN, and LORD CARLINGFORD.

On the question of Crime in Ireland, the authority of a Lord-Lieutenant and an ex-Lord Chancellor may well outweigh that of a High-Tory Irish Peer out of temper with recent changes, and naturally disposed to make the worst of anything that admits of two constructions. It is satisfactory to know that, bad as things Irish may be in some counties—in agrarian offences especially—they are much better than they were, and are even now on the mend. The Irish Vehm-Gericht still works, but less widely and less wickedly. There is no case for increase of gag-and-muzzle law.

(Commons.)—After the usual Monday's Miscellany—out of which a fresh outbreak of Cattle-plague in the unsavoury locality of Bethnal Green crops up like a hideous apparition—the House did short and sharp sentence on a late appointment.

E pur si muove: all is not stationary, even in that official world where promotion by favour is the rule and promotion by merit the exception. When in jobbing your job you also slap a Special Committee in the face, look out to have the slap returned, and with interest.

So in this case, after a Select Committee had sat on the Stationery Office, to consider whether there was no remedy, but the House must groan and sweat under all that weary load of waste-paper, and the cost thereof, and had reported that if that Office could be provided with a Head that knew something about the matters the Office has to do with, such as red-tape, pens, ink, paper, printing, and binding—the material and munitions, in fact, of Departmental warfare—savings by the thousand might become the rule, instead of waste by the waggon-load, they did not mean their recommendation to be treated after the way of the Stationery Office—as waste-paper, but to be acted upon by the appointment, as the next Controller, of a man who understood the Office work as an expert. Such a man was at hand, in the second in command. But LORD BEACONSFIELD passed him by, as well as the recommendation of the Select Committee, for a son of an ex-Rector of Hughenden—a very clever and efficient Junior War-Office Clerk, sixty-ninth on the list, who besides good friends, could plead good service in the Office, and, thanks to both, had basked in much sunshine of Private Secretaryships and Secretaryships of Commissions, and was now pitchforked over many heads out of his Junior Clerkship at



SOLD—CHEAP.

Little Brown (to "Nigger Minstrel," who always addresses his listeners as "My Lord"). "AH, HOW DID YOU KNOW MY—AH—How DID YOU KNOW I WAS A LORD?" [Sensation among the bystanders! Minstrel. "BLESS YER, MY LORD, I NEVER LOSE SIGHT O' MY SCHOOLFELLERS!" [Roars of laughter. Little B. caves in, and bolts!

£300 or £400 a year, into the Controllership of the Stationery Office, at thrice the salary.

Not a word is to be said against the fortunate youth. Everything on the contrary is to be said for him. He had done good work, and had shown good capacity, in many ways, and it was quite worth losing the Controllership of the Stationery Office to have so much good said of one by a Chancellor of the Exchequer and a Secretary of War. But it wouldn't wash. The Select Committee's back was up, and its foot was down. Its Chairman's name was HOLMS, and his stand was on his native Blue Book.

The "defence" was poor—not at all up to good Commons' form, much less Lords', and the Government were bowled out—stumped—beaten by 156 to 152—amidst much cheering from an Opposition thankful for small mercies. "A bad job?" Not by any means. One of the very modestest dimensions—in fact hardly to be called a job at all, as jobs go—but a slap in the face of a Select Committee, and so not to be pardoned by the Commons, even in the case of a job-master as influential as LORD BEACONFIELD. Even his official defenders were half-hearted; and when the bucolic virtue of SIR RAINALD KNIGHTLEY rose in protest, all felt the case was past praying—or fighting—for. PIGOTT must go—to wait for another—and let us hope—a better berth. For him, at least, it is scarcely rash to prophesy future office will not be stationary, but moveable; and it is to be hoped—the young man being admitted to be able, and willing, and having the needful propelling power behind—if moveable, ever upwards. Had his very good Lord been there to draw sword in his Squire's defence; would the fight have fared so?

Before the House went into Supply, SIR W. HARcourt called the attention to the long time untried prisoners are kept in prison, to the discredit, till lately, of the English machinery of criminal law. We are glad to learn, on the good authority of MR. CROSS, that things are better already, and will go on improving. Let us hope we may live to see the end of that waste of Judge-power now going on—the grand parade of two Judges, of a size, it may be, but far too big for the work they have to do, riding amidst escort of javelin-men and blare of trumpets, in the Sheriff's carriage, from Station

to Judge's Lodgings, to dispatch a leash of petty causes, and a half-dozen of petty offenders. It is as bad as Major Ponto's dinner in the *Snob Papers*, with the solitary snipe in the big silver dish.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN called attention to another matter of unfair distribution—the funds and treasures of our Art museums, now concentrated in three Capitals—not L. S. D., but London, Edinburgh, and Dublin—whereof the crumbs, at least, might usefully be distributed over the great Provincial Centres. The Art Department turns up its nose every year at a great many duplicates and second-best in the way of offered Art-treasures, which would be thankfully housed at Liverpool or Manchester, Birmingham or Belfast. We are glad to learn from LORD SANDY that the Department is thinking about it. But there wants somebody to think about it for the Department. Departments are London-bred, London-lodged, and London-nursed; and thus the thought of Departments is very apt to begin and end with London.

Tuesday (Lords).—University Bill reported, with an Amendment that, at first blush, reads odd, for empowering Colleges to give away their libraries, in whole or part, to the University. It may be all right. Let's hope it is, and that what is waste-paper on College shelves, in some cases, may bear fruit of knowledge on University ones. Transplanting does have that effect occasionally.

(Commons).—Hard at work on Supply—of which a good deal is still standing over. *A propos* of the Meteorological Grant, the Scotch Members showed their teeth with unusual sharpness, DR. PLAYFAIR at their head. Government, they complain, does not play fair with Scotland. Scotch Members feel they are too reasonable. MR. MCLAREN gives warning, much to the tune of *Henry the Fourth*:

"Our blood hath been too cool and temperate,
Unapt to stir at your injustices;
And you have found us; for accordingly
You tread upon our patience: but be sure
We will, from henceforth, rather, be, ourselves,
Mighty and to be feared, than our condition,

Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud!"

Witness ould Ireland! But if Scotch Members once band for Home-Rule—*Gare à vous, Messieurs du Gouvernement!* When Scotch Members do take to being unreasonable, their unreasonableness will be wonderful!

The Education Vote disposed of, came the Diplomatic. RYLANDS ramped and raged as usual, in this, the Aristocratic Preserve. He would have Diplomacy cheap—never mind, if nasty. MR. GOLDSMITH thinks our Consular Establishment, at all events, wants raising, rather than cutting down. MR. RYLANDS would relish the substitution of cheap Consular for costly Diplomatic Agency?—"Consules provideant"—(at half the money, too)—"ne quid detrimenti Republica capiat." If only we could be sure of the right men in the right places. But these appointments have a way of settling themselves so much more with regard to the pleasure and patronage of the Foreign Office than the needs of JOHN BULL.

A propos of the Vote for Colonial Expenses, MR. BRIGHT objected to SIR A. GORDON for being too hard on Cannibalism in Fiji. He pointed out that, after all, eating men was only, like eating mutton, a matter of national habit. THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER objected to discussing so serious a question in the dark. It is only *in the dark*, as a rule, that the question of Cannibalism arises. In white meat this "national habit" has not, as yet, arisen.

Wednesday.—The House busy with its Liquor Bills. MR. SULLIVAN abruptly flung on the table a Bill which he moved some months ago, but which he has since re-cast, for closing Irish Public-houses—in town and country—at seven on Saturday evenings. He would, in fact, have Saturday night in Ireland the reverse of Saturday night at sea—the non-grog-night. If the House didn't like seven, they were free to name any other hour. "Wouldn't the Bill work oppressively in towns, and with varying inconvenience in town and country?" Perhaps it might. MR. SULLIVAN hoped not, but couldn't say. *Quien sabe?* as the Spaniard says. These were details.

This off-hand fashion of repressive legislation irritated the House, and SIR M. HICKS-BEACH protested this was taking too great liberties with the subject. The Major was magnificent, and flung himself into the oratorical like an Erostratus. His denunciation of whiskey, in his great character of the ould Breton sage, was one of the sublimest outbursts of topsy-turvy eloquence ever heard in the House of Commons. *Punch* must embalm it in his imperishable sheets:—

"If we had an old Breton sage here, how would he proceed? He would say, 'This whiskey is the destruction of my people. It ruins their health. It deprives them of their reason. It lowers them in the scale of creation, even lower than the brutes in the field. It is manufactured of that which should provide food, not poison, for my people. Go, my officers, to the bonding warehouses. Drag out the puncheons, the pipes, and the hogsheads of this poison. Swill the streets of my cities with it, and as the very dogs lap it up and fall prostrate under its influence, let Irishmen learn what a foreign nation has provided for their destruction.' Now, there was something statesmanlike in that. That was what he would do. But was there ever such a miserable puling Bill as the present introduced by any one having the smallest pretence to be not merely a statesman, but a Member of Parliament."

Then what could exceed the terseness of his defence of Irish ingratitude?—

"The Hon. Member for Carlisle, had given Ireland a day. Possibly he expected to be requited for this act of generosity; but he need never expect any gratitude from the Irish people. They could not be grateful. They had never been educated to it. They asked for many things, but were refused everything. They asked for Home Rule. Refused! They asked for the Borough Franchise. Refused! They asked for the Municipal Franchise. Refused! At present they were asking that their letters might not be detained in the Post-office from three P.M. to nine A.M., but to this they had not obtained a precise answer. He should like to know how, under these circumstances, the Irish could be a grateful people. It was impossible."

If Ireland cannot be grateful to England for anything, England is grateful to Ireland for one thing—the Major. Strange fate for an Irish measure! The Bill was negatived without a division!

Two other Liquor-Bills died the death the same night—MR. C. WILSON's—at the hands of its father; and MR. COWEN'S, for transferring the licensing power to Boards elected by the ratepayers—to *Punch's* notion, about the most pernicious in promise of the many legislative abortions begotten by Liquor—at the hands of the House, by 133 to 85.

In the Evening the House was Counted Out soon after nine.

Thursday (Lords).—A great house to hear LORD BEACONSFIELD'S defence of the PIGOTT appointment. A perfect performance. Light and solemn, playful and pompous, sophistick and ironical by turns, the great master of tongue-fence kept his *coup de Jarnac* for the last—in the assurance that LORD BEACONSFIELD had never known either MR. PIGOTT or his father, that the latter had not been rector

of Hughenden since LORD BEACONSFIELD had lived there, and that the ex-rector's one political act, as far as LORD BEACONSFIELD knew, in the Buckinghamshire elections, had been to vote *against* MR. DISRAELI. So the tables were turned against the assailants of the appointment, with an effect which only this adept in the great art of ironic dialectics—vulgarily called "flapdoodle"—could have so easily and so triumphantly secured.

LORD BEACONSFIELD has not only ridden rough-shod over the Select Committee's recommendation, but has made it seem, somehow, ridiculous; while he has secured MR. PIGOTT'S appointment in the teeth of a vote of the House of Commons.

But after such a victory, what does the veteran General think of his new Lieutenant's defence of the position which the Chief so easily recovered? Oh, SIR STAFFORD, call you this backing of your friends?

LORD STRATFEDEN was delivered of another abortive speech, ushering in another equally abortive motion, on that Eastern Question, which his Lordship is always putting, and never getting answered.

SIR GRANVILLE talked obvious sense on the subject of Russophobist scares, on which his cool reason falls like water on hot iron, eliciting hisses from the incandescent metal.

LORD DERBY said ditto to LORD GRANVILLE—in spite of the pen-pricks of his Turcophile press.

(Commons).—MR. BOURKE promises papers relating to alleged atrocities upon Turks by Bulgarians and Russians. He judiciously abstains from endorsing the official reports on the subject. There may be something in LORD GRANVILLE'S suggestion that the Turks have taken to manufacturing Russian atrocities, in the hope that they will rouse English opinion against the Russians, as the report of the atrocities of Batak and Philippopolis opened English eyes to the horrors of Turkish rule. They forget there were English witnesses for the latter.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, pressed to mark his little Bills for the Slaughter of the Session, with reluctance sealed the doom of four—Valuation, (English and Irish) Bishoprics, Patents, and Scotch Poor Law. There are more that must follow, but SIR STAFFORD prefers to leave them for a while to the untender mercies of the chapter of accidents.

POOR HUMANITY.



Candid Inquirer (curiously). And pray, Madam, who are you?

Perplexed Personage (vaguely). I—I—well, positively, my good Sir, I protest I do not exactly know.

Candid Inquirer (suspiciously). That is strange. May I ask if there is anyone who on that point is better informed than yourself?

Perplexed Personage. There are many such. Many at least who seem to know all about me, and assume to speak in my name. Only as their accounts of me do not in the least agree, their counsels do not greatly help me in the increasingly difficult task of self-recognition.

Candid Inquirer. Your position is peculiar, and I should say perplexing. Pray how did it come about?

Perplexed Personage.—Party-spirit has laid its all-confounding spell upon me, and tricked out in the many-coloured vesture of faction, I am become the very chameleon of politics, a puzzle to the universe, and a mystery to myself.

Candid Inquirer. But your name, Madam? Can you not remember that? It may possibly throw some light upon the subject of your mislaid identity and real nature.

Perplexed Personage. Oh, as for my *name*, that is, now as always, HUMANITY. But that name at present covers as great a multitude of meanings as a kindred one is said to do of sins. Amidst a conflicting crowd of definitions, I find self-identification simply impossible.

Candid Inquirer. But really this is very shocking.

Perplexed Personage. "Shocking," do you say? Oh, Sir, if there is one thing that I am used to, it is to being "shocked." Every party protests that the proceedings of its opponents are "shocking to Humanity." Whether ultimately I shall be shocked into drivel-

ling sentimentalism, or utter insensibility, I do not quite know. Appeals to me are so multitudinous and so conflicting, that I begin to think sheer callousness would be a blessed boon.

Candid Inquirer. I had thought that "the claims of humanity"—an universal shibboleth that phrase—were held to be above personal interests, party ties, or national ambitions.

Perplexed Personage. So they are. But these theoretically paramount claims are the first to go to the wall as soon as other interests are at issue. That I am accustomed to, however. What I complain of is this new-fashioned way of setting me against myself, and invoking me, like the Despot's complacently partisan "Providence," as the special patron of antagonistic causes and conflicting interests. Eighty-ton guns and torpedoes have "shocked" me; but Turcophobe railings and Turcophile recriminations wholly confound me.

Candid Inquirer. The Muscovite, posing as Humanity, seems—

Perplexed Personage. Well nigh as incongruous a figure as the Ottoman posing as Champion of freedom. Inhumanity in a Cossack cap is not a whit better—or worse—than inhumanity in caftan or fez. Those who make me a matter of country or costume either know little about me or care less. It is no particular concern of mine whether Turcophobe or Turcophile have the better of the argument. But it is a concern of mine that they should argue fairly, and not make *me* a pander to party passion masquerading in the guise of philanthropy or patriotism. If Turcophile prints Russian Atrocities in large capitals, and Ottoman ditto in the smallest type, while Turcophobe does precisely the reverse; if one triumphs in a hideous charge, and the other chuckles over a sanguinary *tu quoque*, it is in vain that they play their typographical tricks, shape their partisan phrases, and paint their invidious epithets in the name of *Humanity*. They know nothing about *me*; and, confused by their clamorous invocations, I begin sometimes to feel that I know little about myself.

Candid Inquirer. If it is little to the credit of an Englishman's head to be unable to distinguish the real merits of a cause apart from the details of its advocacy, it is even less to the credit of his heart to be unable to realise humanity save when she comes clad in the garb of his race or the livery of his party.

SKY-BLUE; OR, DEATH IN THE DAIRY.

An Urban Eclogue.

SCENE—Before the entrance of a smart Metropolitan Milk-Shop. Muse and Medical Officer meeting.

Muse. Oh, how clean, sweet, and snug!

Medical Officer. May I ask what you mean?

Muse. Why this snowy-walled Eden of silver and green; This cool white-tiled nook with its ferns and its founts—

Medical Officer (irrelevantly). And its red-covered-book-piles of running accounts!

Muse (ignoring his interruption). Its lamp like a lily-cup poised on its stalk,

Its immaculate cow neatly modelled in chalk—

Medical Officer. Most suitable substance that same, without question. There's a cynical frankness about the suggestion!

Muse (impatiently). Please don't interrupt. Nothing vexes the Muse Like gratuitous comments; they check and confuse.

This Eden, that might be the home of a fairy—

But is a first-class Metropolitan Dairy—

A true *rus in urbe*, a pastoral patch.

In your gloomy brick Babylon.—Eh! Did I catch

Your language aright? "*A mere nest of disease*"?

What a horrible phrase! Pray explain, if you please.

Medical Officer. A dung-pit, a cess-pool—though each is a curse—Or a long-standing dust-heap, could hardly be worse.

Muse. You shock me. But Science on Beauty's so hard. Now methinks 'tis a scene that might quicken a bard Into lyrical outburst.

Medical Officer (dryly). I haven't a doubt, For it doesn't take much to do that, Ma'am!

Muse. You flout A theme which all pastoral poets has fired. Milkmaids have been sung—

Medical Officer. Till most people are tired, And would cry, "hold, enough!" though the singer were TENNYSON.

Muse. I'm sure Milk might earn even Science's benison— Our very first food—

Medical Officer. And not seldom our last, If the dread typhus-germs in its depths are once cast;

Nor if they are traced to some sewer or well,

Is the matter much mended. The *mature* they sell

At this pastoral poison-shop's "quiaking" maybe

To Muses and bards, but 'tis death to a baby:

And even a fully-fledged poet might find Milk-typhoid a teaser. Had Science been blind, Like Sentiment, death, midst its many vagaries, Had found no such rare stalking-ground as our dairies.

Muse. What! Death in the milk-pan? A horrible thought! *Medical Officer.* The one place where disease in its germs must be fought.

Ask BALLARD or MURCHISON.

Muse. Oh! but the cow— *Medical Officer.* Nay, the beast's not to blame, nor its milk, but, somehow,

Ere it goes from the farm, where the pumps are suspicious, Or the smart London dairy you deem so delicious, A change has occurred, not precisely alchemic, Which too often ends in a bad epidemic. Be it "rinsing" the pails, which of course is just possible, Or causes that are not so clearly cognoscible, But reference bear to the pump or the well, The mortal pollution's imparted.

Muse. You tell A most terrible tale!

Medical Officer. One that's different, very, From pastoral yarns about *Blossom* and *Cherry*,

And milkmaids and syllabubs, whey, curds, and cream, And those other bucolic delights which, 'twould seem, This Dairy suggested, dear Madam, to you.

I admit that my tale is *not* nice, but it's true.

The true Modern Milkiad, granting it written

By bard with the epical-mania bitten,

Would have, in despite of poetical usances,

To make its chief hero Inspector of Nuisances.

That Milk has an innocent look, but analysis

Might give your sweet faith, Ma'am, a fit of paralysis.

A Medical Officer's very first care is—

Or should be—to keep a sharp eye on the dairies;

And, seeing how easy's evasion of *my* laws,

The public calls loudly for SCALTER-BOOTH's bye-laws.

[Exit Muse, much disgusted.

' ABSOLUTION' MADE EASY.



SHOULD a new edition of *The Complete Letter-Writer* be published, it would require, for completeness' sake, to be enriched with a few specimens of epistolary correspondence suggested by the following statement in a newsletter—if true:—

"The most famous of Confessors is DR. PUSEY. He receives confessions not only *vivid voce*, but by letter, and few persons are aware of the extent of his correspondence with people in all parts of the country who have made him their spiritual director."

DR. PUSEY was avowedly a Father Confessor long before certain of his followers compiled *The Priest in Absolution*. As to Confession, he appears to be considerably in advance of the genuine Roman Catholic Priest, as he allows a Confessional to be made of the letter-box and the pillar-post. Perhaps he will go—if he has not gone already—still farther ahead, and receive confessions by electric telegraph, wiring absolution back. Or, what will be a still greater improvement on the Roman practice, he might, when the Telephone is brought sufficiently to bear, have them addressed to him orally through that instrument, and then the confession, from whatever distance transmitted, would have the advantage of being strictly auricular.



FASHIONABLE EMULATION.

Lady (speaking with difficulty). "WHAT HAVE YOU MADE IT ROUND THE WAIST, MRS. PRICE?"

Dressmaker. "TWENTY-ONE INCHES, MA'AM. YOU COULDN'T BREATHE WITH LESS!"

Lady. "WHAT'S LADY JEMIMA JONES'S WAIST?"

Dressmaker. "NINETEEN-AND-A-HALF JUST NOW, MA'AM. BUT HER LADYSHIP'S A HEAD SHORTER THAN YOU ARE, AND SHE'S GOT EVER SO MUCH THINNER SINCE HER ILLNESS LAST AUTUMN!"

Lady. "THEN MAKE IT NINETEEN, MRS. PRICE, AND I'LL ENGAGE TO GET INTO IT!"

THE SPHINX'S SOLILOQUY.

HARD lines, I' faith! Not unfamiliar things
Upon the tortuous path I've had to tread
To reach this elevation. Now my lines
Are fallen in pleasant places—so men think;
And I—well, triumph's sweet, despite the thorns
That stuff the Conqueror's cushion. But by Thoth,
This buffet is too bad! The flout that brings
A blush to world-worn cheeks is bitterer far
Than a blood-fetching battle-blow. And I
Not there to foil and counter! Blundering BATES
My heartiest champion! Headlong HARDY cool;
Sleek STAFFORD sluggish; KNIGHTLEY armed against me;
And HOLMS the Hobby-rider jubilant!
He who hath braved a hundred batteries
Winged by a pop-gun! After all the games,
Moves educational, and dodges dark,
That I have perpetrated, to be pinned
By such a pygmy point as PIGOTT's hoise
Can lend the sorriest stabber of them all!
Oh for one hour among them! Chaff and tact
May turn the keenest thrust; but STAFFORD's staff,
Languidly wielded,—faith, 'twould scarce avail
To beat down such a bullrush as the lance
Of Hackney's *Hector* on his Hobby-horse.
GLADSTONE lends wings to shafts that pierce his mail,
In pen and post-card. Now I trip in turn
O'er "Stationery." Faugh! A weary task
For *nous Semitic* and the temperament
Of trifling genius to guide
These stolid Britons, with their insect-sense
Of milk-and-water moral, pinched and prim!

A job? Philistine phrasers! beetle-close
Envisagers of beetle-crawling fact!
Hath Phœbus no prerogative to dazzle
As well as light?—which any blinking taper
May do at pinch, if 'tis but to explore
Corner and cranny. HOLMS's halfpenny "dip"
Shows up—faith, what? A mere magnanimous leap
Of ladder-spurning strength—a Titan bound
Of rule-defying instinct! And the dolts
Prate of fair-play and principle, invoke
The infallible Select Committee-Man!
They'd move a vote of censure on Creation,
Because not shaped to House of Commons rules,
And hierarch'd into a Paradise
On their Competitive principle. Well! well!
A flout's not mortal. Yet I'd fain unhorse
You Hackney Hobby-rider, and undo
The masked significance of that ugly FOUR!

* * * * *

Four?—even so. As *Ancient Pistol* says,
"I take the groat—in earnest of revenge."

Salve of Conscience.

UNDER the head of Conscience-Money, the other day, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledged "the receipt of the second half of a ten-pound note from 'O. P. Q.' for the Public Chest." In language which would in these days be accounted coarse, a vigorous political writer in a past generation used to call bank-notes shin-plasters. Were he now living, perhaps the announcement above referred to would have induced him to challenge SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE to prove that he had properly applied "O. P. Q.'s" shin-plaster to the public chest.



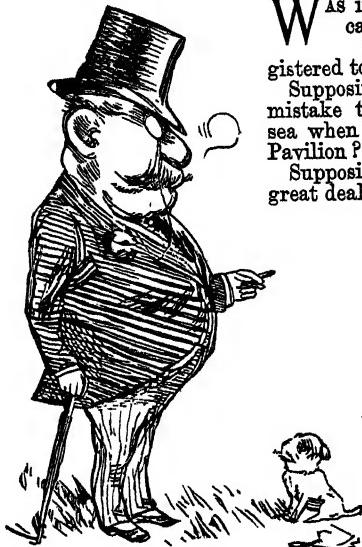
“HARD LINES!”

"AFTER ALL THE BIG THINGS I'VE BEEN IN, TO BE PULLED UP FOR THIS! OF COURSE I CAN SET IT
RIGHT, BUT IT'S REALLY TOO DISGUSTING!"

QUESTIONS FOR TRAVELLERS.

(From London to Paris.)

AT THE CHARING CROSS STATION.



ON BOARD THE BOAT.

Is it going to be rough?

Did the trees look as if there was a good deal of wind?

Isn't this calmness in the harbour deceptive?

Shall I sit on the bridge, with the chance of being blown away, or go down below, with the certainty of seeing the unshaven foreigners in agonies?

Shall I accept the offer of the sailor to cover my legs with his waterproof coat?

Now that the ropes are gone and the boat is off, don't I think it would have been wiser to have stayed on shore?

Will it be much worse than this?

Now that I can't move to get at my pocket, is it possible that I may have left my reserve fund of bank-notes at home?

If I did, how am I to pay my first hotel-bill?

Can this last much longer?

Why was I such a fool as to brave the possibility of having to undergo this?

Ought I to help that lady?

Have I forfeited all rights to be called a man of good breeding by refusing to move to help beauty in dire distress?

When will that useful Official in the gold-banded cap attend to me?

Is suicide justifiable under the present circumstances?

Is suicide possible in my feeble state?

Is it really true that we have only left Folkestone Harbour half an hour?

Can human nature endure any further torture?

Are all the treasures of the Continent worth this misery?

Would it not have been more patriotic to have stayed in England? Have I the strength to find my way to the side of the vessel with a view to drowning myself?

Would it be very wicked to murder this Official for asking to see my ticket?

Is it possible that I have lived to see Boulogne Pier?

Can I crawl on shore?

AT BOULOGNE.

Is it possible, in my present state of health, to have a row with the Douanier for insisting upon looking into my hat-box?

Am I wise to decide to stay at Boulogne a night to recover from the fatigues of my voyage?

Which Hotel shall I go to?

Which shall I choose, mosquitoes or unpleasant odours?

Shall I dine at the *table d'hôte*?

Is this menu of greasy dishes particularly pleasant after my passage?

Shall I talk to my neighbours?

Why do English girls on the Continent generally have projecting teeth, corkscrew curls, and dresses made after a fashion much in vogue about fifteen years ago?

Why do Englishmen at Boulogne Hotels look so very different from Englishmen everywhere else?

Is my right-hand neighbour a billiard-marker, or an ex-Captain of (very) Irregulars?

Is my left-hand neighbour an Italian nobleman in disguise, or a fraudulent French bagman?

Why does every *table-d'hôte* have a vulgar old Irishwoman who will talk of her titled acquaintances?

Why do the oldest English inhabitants at French watering-places seem always to be hiding from their creditors?

Shall I go to the *Etablissement* to see the beautiful dancing, or to the theatre to hear the equally beautiful singing?

What did the landlord mean by telling me that he could give me "a veritable English bed?"

Why, during the watches of the night, do I so constantly think of the Howard family in general, and the Norfolk branch in particular?

Shall I venture?

Is it not a pity that "the Direction" neglects to carpet the wet and sandy floor of the machines?

Why did not the Inquisition think of a drive into the sea in a machine as an appropriate torture for criminals convicted of murdering the Pope?

Considering the bore of walking through the dry sand and the people on my way back, and the nuisance of finding all my clothes on the floor, have I enjoyed my bath?

Does not this excellent lunch in the *café* on the Pier make amends for all the miseries I have undergone?

ARRIVAL AT PARIS.

How have I survived a tedious journey in a carriage full of ladies and children?

Why did the Frenchman who got in at Amiens eat garlic before commencing his travels?

Shall I go to a "grand" hotel, where I shall be neglected, or to a family hotel, where I shall be poisoned?

Will the sun leave any part of me ungrilled, so that I may ask a few more questions next week?

BETTER LATE THAN EVER.

WHEN BRITANNIA wiped the undeserved blot from the scutcheon of the brave DUNDONALD, she could not undo all the wrong he had suffered, but she certainly meant that the completest reparation that could be awarded him should be. Above all, whatever of his loss was measurable by money, she intended should be made up. But BRITANNIA's servants at the Treasury read her orders differently. "Tout est perdu fors l'honneur," they construed, "Honour we are forced to give back—but with a loss of everything else." They restored the rank which should never have been taken away—small thanks to them!—but the pay which should have gone with it they kept back, like dirty dogs as they were; and, worse still, when his grandson, the other day, asked for the due so long and cruelly withheld from the heroic grandsire, BRITANNIA's Treasury servants of to-day upheld the mean injustice of their predecessors of 1833 and 1847, and refused the pay belonging to the rank and honour so tardily restored.

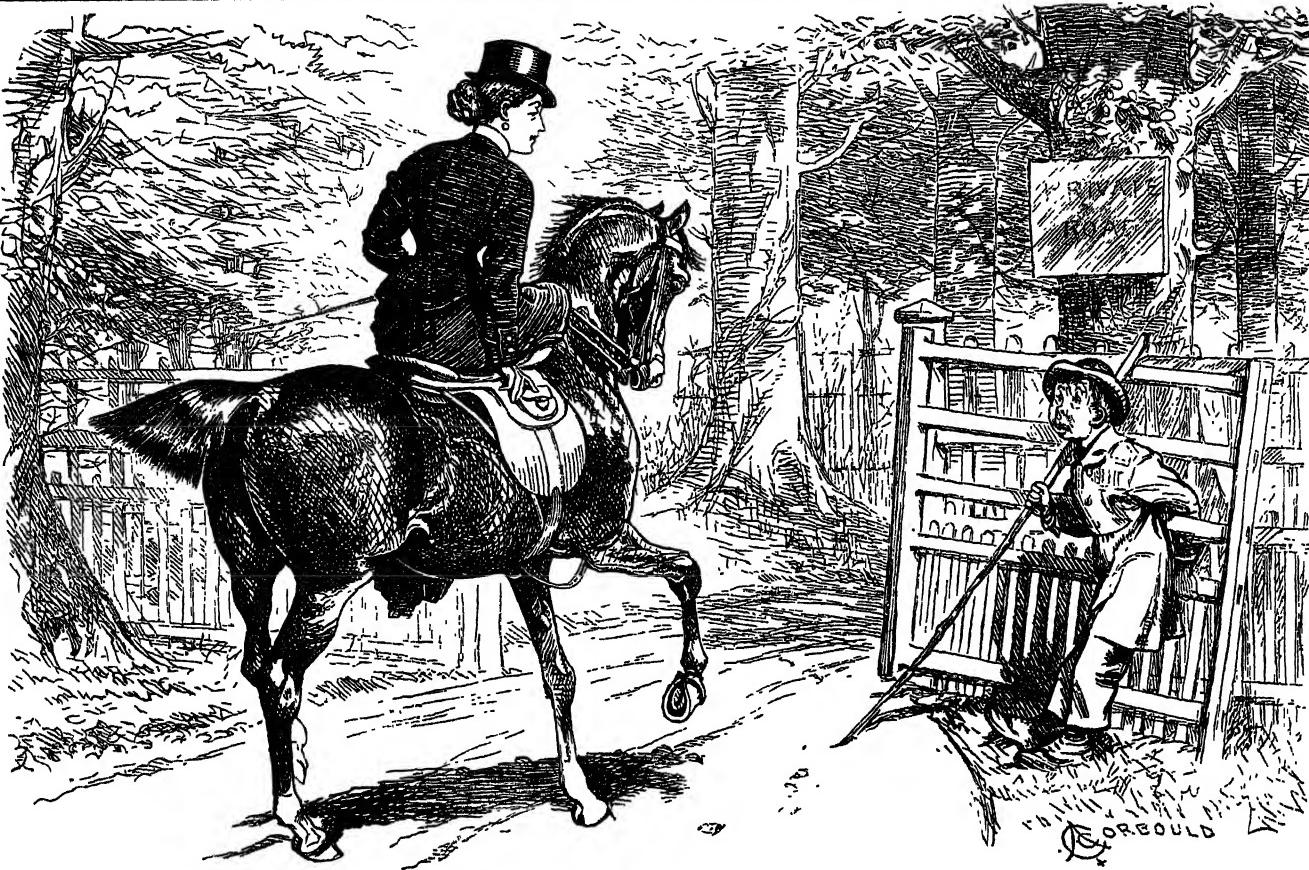
But there are official acts of meanness of which even the most economically-disposed House of Commons scorns to take advantage. This was one of them. The Select Committee appointed—in the teeth of Government—to look into LORD DUNDONALD's claims, which were all he had to bequeath to his descendant, has reported, as a body of honest gentlemen needs must, that—

"Complete reparation will not have been done to LORD DUNDONALD unless the claim for back pay which he bequeathed to his grandson is recognised. Everything connected with his restoration to the Naval Service and to his rank and honour proceeded upon the principle that, as far as possible, he should be placed in the same position as if he had never been removed from the Service. This appears of necessity to imply that the reparation spoken of in the Treasury Minute is not complete. In the opinion of your Committee no technical rule should be permitted to stand in the way of such reparation, the justice of which seems to follow by a natural inference from the steps which have already been taken."

So, at last, justice will be done all round. The Government will stand rebuked for an attempt to set up a technical rule in bar of a just claim; and the descendant of a hero will reap some benefit, though late, from his famous forefather's services, for which his country would have gladly paid, but the reward of which was unjustly withheld by a Government unworthy alike of such a country and such a Captain.

CON. FOR THE COMMONS.

HERE'S a conundrum for the Nation
That likes its reasons graced with rhyme:
Why's PARNELL like Procrastination?
Because he is the thief of Time.



A NORFOLK DUMPLING.

Young Hodge (in expectation of a Copper). "O I'LL OPEN THE GATE."

Lady. "YOU ARE A VERY CIVIL LAD. YOU DON'T COME FROM THESE PARTS?"

Young Hodge. "YOW'RE A LIAR. I DEW!"

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

(Questions for the next Congress.)

TAKING into account the expense of extra coals, the outlay for soap, starch, powder-blue, soda, and other necessaries, the payment to the washerwoman, and the cost of her beer, tea, and food, and considering the probability that a periodical disturbance of nerves and temper shortens the life of the head of the family—the bread-winner—is it Domestic Economy to wash at home?

Which is the more economic plan—to buy dresses, mantles, bonnets, &c., or to have them made in the house?

With regard to servants' beer, which of these three courses is the most advisable to adopt?—

- a. To substitute a money allowance.
- b. To keep beer in cask.
- a. Key in the parlour.
- b. Key in the kitchen.
- c. To serve out bottled beer.

Would you recommend a young and newly-married Lady to have Cook up into the drawing-room every morning for orders, or to go daily herself into the kitchen after breakfast?

How far is it possible to dispense with the services of charwomen? Compare plain needlework and fancy work (1) as a thrifty and economical employment, (2) as a rational occupation, and (3) as an encouragement of self-respect.

Can the present relations between "Mistress and Maid" be improved in any of the following particulars—*a. Wages and Perquisites. b. Dress. c. Holidays. d. "Friends"*?

Which is the best description of Carpet (1) for dining and drawing-rooms, (2) for bedrooms, (3) for nurseries, (4) for stairs?

Does it answer to "turn" dresses?

What are the advantages and disadvantages of Meat Teas?

With reference to health, expense, and comfort, which is preferable—Gas or the Lamp?

Do you keep your Bed-room Windows open at night all the year round?

C. D. has an income of £500 a year, and a wife and three daughters, sixteen, eighteen, and twenty (no sons). What allowance should each have for dress and private expenses (including laundry)?

Can you furnish good and economic recipes for plum-pudding, claret-cup, gingerbread, minced mutton, mild stuffing, clear and strong gravy soup, lemonade, light pastry, salad, and bread sauce?

Is it advisable to give everything out, or would it be better to place confidence in your servants?

How would you prevent the too frequent repetition of cold meat for dinner?

Can you supply a new recipe for a family pudding, which shall be at once cheap, wholesome, and palatable?

What are your experiences of pages, parlour-maids, and general servants?

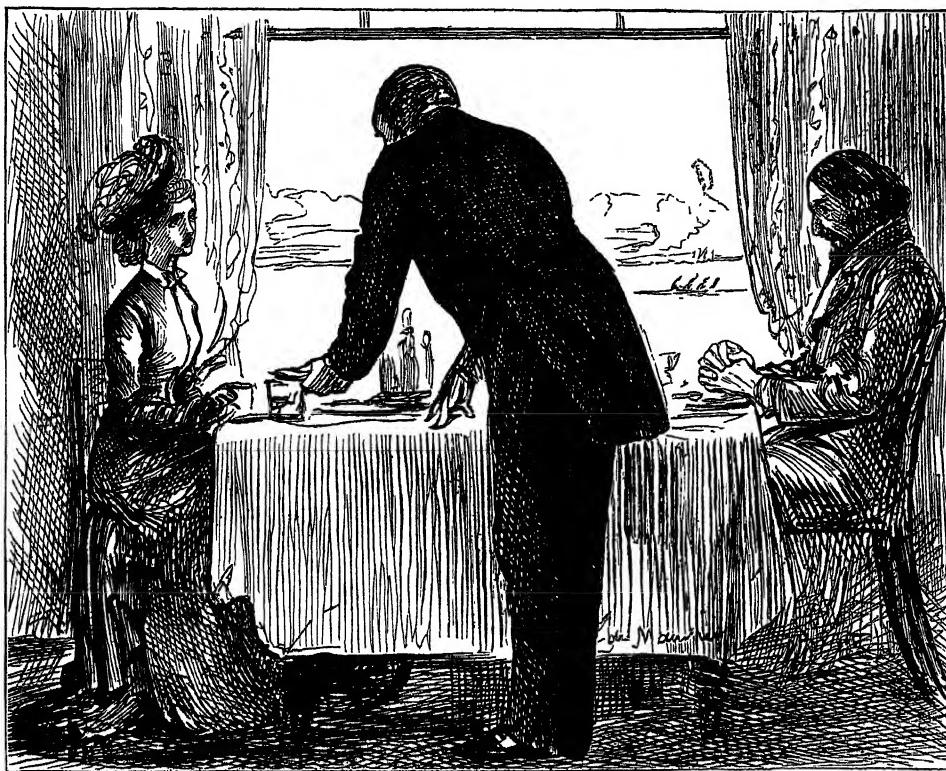
What is the lowest income on which a young couple should marry, who have been accustomed to liberal housekeeping, genial society, the cultivation (as an amusement) of the drama, music, and the fine arts, costly dress, and the frequent use of hired vehicles?

Your husband's income is £700 a year, the rent of your house is £70, you have five children varying from fourteen to baby, you keep three servants, and your usual dinner-hour is half-past six—what do you propose to give your husband for dinner each day next week?

When are the following articles in season—salmon, partridge, asparagus, giblets, cauliflower, roast pork, mushrooms, oysters, woodcock, and sucking-pig?

A Slight Mistake.

One of our Turcophiles, writing of the War in the hysterical style at present usual among these excited organs, declares that "now Hell has been let loose in Bulgaria." He mistakes. Hell has been let loose in Bulgaria since the Turkish rule was established there above four hundred years ago, and this is the first effective attempt to chain it up. Naturally, the undertaking has its horrors.



SHAKSPEARE ILLUSTRATED.

Delicate Wife. "BRING ME ANOTHER PLATE OF BACON AND BEANS, WAITER. AND MIND THERE'S PLENTY OF FAT!"

Shakspearian, but dyspeptic, Husband (inwardly).

"OH! CURSE OF MARRIAGE!
THAT WE CAN CALL THESE DELICATE CREATURES OURS,
BUT NOT THEIR APPETITES!"

RUSSIAN ATROCITIES.

In the Emperor's quarters at Plojst they are actually using Turks' heads to sweep the ceilings with! They are supposed to be those of the prisoners taken at Nicopolis—who, of course, have been massacred en masse.

MEDDLING AND MUDDLING.

(*Being the Log of Admiral de Forcey.*)

Monday.—Arrived in foreign waters, and finding that the Local Municipal Council were using very strong language in debate, immediately bombarded the Town Hall. Mayor and Beadle killed, and eighteen Aldermen wounded. Spent the rest of the day in proclaiming a new Monarchy.

Tuesday.—Some one having told me that he had seen somewhere a paragraph, stating that a person looking like an Englishman had been arrested unfairly, considered it my duty to protect British Interests. To carry out this idea thoroughly, bombarded the Royal Palace, the principal Hotels, the Railway Station, and the Theatre. The target practice was excellent. Employed the rest of the day in dethroning the new King, and restoring an ex-Emperor.

Wednesday.—Found that the two Houses of Parliament were opposing one another. Landed a couple of companies of Marines, and, assisted by the Commons, carried several important Bills through the Lords at the point of the bayonet. Employed the rest of the day in banishing the Emperor, and converting the country into a Duchy, under a Grand Duke.

Thursday.—Finding that the Local fleet were fighting a naval battle amongst themselves, tried a few torpedoes. Result, six iron-clads went to the bottom in less than no time. Was just warming to my work, when it was explained to me (under a flag of truce) that what I had taken for a naval battle, was merely a sham-fight. Apologised; and, to fill up my time, turned my Grand Duchy into a Government on the Septennate principle.

Friday.—Displeased at the noise made by the military bands of the Local army. Considered the noise dangerous to British Interests. Accordingly, landed a Naval Brigade of Blue Jackets, and defeated the enemy's forces in one hour and ten minutes. Spent the rest of the day in establishing a Conservative Republic.

Saturday.—This being the last day of the week, was most anxious to leave everything ship-shape for Sunday. With this desire, dismissed all the Judges, disbanded the remainder of the Army and

Navy, and ordered the Clergy into exile. Finding that the newspapers disapproved of my orders, took all the Editors prisoners, and seized the printing-presses. With a view to local self-defence, ordered all the shopkeepers to appear before me, and swore them in as Volunteers. Next visited the Hospital (now used as a temporary town-hall), and gave the country a new constitution. In spite of all my efforts to please them, the inhabitants appeared dissatisfied. This being the case, hoisted the Union Jack, and (in defence of British Interests) declared the country to be the property of HER MAJESTY. Having done this, posted despatches to the Admiralty, and ordered the fleet under my command to hold itself in readiness to start for a new place on Monday.

IMMINENT STARVATION.

It appears that a certain very good Institution is in a very bad way. At a meeting held the other day in the Egyptian Hall at the Mansion House, on behalf of the Dramatic College, founded for the final benefit of poor Actors and Actresses, according to a report of proceedings :—

"Miss SEDGWICK adverted to the novelty of her position in being called upon to address such an audience, but she had to plead in the cause of charity, and sought to enlist the sympathy of those she addressed. The Royal Dramatic College, she said, was in danger of collapse, and, indeed, of death, through sheer inanition. If that was so, it would not be creditable if something were not done to avert such a result."

The Dramatic College is situated at Maybury, near Woking, and consequently, not far from the cemetery in that vicinity. Should the collapse in which Miss SEDGWICK represents it terminate, as she fears, in death, its inmates, dying with it, will be too likely, most of them, to become eligible for citizens of the neighbouring necropolis. It is to be hoped that the Dramatic College will not be suffered to perish of inanition, since its emptiness can be easily filled by the benevolence of the numerous playgoers and patrons of the Drama, whose pockets are in a state of plethora, which would admit of considerable depletion without detriment to their circulation.

A CLERICAL SUGGESTION.

Some clever person, in the Lower House of Convocation, during the discussion on LORD ALWYN COMPTON's Motion, as to vestments (reported in the *Church Times*) observed, that, "if a white Chasuble were worn, it really could hardly be distinguished at a distance from a surplice with a degree-hood over it." This is a beautiful notion for compromise, only a large church is absolutely necessary. Then the Ritualistically inclined among the Laity should have the front seats, where they would be satisfied that the Parson was wearing a "vestment." Those in the middle of the Church—representing the *via media*—would be uncertain as to what it was, and as indifferent as uncertain, while the moderate Evangelical party in the back seats, would see only a surplice and a hood. The ultra Evangelicals might be easily seated out of sight altogether, and so long as they were within hearing, they would have to live by faith, and not by sight, in perfect accordance with their own principles. Really the Cleric who made this observation in Convocation, and whose name we regret our inability to recall (as we only quote from memory), seems to have hit the right nail on the head in this vexed question.

ATTRACTIVE ATHLETICS.



Boys and Girls must have their little games. Athletics are as necessary to the health of the softer sex as the harder, besides being useful aids to innocent flirtation.

Lawn-Tennis has superseded Croquet; but probably to be sooner or later discarded in its turn. Still, lawns will remain, and there are other games besides Tennis for which a lawn could serve as an arena. Among these may be suggested Lawn Cricket—with the due distinction from the masculine game as played at Lord's; Lawn Football, adapted for the softer sex and weather, under modifications of the Rugby Rules; Lawn Prisoners' Bars, or Prisoners' Base; Lawn Rounders; Lawn Stag-out; Lawn Hockey; Lawn Tipcat; Lawn Hopscotch. Duly developed to suit the lawn, Hopscotch might be rendered a very elegant game, so as to afford much the same facilities for graceful display as dancing. Lawn Marbles, perhaps, would hardly be quite compatible with "tie-backs"; neither would Lawn High Cockalorum-jig and Lawn Leapfrog, at least without the adoption of those reforms of costume which may be expected speedily to supervene on recognition of the Rights of Woman.

SEASON-ABLE STATISTICS.

It seems admitted that the season has been a sadly dull one, and West-End shopkeepers complain that people have spent next to nothing at their shops. "Offally bawed, you know," has been a very frequent observation in the Parks; and "We really can't afford it" has more than once or twice been overheard at garden-parties, when a ball has been proposed. Still, if we may judge from the following statistics, the season has been much as usual.

The number of Whitebait served and swallowed in London and its suburbs during the last three months has been computed at twenty billions twelve thousand and two (excluding fractions).

It will perhaps be hardly credited that since the first of April as much as thirty-seven thousand and eleven pounds have in London been expended upon button-hole bouquets.

A calculation has been made by one well competent to guess, that the distance nightly waltzed within the precincts of Mayfair has amounted to sixteen hundred leagues.

It has been carefully computed by an able statistician that the number of white kid-gloves which have been split in hasty dressing in the course of the year is one million and fifteen.

The cigars which have been smoked at Hurlingham and Lord's would, if placed end to end, reach six times round St. Paul's.

The quantity of hairpins daily dropped in Rotten Row, and in the paths adjacent, has been sufficient, on the average, to fill eleven pecks.

It is calculated that the drags of the Coaching Club alone have travelled, since the first of May, a distance equal to that from Peckham to Pekin.

It is rumoured, in high circles, that the number of positive "offers" to that of p. p. (play or pay) flirtations may be approximately represented by the formula: One to nine hundred and nineteen.

An estimate has been made by a fashionable Confectioner that the ices which Society everywhere has consumed this summer, would, if piled together, overtop the Matterhorn in height, and equal it in bulk.

UNDENIABLE.

NEVER trust Russian bulletins. How different Turkish! They can be re-lied on.

A NEW CHANNEL OF COMMUNICATION WITH THE SEAT OF WAR.—By Special Liar.

THE PLAN FOR "ART PROGRESS."

THE special questions selected for discussion at the forthcoming Social Science Congress, about to be held in Aberdeen, have been published. Among them, under "Art Department," stands the following one:—

"Is our modern system of Art competition favourable or unfavourable to Art progress?"

Decidedly unfavourable, compared with the system of competition established in other professions than Art. There is no admission into them, but first by means of a stiff preliminary examination, and examinations still stiffer, in all manner of subjects bearing and not bearing on them afterwards. If nobody were admitted to be a student at the Royal Academy, nor allowed to exhibit there till he had been tested as to his proficiency in Classics, Mathematics, History, Poetry, and the Modern Languages; if he were not eligible for an Associate without undergoing a still further ordeal, nor for an Academician unless certified by competent examiners of omniscience in all branches of knowledge besides those relative to Art and some others, the certain consequence would be the very speedy development of MICHAEL ANGELOS, TITIANS, RAFFAELLES, REYNOLDSSES, and HOGARTHES. There is nothing like compelling men to work in grooves chiselled out for them by other minds, to foster and cultivate original genius. In due time, no doubt, if we only wait a little, our competitive examination system, in the medical profession for instance, will produce HARVEYS, HUNTERS, ABERNETHYS, and BELLS as plenty as blackberries, and no less copiously enrich other Sciences with BACONS, NEWTONS, DAVYS, and FARADAYS. So, likewise, it will give us MARLBOROUGHES, WELLINGTONS, and NELSONS in the Army and Navy. Already we see in literature, and every department of mental work, how much it has done, especially to exalt and expand the reasoning and imaginative faculties whereby the creative is peculiarly distinguished from the common mind, and the intellectual productions of the present in general from those of the past.

SCHOOL BOARD AND SUNDAY CLOSING.

Most people have hitherto supposed that the School Board system of education was one thing, the Denominational another, and that the former and the latter differed as light and dark. They will hardly know what to make out of the following statement in the letter of a local paper's London Correspondent:—

"The London School Board does not improve. It is developing an amount of narrow-mindedness which one did not look for after the triumph of the Liberal party at last year's election. By twenty votes to ten the Board has refused to allow the play-grounds to be opened on Sundays, declaring that to open them would be a breach of the Fourth Commandment."

Can this possibly be true, and no mistake? Then let all the Saints of the Sunday Rest Association rejoice. For then the London School Board has been undeservedly stigmatised as Secularist. It is, on the contrary, denominational indeed. Its majority, at any rate, have proved themselves so pious that they are now reproached with narrow-mindedness, and open to be maligned as Denominationalists of the straitest and also the stupidest sect of the British religion, who live as Pharisees, or pretend to live so, whilst they compel all those in their power to practise their preaching. Let the ungodly taunt them with belonging to the Denomination of Dolts who confound the First Day of the Week with the Seventh, and besides that, make a perverted Judaism forbid not only all manner of work upon Sunday, but likewise all manner of play, how innocent and healthful soever. The profane may tell them their Denomination is simply that of illiterate and vulgar Sabbatarians. Train up the child early to idle about the streets on Sunday, or to take refuge in the public-house. Therefore shut him out of his play-ground. Call you that Sunday closing? Do you pretend to be fit and proper persons to preside over national education? Such may be the cries and questions of contemptuous scoffers. But the Denominational majority of the London School Board will know as well as any survivor of "Lady Huntingdon's Connection," how to reply to them—"Ay, do despise us, we likes to be despised."

A Revived Title.

CONSIDERING that the Anti-Protestant system, of which the Holy Cross Society are the exponents, has been growing up for many years under the very noses of the Bishops, would not it be appropriate to style these dignitaries by a literal translation of their ancient Greek title, *επισκόποι*—“Over-Lookers.”

BLUE DITTO.—What the Blue-Coat uniform turns Christ's Hospital into:—Guys.



PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF THE SITUATION.

"AWFUL DEM ROOSHIAN ATROSHSHIES—STRIPPIN' DE POOR CRETURS NAKED!
VON TING—OLE CLO'S 'LL BE SHEAF!"

A GOOD WORD AND A GOOD WORK FOR JACK ASHORE.

PUNCH does not often own himself surprised. But he had to own himself surprised a little while ago, when he learnt that there was no Soldiers' Reading and Recreation Room at the "Rock." In furtherance of the movement to supply so strange a want, he then said a good word for the Garrison of Gib., and hopes it profited. He has now another surprise to own to, on learning that the Bermudas are without anything in the shape of a Club-house for Sailors and Marines on liberty from our West Indian Fleet, which has its head-quarters in the harbour of Ireland Island, where we have our chief West India Naval Establishment, and where half-a-dozen men-of-war are often lying for weeks together. And, as he has this other surprise to confess to, so also he has this other good word to say on behalf of the movement now on foot to supply this urgent want. For want it is, and no mistake. As things are, "liberty" for Jack or Jolly in that hot and blazing climate becomes, perforce, "licence." The only places open, during their run ashore, to our Bluejackets and Marines are villainous dens for the supply of drugged liquor, the consumption of which is stimulated by the foulest accompaniments.

What it is proposed to start is a clean and decent Club-house, where, for moderate charges, good beds, wholesome food, honest drink, and rational amusement can be had—a place where JACK on liberty can smoke his pipe, drink his beer or grog, and enjoy his game at draughts or skittles, bowls or billiards, read his paper, or take his hand at cards with his messmates, without having his pocket picked by extortionate harpies, and his constitution ruined with hoccusued drink, or worse abominations;—a place where, after his day's ramble ashore, JACK may top-up a social evening with a quiet night's rest, and come aboard next morning as a British sailor should—cool, clean, cheerful, and collected; and not like a beaten, boosy, battered blackguard, with his eyes in mourning, his stomach sick, and his blood in a blaze.

JACK, all popular as he is, has more flatterers than friends—more who make a profit out of his weaknesses, and a living out of his vices,

MALEDICTION MADE WORSE.

(To Mr. EDWARD FREEMAN.)

It was not "Perish India," you exclaimed,
"Rather than for the Turk one Briton fight!"
But "Perish British Interests, unshamed,
Rather than we take part against the Right?"

The second saying gives the worse offence
To the true Briton's moral sense!

If India perished, and if that were all,
The evil were comparatively small.

"India" might "perish" without more ado,
Than if you sung out, "Perish Timbuctoo!"
But "British Interests," Sir, and "Our Dominion
In India"—these are things that Britons cherish.

Do rather anything than let them perish!
The man's un-English holds not that opinion.

You, that of FREEMAN bear the glorious name,
Do you yourself a freeborn Briton think,
And yet admit, with soul devoid of shame,
A cause for which you'd "British Interests" sink?
As Britons paramount we feel 'em.
"Fiat Justitia, ruat cælum."

That moral maxim, in this freemen's land,
Folk with this free construction understand,
"Let 'British Interests' reign supreme o'er all,
Although the welkin on the world should fall."

You should have put up with the misquotation.

What? "Perish British Pocket—British Purse!"
Ill-advised FREEMAN, you've but made bad worse
By your unpatriotic explanation.

Reports of Progress.

SCENE—A Block in Fleet Street.

First Cabby. Now then! What are you stopping for?
You're a nice obstruction, you are!

Second Cabby. You're a Bigger!

First Cabby. Yah! You're a PARNELL—you are!

EPIPHANY FOR MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON (*may it be long before he wants it!*)—R. I. P.

than who do their best to strengthen the one and root out the other. But he has no better friends than those who help him to put to good use the rare and much-prized moments of liberty that relieve the monotony and confinement of his life aboard ship. This those are doing who are promoting the establishment of the Bermuda Sailors' and Marines' Club-house. Such things want starting; though, once started, they should—and must—keep themselves going.

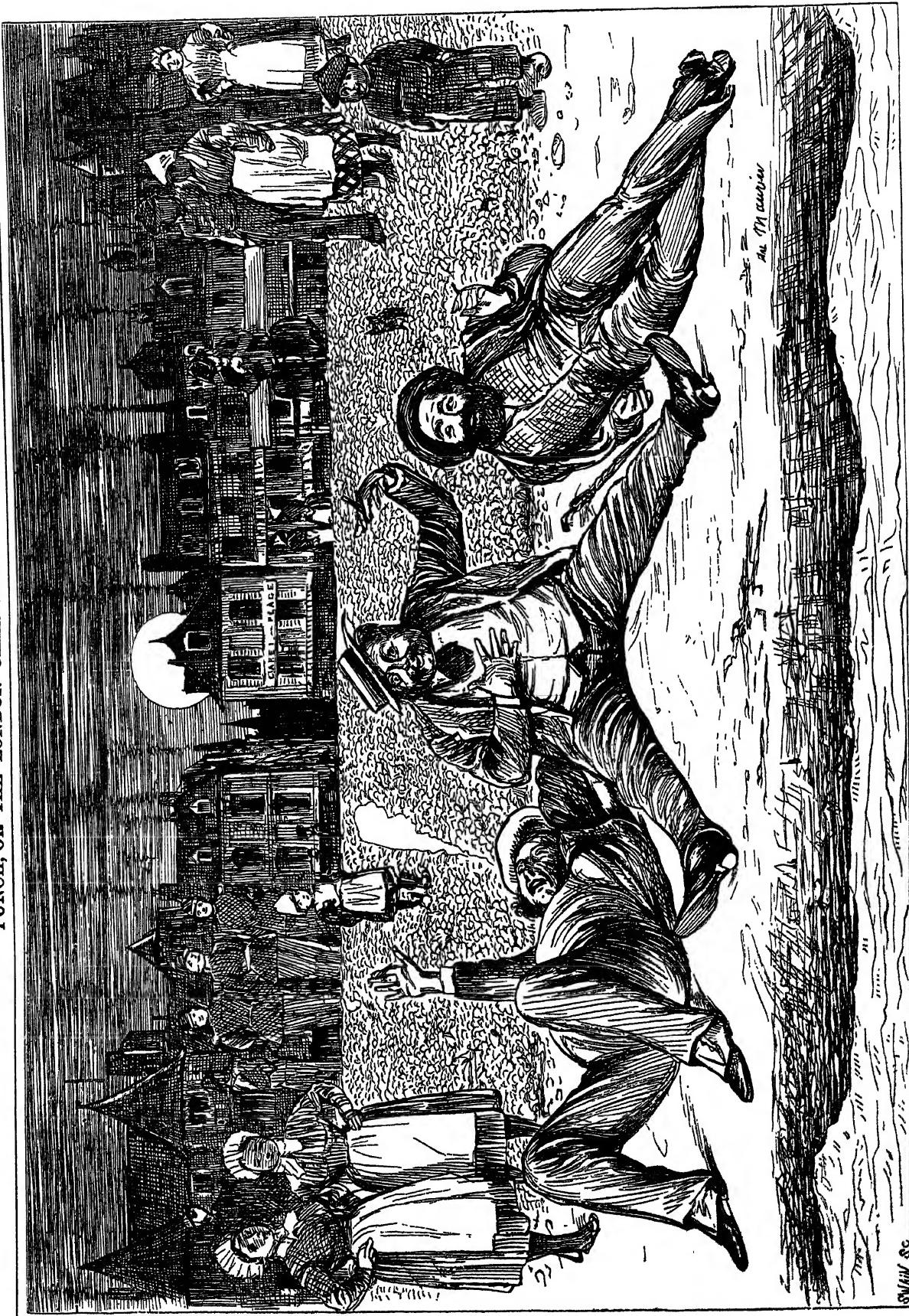
Punch is proud to hold out his old naval cap for this good work, and to say that contributions will be received by CAPTAIN LEYESON SOMERSET, R.N. (Captain in Charge, Bermuda), care of MESSRS. CHARD & CO., 3, Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street, or the REV. C. H. HARBORD, B.A., R.N., The Parsonage, Ireland Island, Bermuda.

COLORADOS AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

If our potato-growers do not become personally acquainted with the Colorado Beetle it will not be the fault of the Alexandra Palace Company, which advertises for exhibition a sample of the insect (dead, we sincerely trust), or of MR. STOLLWERK, the modeller who has produced an exact likeness in wax of the beetle in all its stages; or last, and not least, the exemplary Manchester Entomologist who has received a consignment of the *Chrysomela decempunctata* from a scientific friend in the States, and has been keeping them in his garden on strawberries and vegetable marrows, under the strictest injunctions, of course, not to let them escape.

As they are winged, we don't quite see how walls are to keep them in. At all events, considering the possible consequences of letting loose a pair of these interesting "bugs," one is glad to learn that the Privy Council has written to SIR JOSEPH HERON, the active Town-Clerk of that Metropolis, to beg him to bring down the Municipal foot—all its force of beetle-crushers in fact—on the happy family which the Lancashire Entomologist has been maintaining with a curiosity highly scientific, no doubt, but hardly compatible, perhaps, with the safety of our potato-fields.

BRITISH INTEREST.—Wherever there's British Capital.



THE LAUREATE ILLUSTRATED.

BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON HAVE ARRIVED ON THE FRENCH COAST, TO LOOK OUT FOR STRAYED LONDONS FOR THEIR RESPECTIVE FAMILIES. AFTER DINING STOCCOLENTY, THEY LIT THEIR CIGARS, AND THEN (HAPPY THOUGHT)—
“We will return no more.” Is far beyond the wave : we will no longer wail,
“The lotus eaters.”
Most weary seemed the sea, weary the rear, Then some one said, “We will return no more.”
And sweet it was to dream of fatherland, And all at once they sang, Our island home
They sit them down upon the yellow sand, Between the sun and moon upon the shore : Of child and wife and slave; but evermore
The lotus eaters.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



If we wanted an appropriate title for our se'nnight's chronicle, we ought to call it "A Week at Donnybrook." It opens with a pleasant novelty in the Dog-days—a Saturday Morning Sitting (*July 21*). And for such an agreeable and useful morning's work, too! Four hours of obstructive row over the Irish Judicature Bill, resulting in one division of 90 to 4 on a Motion of MR. BIGGAR's to postpone a Schedule. And this, after several rounds of the same wearisome wrangling in the small hours of Friday's sitting. The only novelty was that BIGGAR said "What the deuce!" and was called to order for it. If "What the deuce!" makes BIGGAR's behaviour disorderly, what the deuce do you call BIGGAR's behaviour without that energetic form of interrogation?

The House is rapidly getting into a state of white-heat at this idiotic annoyance, and no wonder. If it keeps temper enough, under the provocation of PARNELL, BIGGAR, and O'DONNELL, to pass sentence on these incorrigible offenders with decent judicial dignity, it

will have earned canonisation; for, certainly, they have been enough, this week, to rile a Senate of Saints. There is a limit even to Parliamentary patience; and it has evidently been reached at last. If July does not see the end of this intolerable waste of public time, and unjustifiable tax on private temper, the House of Commons will have deserved the ignominy to which it is the object of this precious trio to reduce it. In SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT's words, MESSRS. PARNELL, BIGGAR & Co., will have succeeded in their attempt "to defy the authority of Parliament, to bring the House of Commons into contempt, and to block the great engine by which the British Empire is chiefly maintained." Of course this is what they wish. But ought they to have their wish? It is all very well to treat these persons with contempt. Contempt, irony, sarcasm, ridicule, are as much thrown away on them as hail on the hide of a rhinoceros. They must be prevented from further obstructing public business, as you prevent a knot of roughs from stopping a thoroughfare. The rules of the House were framed for men of sense and Gentlemen, so no wonder a difficulty is found in bringing them to bear on the present offenders. But if the old rules won't fit, new ones will have to be framed. The nuisance *must* be abated.

Monday (Lords).—The House in a hush of expectation. Quite a rush of at least a dozen Peers to their places to hear LORD GRANVILLE—in an awful silence—ask LORD DERBY "whether he could give any explanation respecting the rumoured movement of troops to the Mediterranean," and to hear LORD DERBY's answer—in a silence as awful—"that the Mediterranean garrisons were below their full complement; and in the present uncertain and disturbed condition of Europe, it has been thought desirable that they should be strengthened—to the extent of about 3000 troops. *This is the sole foundation for the statements in the newspapers.*"

"Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus."

But there can surely be no mistake about the Mouse after this. How can the D. T. drummer persist in beating his big drum so

ferociously to the tune of "*The British Grenadiers*," after receiving this *douche* from the first floor of the House of Lords? The *Pall Mall Gazette*, more wise, sees there is nothing for it but to pack up the big drum, and take to irony instead.

(Commons).—The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER gave the same answer as LORD DERBY to an echo of LORD GRANVILLE's question by the MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON. Again *Punch* asks, after this, how can the Mouse be made out a Mammoth—except in *Bombastes Furioso* fashion? Ministers, be they never so many-minded, don't go out of their way to fling dust in the eyes of both Lords and Commons; and if they say a thing—in two places, too, as the auctioneers' phase is—they must be taken to mean it, diplomacy to the contrary notwithstanding.

So *Punch*, perforce, concludes that the troops who have this week embarked for Malta are not meant to garrison Gallipoli; and sings, cheerfully,

"Conturbabunt Gallipoli—would-be—itani.
Præproperabilibus sollicititudinibus."

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER having asked priority for Government business on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, MR. PARNELL was of opinion that "the Government ought first to have stated what Bills they meant to proceed with." Cool, rather, of MR. PARNELL, whose moves have nothing to do with the progress of Bills, but the report thereof. Not satisfied with this piece of assurance, MR. P. went on to complain that "Irish business had been much neglected, and the Scotch Prisons Bill not pushed on; that the House was incapable of legislating for Ireland; and that it should address itself to the great problem before it, how business should be carried on in future Sessions"—in other words, how MR. PARNELL is to be muzzled. There is an assurance about this sort of talk from MR. PARNELL that is perhaps even more exasperating than his obtrusiveness.

WHALLEY's complaints are, at least, pathetic. He had thrice, he moaned, brought forward *The Priest in Absolution* (really the Member for Peterborough should keep better company), and had thrice been Counted Out. He wound up with the awful threat that—"if the same thing happened again, he would either throw up his seat (*great cheering*), or hold it in abeyance, rather than act as a sort of screen behind which the Government could carry on the business of the country in an irregular manner." Poor dear Member for Peterborough! He, at least, has the Arcadian virtue of a simplicity which redeems a silliness that at times seems superhuman.

MR. COWEN recalled the House to common sense by pointing out that its work had outgrown its machinery, and that the problem before it was how to enlarge its horse [N.B., not any other animal] power to meet the new demands on the old engine.

Then the Member for Dungarvan, envious of the prowess of PARNELL, rushed into the fray, and complained of the "conduct of Government in keeping Bills rolling about from week to week, and having discussions on them night after night till they returned after dinner"—meaning, apparently, the worse for liquor. This brought up, as it well might, the decorous BECKETT DENISON to order. The SPEAKER could not say the Honourable Member for Dungarvan was out of order, though he was certainly trying very severely the patience of the House. To this O'DONNELL retorted—

"He was merely endeavouring to show that the Government were not entitled to forbearance, particularly as they had given no promise that there would be the slightest amendment in their conduct for the future, or that they would cease to inflict on the House useless and irritating discussions. For his own part, he should deem it to be his duty to continue to subject these measures to as calm, as independent, and as deliberate criticism as if Hon. Members were not in a hurry to repair to the shooting grounds throughout the country. (*Cries of 'Oh! oh!'*)"

This was the straw that broke MR. CHAPLIN's back. He sprang up to protest.

"He had seldom witnessed anything more painful or more degrading than the scene which had just been presented to the House. (*Cheers.*) He did not rise to appeal to the good feeling of the Hon. Gentleman who spoke last, or that of those with whom he was in the habit of acting. The SPEAKER, whose mandates the Members of the House always treated with the greatest respect, had appealed to their forbearance in vain, and an opportunity had been afforded of seeing their stubbornness and their insensibility to every sentiment and every feeling by which Gentlemen in that House were actuated. (*Cheers.*)"

Thereupon PARNELL called upon the SPEAKER for protection, and soon wigs were on the green, sticks in the air, and coats trailing, and the House, before it knew how, was in the thick of one of those Donnybrook Fair skirmishes which have made the week remarkable.

THE O'DONOGHUE protested, in the name of Ireland, against being held responsible for the conduct of the three rowdy-obstructives.

The rest of the night was spent in Acts of humiliation of the House and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER over the Pigott blunder. Nothing could well be more abject than SIR STAFFORD'S apology, more unqualified than the House's recantation, or completer than LORD BEACONFIELD'S triumph. PIGOTT sits firmer in the

saddle of his Controllership than if no attempt had ever been made to shake him. If the Leader of the Government had schemed to bring the Leader of the Commons on his marrow-bones he could not have done it more effectually.

Tuesday (Lords).—Advancing Bills—a lesson to the Commons, who would be in for a verdict of Guilty, if tried by their Peers on indictment of waste (of time).

(Commons).—On Motion for going into Committee on the South African Bill, SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL insisted on having it out in black and white. He complained that the Bill handed over the Darkeys of South Africa to its Whitey-browns. MR. FORSTER took the opportunity of giving in his adhesion to the Annexation of the Transvaal. MR. E. JENKINS was graciously pleased to express his approval of the Bill. The natural satisfaction this must have given the Government was dashed by MR. PARNELL's decided objection to the measure. Ireland wanted Federation, and couldn't get it. The South African Colonies didn't want Confederation, and so its machinery was thrust down their throats. MR. O'DONNELL followed on the same side, and succeeded in the course of a two-hours' oratorical ramble in his favourite feat of exasperating the House to madness, which found vent in repeated attempts at a Count, but in vain—

"He held them with his glittering eye,
The hapless House sat still."

MR. COWEN by an excellent speech in favour of the Bill restored the House to something like temper, which MR. COURTNEY succeeded in dashing, but could not quite destroy, by his captious attack on every part of the measure. This Gentleman has in a very short time contrived to produce a settled sense of irritation in the House rarely reached with so little practice.

The Bill being at last got into Committee, MR. BIGGAR succeeded in putting a stopper on it, and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER—blocked as usual—was fain to report progress, when the House went into Committee on the Irish County Court Bill. The Major now took up the obstructive game, and had the pleasure, with MR. BIGGAR's aid, of dividing 147 to 1—thanks to the kind help of MR. PARNELL who, admitting that the Bill was one of great importance to the people of Ireland, walked into the "Ayes" lobby, "to save his honourable friends from having nobody to tell." In spite of a warning from MR. CALLAN, that this was too much even for him, the same little game was repeated in a few minutes, BIGGAR standing by the Major to tell and PARNELL coming forward in solitary sublimity to be told. Rather than risk a third performance by the Triad, progress was reported, when WHALLEY rose to ease his pent-up soul on *The Priest in Absolution*.

But this was too much for the sorely-tried House. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER moved the previous question, and the House let itself be Counted Out—in forgetfulness, no doubt, of the consequence of which WHALLEY had given it fair warning the night before. Let us hope he will not carry out his awful threat of resigning. The House will be good!

Wednesday.—To-night the Irish imposthume which has been swelling so long, came to a head, and burst over the South African Bill. *Punch*, with all his lucidity, renounces the attempt to paint the particulars of a row through which, in an atmosphere darkened with gusts of altercation, objurcation, and recrimination, amidst wild jumplings-up and sudden subsidings, the figures of MESSRS. MONK and E. JENKINS, PARNELL and O'DONNELL, the CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE, and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER loom dimly visible. Everybody seemed for some three-quarters of an hour to be calling everybody to order, while somebody, from time to time, might be heard moving that somebody else's words should be taken down.

At last, MR. PARNELL, having declared the intense satisfaction he felt in thwarting the intentions of Government, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER moved that the words be taken down, and, this done, put the question that progress be reported, in order to report the words to the House; and the SPEAKER was called in to pour his official oil on the troubled sea of the Commons.

After being twice bearded by BIGGAR, he succeeded at last in getting PARNELL out of the House, while it sat upon his misdeeds; and then the House, in its natural wrath, backing its Leader in his excusable exasperation, was only held back from the false step of confounding MR. PARNELL's avowal of his satisfaction in thwarting the Government with an announcement of a determination to obstruct public business, by the calm wisdom of WHITBREAD, which soon found echoes in the good-humoured sense of KNATCHBULL-HUGESSER, and even the chivalrous impetuosity of the SECRETARY OF WAR; and further proceeding in re PARNELL was postponed till Friday.

This allowed the Honourable Member for Meath to resume his place, and his practices. The rest of the afternoon was devoted to *intermezzis*, in which defence of PARNELL by O'DONNELL alternated with interludes of BIGGAR in defence of both, to the waste of another day, though all we have between this and St. Grouse's are all too few for the business waiting to be dispatched.

Thursday (Lords).—LORD NELSON advanced to the table behind a monster petition for the repeal of the Public Worship Regulation Act—in which the weight of the paper was real, whatever may be that of the signatures, among which Sunday School children's figure largely.

(Commons).—The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER informed the MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON of his proposed self-defending ordinances, and the House then proceeded to deal with MR. BUTT'S Bill for endowing with nearly half a million an Irish Roman Catholic University, under Episcopal control. This would amount, as MR. LOWE and SIR W. H. BEACH both pointed out, to a deliberate reversal of all that the House has done to make education undenominational, so no wonder the Bill was thrown out by 200 to 50.

Friday (Lords).—St. Francis (or was it St. Anthony?) preached to the fishes. The DUKE OF SOMERSET would not mind their being preached to, but objects to their being blown up, as they are now, off Devonshire and Cornwall, by dynamite.

LORD REDESDALE presented a petition from All-hallows, Southwark, against a Romaniising district parson, whose notion that Ritual hallows all does not suit All-hallows.

When a dying woman is refused the Sacrament because she objects to confess her sins to the parson, no wonder there is a feeling that the Protestant Pale is being kicked over.

(Commons).—*Nolumus leges Parlamenti mutari* is a standing sentiment of the House, exemplified to-night. Even the intolerable nuisance of Irish Obstruction has barely enabled the Government, after a whole night's haggling, to carry, for the fag-end of the Session, SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOATE'S two Resolutions, that a Member twice out of Order shall be muzzled for the rest of the debate, and that no Member shall move more than once to report progress or vacate the chair. Wrong-headedness laughs at Resolutions as Love laughs at Locksmiths. The House had better have stuck to the first idea, and suspended the Obstructive Three for the rest of the Session, if they wouldn't be good on easier terms.

"EXCELLENT WELL—THOU ART A FISHMONGER!"

So we may all say, now LORD HARTINGTON has taken his place as liveryman of that ancient Guild, whose brethren have been stamped as "honourable men" by the pen of SHAKSPEARE and the tongue of Hamlet. To his Lordship's honour, let us set down the excellent good sense his Lordship uttered in the speech acknowledging his new rank:

"We have, as Head of Her Majesty's Opposition, thought that if matters had been otherwise conducted by Her Majesty's Government this disastrous war might have been averted, and the complications and difficulties which will probably ensue before its close might have been avoided. (Cheers.) But since the outbreak of hostilities, the efforts of my noble friend and of myself have been directed to impress upon Her Majesty's Government the expediency of maintaining a strict neutrality, and to strengthen their hands in maintaining that neutrality, and not only a strict but also a calm neutrality, believing that by such a course the best interests of the country would be served, and the wishes of the vast majority of the people be consulted. (Cheers.) We have never denied that great English interests are involved, nor that the time may come when it would be necessary to defend those interests, but we believe that the position of this country as well as that of all other neutrals, while we maintain neutrality, is one of unassailable security and authority, and we believe that that position would only be weakened by a premature interference in this quarrel until we know in what way our interests are to be affected, and in what way they can best be defended. (Cheers.) We claim in this respect to have given a more valuable support to Her Majesty's Government than they have received from some of those who sit beside and behind them, and by those who profess to be their supporters in the Press, who, as will always be the case in times like these, have been urging the Government and the country to adopt some feverish and impulsive action instead of preserving what we believe to be the best for us—a strict neutrality."

And these wise words were being spoken while the House of Commons was in the thick of the Donnybrook Fair fight, got up by and over the Members for Meath, Cavan, and Dungarvan! How LORD HARTINGTON must have blushed under his new livery, at thought of the contrast between Fishmongers' Hall, and the Hall of the Collective Wisdom!

DEFIANT.

"TAKE down my words!"—and you will see
That's not the way to take down me!

QUIS CUSTODIET CUSTODES?—"Stands Scotland (Yard) where it did?"—in public opinion?

AN OBSTRUCTIVE CHERRY.—The Biggaroon.

REFLECTIONS ON THE GORILLA.

(At the Aquarium.)



MASTER PONGO,
From the Congo,
Or, more strictly, the Gaboon-stream—
Sole Gorilla
That doth fill a
Place beneath pale Europe's moon-stream—

Squat of figure,
Like a Nigger,
In the eyes and face and
colour;
Grave and gentle,
Dull in mental
Aptitudes, and getting
duller.

Young Chimpanzee
One might fancy
Turning out a man and
brother;
Full of frolic,
Melancholic
If, one moment, gay an-
other.
High-rope swinging,
Cross-bar clinging,
Hand-o'er-hand, Jack-tar-
like, climbing.

Hugging, snatching,
Kissing, scratching,
Much like Man, his baby-time in.

Not so PONGO:
You may long go
Ere you'll meet a sadder creature,
Duller, drearier,
Travel-wearer,—
Babe as 'tis,—in air and feature.

Springs this glumness
From his dullness,
That he can't return our greeting,
Tell each brother,
"You're another!"
Or drink "Our next merry meet-
ing?"

Or is 't sadness
At Man's badness,
In two capitals detected,

That can fill a
Babe Gorilla
With a gloom so deep-dejected?

Though at dinner,
For a sinner,
He enjoys his beef and beeà,
Sad and testy,
Oft his breast he
Beats, as who'd say, "Culpa
mea!"

Or is 't owing
To his knowing
Science threatens rank quadrup-
man?
That to-morrow—
Shame and sorrow!—
DARWIN may proclaim him hu-
man!

PARNELL'S CROSS-REFERENCES.

AMBITION. (See Notoriety.)	Positive. (See Folly.)
Bravery. (See Stubbornness.)	Quarrelling. (See Loyalty.)
Candour. (See Impudence.)	Repartee. (See "You're another!")
Delay. (See Generalship.)	Stubbornness. (See Bravery.)
Eloquence. (See Twaddle.)	Twaddle. (See Eloquence.)
Folly. (See Positive.)	Unpopularity. (See 'Xcessive.)
Generalship. (See Delay.)	Vacant. (See Head.)
Head. (See Vacant.)	Want. (See Knowledge.)
Impudence. (See Candour.)	'Xcessive. (See Unpopularity.)
Jealousy. (See Motive.)	"You're another!" (See Re- partee.)
Knowledge. (See Want.)	Zany. (See passim.)
Loyalty. (See Quarrelling.)	
Motive. (See Jealousy.)	
Notoriety. (See Ambition.)	

The Right Man in the Right Place.

SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW, responding for the Governors at the Anniversary Dinner of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, took occasion, among other improvements of the Hospital, to refer to the increase of the lavatories, baths, and wash-houses. How pleasant that it should fall to Water Low to note Higher Water in such an essential element of Hospital appliances!

SUGGESTED BY A LICENSED VICTUALLER.—New name for Ritualists
—Unlicensed Ritually.



AN INVESTMENT.

Mamma. "WELL, TOMMY, WHAT DID UNCLE DIVES GIVE YOU WHEN YOU WENT TO SEE HIM YESTERDAY?"

Tommy. "HE GAVE ME A BEAUTIFUL BRIGHT NEW THREEPENNY-PIECE!"

Papa. "AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH IT?" Tommy. "I'M GOING TO BUY A PURSE TO PUT IT IN."

UN-ENGLISH?

Penny Patriot. You'll have to cut them, JOHN.

John Bull. Cut whom?

Penny Patriot. These men, Who play the traitor's part with tongue and pen ; The "Perish India" Pamphleteers who prate Of caution when the foe is at the gate ; These poor, un-English —

John Bull. Ah ! hold there, I pray. On that same point I wish to have my say. I like smart hits, but not below the belt. Un-English ! That's a phrase with which they pelt Men I have long been proud of. 'Tis a term To make the blandest Briton writhe and squirm, Sum of all shame, compendium of scorn, A brand too sore and scathing to be borne By any man of British blood.

Penny Patriot. 'Tis so ! In spite of party Cant, did I not know.

JOHN BULL was always true grit to the core ?

John Bull. But pray what means this term we both abhor ? *Penny Patriot.* Shrinking from Patriotism's high behests, And slighting our Imperial Interests.

John Bull. But who has earned it ?

Penny Patriot. GLADSTONE and his gang ; Pro-Russian pests whom patriots fain would hang.

John Bull. Humph ! Hardish words ! Before I join the cry I'd fain make sure how fitly they apply.

Un-English ! Is it "English" then to test All Right by rule of England's interest ?

Penny Patriot. Her Interests are the World's ! *John Bull.* Why so I trust ; But only while she seeks the right and just :

And if 'tis English to erect our need Into a general law, you'll scarce succeed

In Anglicising generous souls at home,
Much less abroad.

Penny Patriot. I fear, JOHN, you've become Tainted with sentimentalism.

John Bull. Stuff ! To that stale charge I've listened quantum suff. That polysyllable's the ready stone Selfishness shies at sympathy. Big-blown And blatant patriots pick such words to pelt More loyal men whose larger hearts have felt That high unselfish love of their own land Which Chauvinism cannot understand. Un-English, eh ? Is 't English, then, to care Less for our honour than our safety ? Dare Only so far to follow freedom's flag, — With help of arm, fair wish, or money-bag, — As to the point, close-measured to an inch, Where our own interests feel the smallest pinch ? Is 't English to assume the double part, That joins Bombastes' bounce with Mawworm's art, And brand the statesman of a purer strain A craven cosmopolitan ? 'Tis gain

To be un-English then, and he's my man Who dares play patriot on a nobler plan ;

Who dares be just, fair, mindful of the right, And only in clear quarrel prone to fight ; Loving of all earth's lands his own the best,

Yet honestly regardful of the rest ; Who lets not beam of wilful bias blind

His judgment frank and fair of all mankind ; Nor seeks, with petty pelting pride upblown,

To mete all human interests by his own.

If that's un-English, then I hope, good friend, JOHN BULL will be un-English to the end.

[Exit Penny Patriot in extreme disgust.

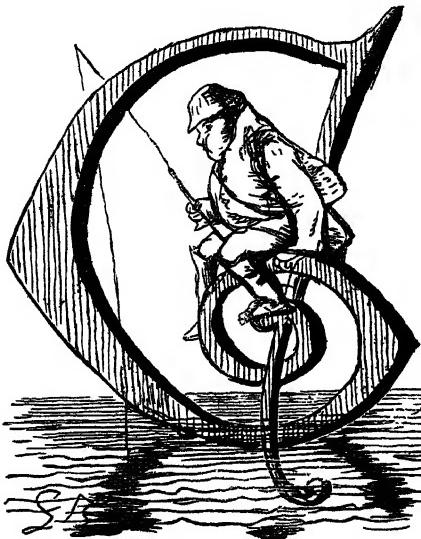
FELLOW FEELING.—MR. PARNELL "pitying the poor Boers."



BENJAMIN BOMBASTES.

"WHO DARES THIS PAIR OF BOOTS DISPLACE,
MUST MEET BOMBASTES FACE TO FACE!—
THUS DO I CHALLENGE ALL THE HUMAN RACE!"

A FEW DAYS IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE.



*GOING a Fishing.
Being some Notes
of a short stay in
the old-fashioned
Country-house be-
longing to my
friend BOODELS OF
BOODELS.*

"HAVEN'T seen you for an age! Name your day, and come down. Place looking lovely."

This was from BOODELS OF BOODELS. He is quite right. I have not seen him for an age; or, at all events, for a considerable time. It is, in fact, some years since I was invited to his place, to assist in dragging the pond. That ceremony was deferred *sine die*, and

we did not drag that pond, brave boys, and "we did not catch that Whale"—or, rather, that Eel. There has always been a big Eel—a tremendously big Eel—in BOODEL'S pond. It's a traditional Eel: it is to BOODEL'S pond what the Sea Serpent is to the ocean. The Eel in BOODEL'S pond has been seen more than once: in fact, it must have been seen to have been appreciated; but it is difficult to arrive at the fortunate person [who] has seen him. The Head Gardener hasn't, but "he knows he's there." But why should a Head Gardener see an eel more than anybody else? He has nothing to do, professionally, with the fish-pond. BOODEL'S Head Gardener wears moustachios, and has a military air. He evidently delights in planting all his vegetables and fruit in lines. He passes along the lines, reviewing, as it were, his troops. When the right moment arrives, he will say, "Up, Strawberries, and at 'em!" The Under Gardener, who is, somehow, officially connected with the ducks, is reported to have seen the Eel. This individual, however, is of a taciturn disposition, and if he has seen the Eel, he won't tell. When asked about the Eel, he smiles, wags his head (a sign of pleasure with him when addressed, and is, probably, a habit acquired from having a good deal to do with the animals on the establishment), and mutters something about there being a big "Eel" somewhere, (he is unintelligible beyond this), and walks on. My private impression, after awhile, founded upon observation, is that if this Under Gardener has seen the Eel, he has eaten him. Hence his silence, and hence the smile. Hence, also, the mysterious legends still current at BOODEL'S, and in the neighbourhood, about the Marvellous Eel. The Butler, in idle moments (of which, I fancy, he has several at command), has set lines for this Eel.

[*Happy Thought.—The Butler and the Eel*, a fine subject for a poem.]

No result. The Eel, if there, stayed where he was, and the Butler retired.

Everybody having nothing better to do at BOODEL'S, wanders down to the pond, hears from some one (generally from BOODEL'S himself, who finds this subject likely to interest his visitors—visitors being always interested where there is a probability of their getting something by it, and that something, eatable), about the Eel, and immediately says, meditatively, as if it were quite a new and original idea, "I should like to catch that Eel."

"Why," the visitor diffidently adds, turning to his host, "why don't you set lines?"

BOODEL'S smiles at this. It is what every visitor has said to him from the first day he took the house with the fish-pond. He only replies, in a guarded manner, that, from what he has heard (as the Police say, "from information received"), he believes that any one fond of the sport can have capital fishing in the pond.

[*Happy Thought.—To say to BOODEL'S; "There may be 'capital fishing,' but is there 'capital catching'?"*]

"That depends on the fisherman," replies BOODEL'S, drily.

I don't think so. It seems to me to depend upon the fish.]

There was a Poet stopping at BOODEL'S who made this suggestion about setting lines. I seconded the motion, for several reasons. *First*—Because it was something to do. *Secondly*—Because I had often heard of "lines," and wanted to find out what they were. *Thirdly*—Because I wished to find out if the Poet, who tried to appear so sporting, knew any more about it than I did. Judging from

his blank look, when BOODEL'S, pointing to something on the ground that appeared to me like a very large and very dirty-white tee-to-tum wound round with thick cord, said, "Here's the Trimmer and the lines," I am convinced that the Poet had not the smallest idea what he had been talking about.

The Poet said "Oh!" and looked at the Trimmer, then at me.

I had only found out a few minutes before that he was a Poet. I should have thought from his general appearance that he was clerk in something—not "in orders"—but something official. The only outward sign of genius about him is his nose. He has a low forehead (I don't believe in foreheads), and a very large nose. What he loses in forehead he makes up in nose. Most Poets are strong in the nose. BOODEL'S, who is always enthusiastic about his friends, specially if only recently made, tells me that HAMIL MUMLEY is a very clever man, simply "*the cleverest man*," he (BOODEL'S) "had ever met." This sounds as if BOODEL'S circle of acquaintances were limited. A consoling thought is "present company always excepted." "He has," adds BOODEL'S, vaguely, "something coming out very soon; and he's had some wonderful reviews in the papers." "What papers?" I ask, as I don't remember to have seen the name of HAMIL MUMLEY anywhere.

"Oh," replies BOODEL'S, evidently not expecting to be cross-examined on the subject, "I don't know. You can read 'em for yourself." And so the subject drops.

I eye MUMLEY distrustfully. At present "*the cleverest man that BOODEL'S ever knew*" is throwing bits of stick into the pond, and frightening the ducks. Our attention is now centred on the Trimmer. It looks to me such an awkward antiquated piece of machinery that I cannot understand any eel, associated as he is with slipperiness, wriggling, and low cunning generally, could be caught by such a very apparent trap as this Trimmer. It occurs to me that, as a boy, I used to learn "easy lessons" out of a Trimmer. These were, if I remember rightly, *Trimmer's Guide to the Alphabet*,—(By the way, I wonder at what distance from the Alphabet one would require a Guide?)—and so, perhaps, a Trimmer, piscatorially, is a sort of *Little Angler's First Step to Fishing*. The second title might be *Line upon Line*.

There is another friend (new to me) of BOODEL'S staying here—a fresh-coloured, round-faced, light-moustached, small stout man, always ready to smile. His expression seems to be saying beseechingly, "Do, please, make me smile! I'm only waiting to be asked to smile!" I set him down at once as a Gentleman Farmer. I propose talking to him about crops. I will lay myself out to get some information about corn, hay, pigs, poultry, and turnips. I begin by a few remarks on the weather being bad for the country. He smiles, and fancies that it is worse, in some parts than others.

"It's bad for crops," I suggest, throwing much sympathy with his supposed losses into my tone.

"Is it?" he replies; then adds, inquiringly, "Do you know this part of the country well?"

"No," I say; but I had thought he did. No, he doesn't: in fact, it's his first visit. The conversation flags. Getting BOODEL'S alone, I ask him,

"Who's that?"

"Oh!" replies BOODEL'S, "I thought you knew. That's POGMORE the Composer."

"What does he compose?" I ask.

"Why music, of course," retorts BOODEL'S, rather testily. He never likes to be pressed too closely as to his friends' accomplishments. He accepts a clever friend as a genius, *en gros*, and disdains details as a disloyalty.

"He's one of the cleverest men I ever met," says BOODEL'S, still speaking of the Composer. "He's got something coming out." He says this as if POGMORE was going to exemplify, personally, a Darwinian theory. He explains, however, "an Oratorio, I think—SIMS REEVES, SANTLEY; in fact," adds BOODEL'S, rather vaguely, and being a little tired of the subject, "*everybody's* going to sing in it."

It occurs to me that the Oratorio must be a work of gigantic proportions. We all walk down the garden to the fish-pond. As a matter of fact, the walks in BOODEL'S garden are limited. You either go to the fish-pond, or you don't. The walks are:—*Towards* the fish-pond, which means loitering in a beautiful flower-garden; to the fish-pond, round the fish-pond, which includes chance interviews with curious-looking creatures and big rats; half-round the fish-pond, and back the same way, nervously; and when you don't go to the fish-pond, you go to the kitchen-garden.

As a rule, every one on arriving for the first time at BOODEL'S, looks out of the drawing-room window, and immediately exclaims,

"Oh! let's walk as far as the fish-pond!"

There has never been an exception to the rule, except in the instance of a grumbling old Gentleman, who on his arrival in the middle of summer, begged that all the windows and doors might be shut; growled out that the place lay very low; that the beauty of the flowers, specially the roses, was only a clear sign of the dampness of the atmosphere; and, on being asked if he would like to walk as far as the fish-pond, replied, surlily,



"NOT PROVEN."

Presbyterian Minister. "DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S WICKED TO CATCH FISH ON THE SAWBATH !?"
Small Boy (not having had a rise all the Morning). "WHĀ'S CATCHIN' FESH ?!"

"No; he didn't want to catch his death of cold, for the sake of looking at a duck-puddle!"

BOODELS never forgave this old man. "In fact," said BOODELS, justly irritated, "if it hadn't been for his age, I'd have ordered a fly, and had him taken back to London at once."

As we walk to the fish-pond, BOODELS and MUMLEY first, then POGMORE and myself, I start POGMORE on the subject of music, instead of crops. He informs me that he is composing an Oratorio on the subject of *The Ark*. "A grand subject?" he suggests, inquiringly, as if he had some lurking doubt about it himself.

"Very," I reply. "Only—"

"Only what?" he asks.

"Only," I say, "aren't the animals a difficulty?"

"Ah!" he exclaims, with the air of being evidently relieved by this being my only objection, "but I see my way to *that*. All I want is a good libretto. That's what I'm sticking for now—a good libretto. I wish you'd try your hand."

I feel highly complimented, but, with innate modesty, I suggest that he should ask HAMILTON MUMLEY. "He," I point out, "is a Poet." I don't infer from this that I'm *not*. "And," I add, "he would write you a magnificent libretto." Implying that *mine* would be a more magnificent one. POGMORE has asked him. MUMLEY has replied, that *good* poetry is quite thrown away on music: that the librettist gets no fame—only abuse; and that no one ever yet heard the words of any song, or ever cared to ask who wrote them.

"I rather agree with him," says POGMORE.

So do I. But then why ask *me* to write the libretto?

"See what you can do for me, will you?" says POGMORE, carelessly. "You *might* strike out something."

He says this much as he would have suggested that I *might* catch the Eel, if I only lived long enough, and fished regularly. I promise, however,—to think of it.

Tom MILBURD,—younger brother of our old friend the Jester,—has run down to BOODELS for a few days. BOODELS says he likes to have him there because he's "invaluable in a country-house—he makes everything so lively"—which is not much of a compliment to *us*; as if *we* made everything so dull, and *he* had to be invited to counteract our depressing influence.

TOM MILBURD, coming down the walk from the house, hears POGMORE say, *à propos* of the Oratorio, that there's so much "character in it." MILBURD JUNR. is a very loud man, and his laugh is overpoweringly noisy. He has got a trick of bursting into his loudest laugh, generally about nothing, or about something that only *he* himself sees the fun of, close by your ear. He keeps his laughs, as it were, in shells, and suddenly explodes them. He comes down between us, and exclaims, in a stentorian voice, "Oh, I know what he's talking about. His old Oratorio." Here he roars: no one can get a word in, and he continues, still roaring, "Capital subject—ha! ha! ha! NOAH and all his little men—ha! ha! ha!—with long coats, and sticks, and flat hats. Which are the wives, and which are the sons? Eh? Whichever you like, my little dear; you pays your money and you—ha! ha! ha!" And here he is off again, as if this venerable quotation were one of the raciest things he had heard for years. We look serious. POGMORE is annoyed. But MILBURD doesn't care. He takes POGMORE by one arm and me by the other, shaking us both as if to get a laugh out of us by sheer force—he is very muscular—and begins again, just as loudly as ever.

"Then the music!—ha! ha! ha! The March Past of the Animals into the Ark! and the songs!—ha! ha! ha! I say, though, how do you get over their being all duetts?" Here MILBURD goes into convulsions of laughter, but he won't leave go of our arms, which he shakes and squeezes during his laughter. And this is the man whom BOODELS says "is invaluable in a country-house, and keeps everything lively"! Why, he'll drive me wild with his voice alone. As to POGMORE, he'll be mad before he reaches the fish-pond. MILBURD shouts out, still bursting with laughter, "They must be duetts, because they went in 'n couples. Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

"Nonsense!" says POGMORE, irately. "The music will be descriptive."

"Of course," exclaims MILBURD. "I see it. Bassoon for the Elephant,—here he makes noises which he thinks represent the instruments in question, and, thank heaven, releases our arms, in order to pretend to be playing first double bass, and then the ophicleide,—ophicleide for Lion; the Black-beetles will be a difficulty. The Donkey's easy enough."



MOCK-MODESTY.

Freddy Longshanks (who is really very proud of his lofty stature). "I ASSURE YOU, MY DEAR FELLOW, I FIND MY HEIGHT AN AWFUL NUISANCE. I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO BE NO BIGGER THAN YOU!"

Jack Short. "THEN WHY THE DICKENS DO YOU WEAR SUCH ENORMOUS HEELS?"

"Yes, you can play that," cuts in POGMORE, quickly.
I feel this retort was weak on POGMORE's part.

"No objection to learn, if you'll teach me," returns MILBURD. Then he suddenly seizes my arm again, and squeezes it roughly, as if to point his repartee, which he repeats three times, and roars and shakes with laughter.

At this point I should like to come to POGMORE's aid, and put MILBURD down, only I haven't got the right thing to say. MILBURD never knows where to stop, except at BOODELS', where he certainly knows how to stop.

This is the first half hour after my arrival (we are expecting dinner), and we are all down by the fish-pond. The fish-pond has a quieting effect, momentarily, on MILBURD. He is silent. Then the influence of the place overcomes HAMLIN MUMLEY, the Poet; and, turning to BOODELS, he says, solemnly,

"There must be a great many fish here. Why don't you set some lines?"

Happy Thought.—(Suggested politely to both the clever men.) If MR. MUMLEY will compose the lines, POGMORE will set them. Both eminent men much pleased. So is BOODELS. He considered this compliment, he tells me afterwards, very neat, and "so epigrammatic." MILBURD (who is evidently jealous, and who never turned a smile when he heard it, though I feel sure he'll go and use it afterwards as his own) says, "Oh, very epigrammatic! What's 'epigrammatic' mean? ha! ha! ha! eh?"

This offends BOODELS, as it implies that he (BOODELS) has used a long word without knowing its meaning. We walk silently towards the house. BOODELS begins to doubt whether MILBURD is as funny as he had once thought he was, and whether he hasn't become rather coarse.

"How about the Trimmer?" calls out POGMORE from the pond, and he is seconded by the Poet.

BOODELS turns. Personally he doesn't care about fishing, considering it dirty work, and, from long experience, he does not (I am

SINEWS OF WAR WANTED.

The Commons Preservation Society is in want of funds. The announcement of this want in the *Times* should of itself suffice to get it abundantly supplied at once. The President of our Association for the Preservation of Open Spaces from the grasping landowner, noxious manufacturer, and odious speculative builder, is MR. COWPER TEMPLE. Its Committee includes PROFESSOR FAWCETT, EARL GRANVILLE, MR. SHAW-LEFEVRE, the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, SIR WILLIAM HARDCOURT, MISS OCTAVIA HILL, and MR. BERESFORD HOPE; and these names avouch an appeal from College Street, Westminster, for further subscriptions.

Why further? To defray the expenses of further exertions such as those in the past—to which the public owes the salvation of Hampstead Heath, Wimbledon Common, Barnes Common—where the Bumbles have abandoned their scheme of Sewage Works—Hayes Common, Blackheath and Tooting Commons, besides help towards the rescue of Epping Forest, and—with beneficence extending beyond London—of the Forest of Dean from partition and enclosure in 1875; and material assistance in preventing the destruction of picturesque timber in the noble and beautiful New Forest. Much as has been done, however, more still remains to do. Several objectionable applications from aggressive landcrabs have been made to Parliament this Session. Philistines still persist in dogged endeavours to revive the sordid policy of enclosure under the Commons Act of 1876; and there are no less than thirty-three of their hateful projects now before the Enclosure Commissioners. Subscriptions and donations are asked to enable our Committee of Vigilance for the Preservation of Commons, not, indeed, to Lynch the atrocious projectors of encroachment, but to inquire into their schemes, and, if needful, oppose them. Commons' Preservation is no common charity, needing the hat to go round, but a great public good, for which contributions should pour in. Draw your purses, Ladies and Gentlemen, and defend your Commons.

A Coincidence.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,
Has a recent advertisement of "Bacon and Essex" anything to do with the Dunmow Flitch just awarded?

Yours truly,
TURTLE-DOVE.

convinced) believe in his own pond, or in the Eel. But these doubts he keeps to himself.

"If you like to go and dig for worms," he replies—(this to POGMORE and the Poet)—fancy the two cleverest men BOODELS had ever met being sent to *dig for worms!*—so thoughtless of BOODELS. If you do have a Poet and Composer staying with you, they ought to be treated properly, and not sent to *dig for worms*. I am quite hurt by it: and I'm sure they must feel it, though they say nothing)—"you can get some very fine ones near the Pig-stye, and then you can set the lines yourselves. But," he adds, looking at his watch, "you won't have much time now, as the gong for dinner will sound in five minutes. See about it to-morrow."

So nothing is settled about the catching the Eel in the pond. But we've got at least a week before us at BOODELS'.

Satirical Suggestion.

THE *Morning Post* has lately been savagely severe upon those barbarous and brutal Muscovites. In striking contrast to its own mere abuse, however, it published the other day, in a telegram from Berlin, the following example of suggestive satire:—

"Intelligence from Bulgaria has been received to the effect that fever and rinderpest are most virulent amongst the Russian troops there."

How much better than bluntly calling the Russian soldiers brutes it is delicately to announce that they are troubled with the rinderpest!

Hog and Dog.

WHEN Tartar meets Turk,
With their mutual ferocities,
Then—horrible work!—
Comes the tug of atrocities.

HOLDING THE BALANCE.



Philo-Turk (triumphantly). Aha! judicious and judicial *Mr. Punch*, what do you now think of the great Atrocity question? Time for the St. James's Hall sentimentalists to shut up shop, eh?

Mr. Punch. And why, my jubilant friend?

Philo-Turk. Why? Hasn't Cossack cruelty quite put Bashi-Bazouk barbarity into the shade? Hasn't the Muscovite lamb proved himself a more sanguinary butcher than the Ottoman wolf? But, of course, you won't admit it. Party philanthropy is conveniently blind of one eye.

Mr. Punch (calmly). As was shown when the accounts of the Bulgarian horrors were pooh-poohed as "Coffee-house babble"—

Philo-Turk (eagerly). Oh, that was before they were proved to be well-founded.

Mr. Punch. Is the same desire to wait for proof shown in the same quarters now? Party spirit is always one-eyed, but it is the special business of *Mr. Punch* to keep both his eyes open.

Philo-Turk. Then be so good as to cast them over these recent accounts of Russian atrocities, and tell me what you think of them.

Mr. Punch. I have already done so. At the risk of raising your wrath, I must sum up my judgment, for the present, thus:—"Cases not parallel, and facts not proven." Nay, do not explode, and do not misunderstand me. If the Russians have rivalled the Turks in ruffianism, *Mr. Punch* will be the last to palliate or condone their unpardonable offence against humanity, honesty, and—policy.

My baton falls with equal thwacks,
Whate'er their robes, on rascals' backs.

It has had occasion to fall heavily on Muscovite shoulders before now, and may again. But discrimination is not partiality. The incidental and unpremeditated horrors of a furious War do not afford a parallel to the deliberate brutalities of an inhuman rule. When it is shown that the Russian "atrocities" are parallel to the horrors of Bulgaria, not only in being bloody and bestial, but in being deliberate and unpunished—nay, rewarded, then *Mr. Punch* will have a word to say on the subject which even PHILo-TURK will not find feeble or apologetic. But until that is made clear to a candid judgment, *Mr. Punch* declines to greet every big-capitalled account of "Russian Atrocities" with a howl which smacks more of partisan triumph than humane horror.

Philo-Turk. Pot and kettle, *Mr. Punch*—pot and kettle!

Mr. Punch. Well, at any rate, "it was kettle began it." And the Turkish kettle's denunciation of the Russian pot might come with better grace had it been preceded by recognition of his own yet deeper blackness.

Philo-Turk. But at least you'll own the Russian has not a very clean record?

Mr. Punch. He has not. And he is now suffering in public judgment for the blots on the pages of his past. It is the less necessary to make a case against him, as some seem so anxious to do. For that plenty of materials are sure to be forthcoming when a semi-civilised power meets its hereditary enemy face to face, in defence, whether disinterestedly or not, of a subject race embittered and brutalised by centuries of oppression and outrage.

Philo-Turk. But would the Russian make a better master of the Bulgarian than the Turk has made?

Mr. Punch. In the long run probably he would—though, remembering Poland, and regarding popular opinion, it requires the courage of *Mr. Punch* to say so. The Russians are a growing and an improving people, sympathetic in race and religion with those they are fighting for. The Turk is effete, unimprovable, and an alien in religion and in race. But it is not a question of change of masters. It is because the action of Russia opens up to far-seeing men a prospect of emancipation beyond her own purposes or desires, that lovers of freedom lean to her side in this particular issue. But if the self-appointed champion turn tyrant and butcher, be sure the butcher shall be denounced and the tyrant withstood.

Philo-Turk. Ah, yes—when it is too late!

Mr. Punch. The plausible reproach that raw haste is always hurling at the deliberation it mistakes for delay. To move in wild fear of danger before the summons of duty sounds is as unmanly, and may be as disastrous, as to lag when it sounds indeed.

Philo-Turk. You think, then, it has not sounded yet?

Mr. Punch. It sounded one charge some time since; but at the desire of those who are now so clamorous, was unhappily disregarded. At present it is silent. Trust *Mr. Punch* to catch the first notes of the alarm, and to echo it with all his vigour of lung and trumpet.

DEFIANCE, NOT DEFENCE.

A FEW days since the Government despatched three thousand men to the East (with the possibility of "more to follow") to defend British interests "in the Mediterranean region." In the face of this spirited conduct, *Mr. Punch* is unable to give an emphatic denial to the following warlike rumours which have reached his office from very reliable sources:—

To put the Camp at Aldershot in a thorough state of defence, some fresh gravel will be laid down in front of the Commander-in-Chief's office, and all the clocks will be properly cleaned.

With a view to securing the Isle of Thanet from invasion, a Policeman will be added to the garrison of Herne Bay.

To increase the martial spirit of the Militia, new colours will be presented to the Royal East Diddlesex (Poplar Sharpshooters) at their annual training next year.

With a view to meeting possible contingencies, Major O'GORMAN will be at once promoted to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy.

Twenty additional boys will be added to the Shoeblack Brigade, and stationed in front of the Royal Exchange.

Orders have been given that all the bathing-machine horses at Margate, Ramsgate, and Brighton shall be trained to stand fire.

To avert the possibility of a battle of Dorking, the Controller of the Stationery Office will be invited to return to his late duties in Pall Mall.

Two new gunboats of ten-horse power and carrying two four-pounders will be immediately laid down at Portsmouth, to be christened, on completion (early next year), *Bubble* and *Squeak*.

To protect Spring Gardens from surprise, the saluting guns in St. James's Park will be kept loaded with blank cartridge.

To prevent Spring Gardens being taken by surprise, the saluting guns in St. James's Park will be kept loaded with blank cartridge.

Effectually to provide against hostile occupation of the Metropolis, the members of the A Division of Police will be warned not to permit any foreign troops to loiter in front of the Houses of Parliament.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



gives one a comparative measure of sturdy Scot as against wrong-headed Hibernian. Mr. Cross flung oil on the waters, and promised the sore Scots Wednesday. Alas! "Minister proposes, and M.P. (Irish) disposes." When that Wednesday came, where were Scots' hopes, and Cross's promises!

Monday (Lords).—LORD CADOGAN—a good military name, with a smack of MARLBOROUGH about it—brought forward the Warrant for Appointment, Promotion, and Retirement in the Army.

The MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE ventured a reasonable grumble that it was rather slow work to be a year hatching the Warrant, and rather sharp work to require Parliament to make up its mind about it in the over-crowded fortnight at the fag-end of the Session.

Considering that the Warrant combines a scheme of compulsory as well as voluntary retirement—that besides getting rid of a heavy load of dead-weight in the form of Superannuated Field-Officers, long *hors de combat*, and only Field Officers in the *lucus a non luendo* sense, on a very liberally calculated scale of allowances, it compels the retirement of Company and Field-Officers at ages which may cut short the career of many possible Colin Campbells and Havelocks, there was much force in the MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE's reminder of SIR LINTORN SIMMONS's weighty evidence as to the over-officering of our Army, and the saving in cost and quickening of promotion from a nearer approximation to the Continental proportion of officers to men.

Of course the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE doesn't like reorganisation. It would be odd if he did. But LORD STRATHNAIRN, and LORD SANDHURST, and SIR JOHN ADYR's opinions are to be set against the Duke's, and, perhaps, in military minds, are likely to weigh as heavy. While the Duke spoke a dove flew in and circled round the House. Was it an emblem of peace that had made its way out of the War Office, or out of the Cabinet-room?

LORD FORTESCUE ventured a good suggestion, that riding across country and athletics should be included in the Commissions competition.

Considering the place these sports and pastimes fill in the Public Schools and University curriculum, it would only be fair should they make their marks in the Military Exams. Bookworms neither look well nor work well in uniform.

(Commons.)—After a feeling reference to the sad and sudden death of MR. WARD HUNT—it seems but yesterday *Punch* was squibbing in his kindly face, and flinging his crackers at his broad back—all went quietly enough, till poor dear WHALLEY got called to order in attempting a personal explanation. He is like the Nigger, always complaining of "too high" or "too low." You can't lay the lash on to please him. The BIGGAE figured at his Biggest, which we presume is his best. On Saturday he had objected to THE O'DONOGHUE as unfit to sit on a Select Committee. Now called on by the SPEAKER, as *Censor Morum* of St. Stephens, to state his reasons, he could only refer vaguely to a discussion of "last Session, or the Session before," where many quotations from THE O'DONOGHUE's speeches were read and discussed in his presence, and an impression was still

on his mind that the Chieftain "did not come very pleasantly out of the discussion." He couldn't be expected to remember details, and hadn't had notice he was going to be put to the question, or would have got up his answer.

This light and airy way of dealing with a grave charge very much disgusted the House, and brought SIR W. HAROURT hot and heavy on the Member for Cavan. Attacking a Member in the House was not, he reminded MR. BIGGAE, like firing at a landlord from behind a dyke. You can't hide your blunderbuss, or make a secret of your slugs. "A man who makes such a charge must have it ready." The chosen of Cavan caved in; THE O'DONOGHUE was contemptuously magnanimous; and, altogether, MR. BIGGAE, to use his own phrase, "did not come particularly well out of it."

In Committee on South Africa Bill, rose the first mutterings of the storm, which was soon to sweep the House beyond note of nightcap or ken of compass, out of reck of rest or count of time, into the roaring region of Rowdy-land. For whereas an overwhelming majority on both sides the House were urgent for the Bill's passing, a few of the more stubborn, and, if we may use the word without being offensive, crochety sort, as SIR CHARLES DILKE, MR. COURTNEY, and MR. RYLANDS, rationally objected; to them, as to the little nucleus of obstruction that in a fast-flowing river draws to it ooze and rubbish, sticks and snags, till from an obstacle it grows an island, gathered the Irish Obstructives, PARNELL and BIGGEAR and CALLAN, and, among them, soon contrived to sweep the House back into last week's Donnybrook Fair "diversion" of unreasoning row, MR. CALLAN figuring in the front of the shillelagh-shindy.

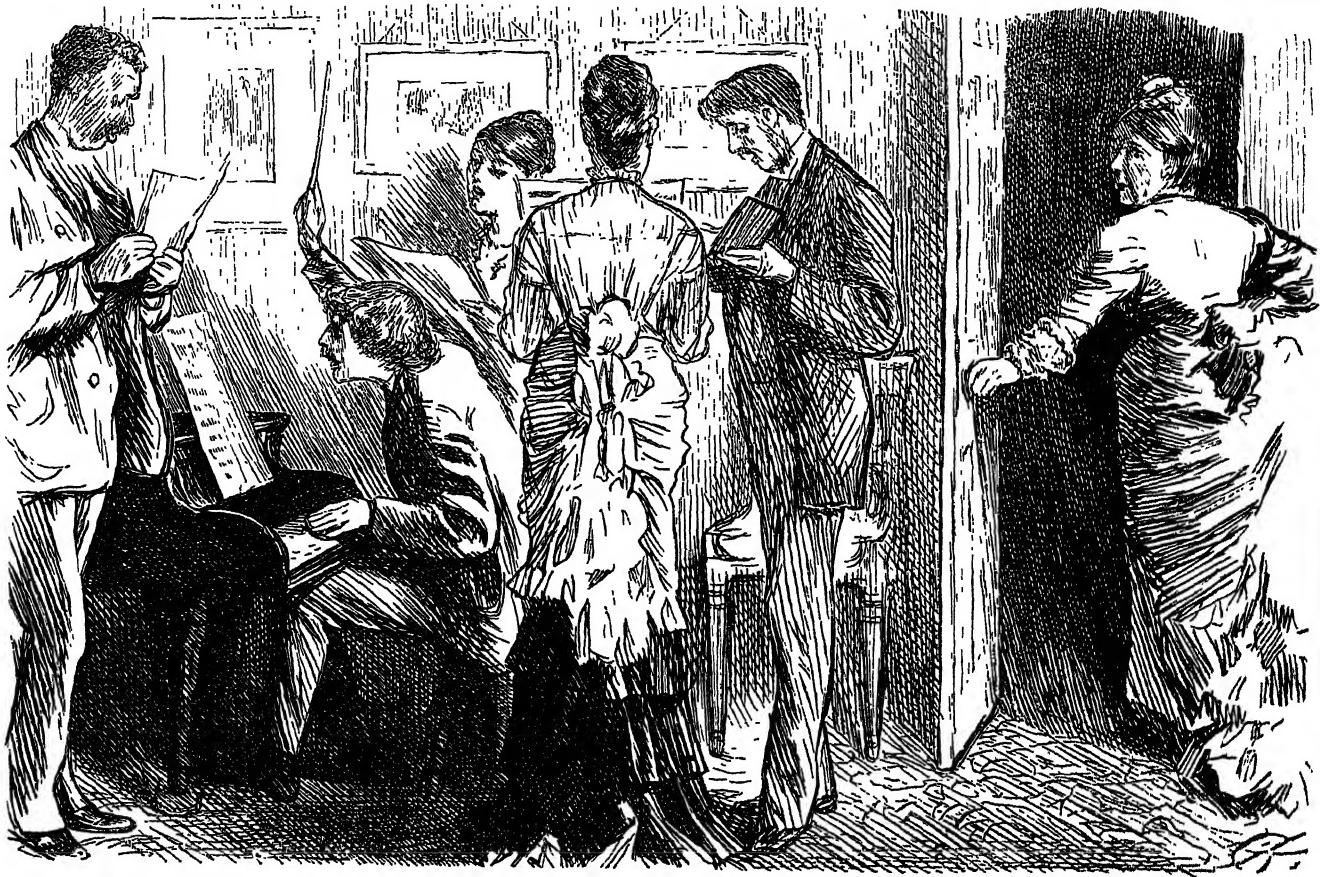
"So bad begins, but worse remains behind."

Tuesday (Lords).—LORD KINNAIRD asked LORD DERBY if he would oblige the Russophobes by rubbing up, or at least laying bare, the Polish raw, and LORD HOUGHTON and LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY backed the request. LORD DERBY did not see why he should open up fourteen years' old grievances for the purpose of embittering feelings that are bitter enough in all conscience already.

(Commons).—When a Public Board requires ground for a street, it is the usual course to take not only what it actually wants for the street, but a certain scheduled breadth on either side for new frontages, that it may recoup itself so much of its outlay by their re-sale. Once by a Committee of the House of Lords this public right was restrained in favour of a noble owner—LORD CADOGAN. In the case of the much-needed thoroughfare from Tottenham Court to Charing Cross, planned by the Metropolitan Board of Works, a Committee of the House of Lords has, a second time, attempted to restrain the public right in favour of a lordly owner—the EARL OF SALISBURY. The Board of Works has dropped this part of the Bill rather than yield. MR. FAWCETT doesn't see it, and moves to restore this part of the Bill in the form of a dissent from the Lords' Amendments. Serve the Lords right. They ought to be ashamed of themselves, and so ought LORD SALISBURY's agent. Of course it's all his doing.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER assured MR. WHALLEY that Government didn't want any extra money for troops and transport—howl the D. T. never so Del-Tremendously.

Then the House went into Committee on



“ MISUNDERSTOOD.”

Our Family Choir (practising BYRD's Madrigal). “ SWEET LITTLE BA . . . BY —”

George (our Conductor). “ KEEP YOUR TIME ! ONE-TWO — MIND THAT LONG B FLAT ON ‘ BABY ’ ! ”

Mamma (who had been dozing, with a shriek). “ MERCY ON US ! MY CHILD ! ” [Rushes off to the Night Nursery. Sensation !]

the South African Bill, and the land of Achronos—the land where is no time to be used, or wasted—only weariness and wrangling, row and rot, hot obstruction and high words, objurgant impatience and rude recrimination, aggravation that overbears restraint, and defiance that plumes itself on unreason.

And in this land of disputation and darkness, angry words and idle motions, the House was content to struggle for twenty-six hours and a half with a knot of Obstructives, that never rose above seven, and fell through the night to three, two, and one.

Four Chairmen—RAIKES, CHILDERS, SIR H. SELWYN-LEBETSON, and W. H. SMITH—were used up in the night-watches, and the House was kept, by relays, against the “Dauntless Three”—for GRAY, CALLAN, NOLAN, and KIRK are but recruits to the banner of BIGGAR, PARNELL, and O'DONNELL, the standard-bearers of Obstruction. All pretence of argument was early abandoned; and it became a mere contest of endurance, varied by episodes of more or less—generally less—lively squabbling and chaff—if such a word may be used of anything that passes in the august Temple of Legislation. All this while the new Standing Orders seemed, by tacit consent, set aside; and PARNELL, BIGGAR, and O'DONNELL moved the Chairman out of the Chair, or report of progress, again and again. And yet the Leader of the House had the rod of suspension in his hand, though he forbore to use it, preferring the *reductio ad absurdum* of such a night's match between the toughness of the House and the tenacity of its Obstructives. Once only he went so far as to threaten more summary proceedings, on which, they say, O'DONNELL collapsed. Of course, the great O denies it.

But why, *Punch* must again ask, allow debates to be degraded to a farce, and the House to a bear-garden? Go to his Cartoon, ye squeamish, and be wise. With the rod in the SPEAKER's hands, it is not the Obstructives' words that *Punch* would have taken down. The House sat from four o'clock on Tuesday till six on Wednesday. No wonder, among such rowdy doings, if, like *Robinson Crusoe*, *Punch* should lose a day in his Diary, or that, after such a spell, there should be little work to chronicle for

Thursday—beyond a mass of Royal Assents in the Lords, and in

the Commons notice of a question by MR. NEWDEGATE as to how the Leader of the House proposes to avert a recurrence of the week's shindy; and another by MR. PARNELL, how unprotected and independent members—poor innocents!—are to be shielded from interruptions and calls to order; with progress of two Scotch Bills—one for continuing the Education Board for a year, the other for amending the practice of the Sheriff's Courts—and third reading of the Irish Judicature Bill after an indecency, exceptionally flagrant, even for MR. BIGGAR, a charge by name against JUSTICES KEOGH and LAWSON of flagrant partisanship in every case they tried.

“ MR. JUSTICE KEOGH sometimes made himself a partisan for the Crown and sometimes for the prisoner, but MR. JUSTICE LAWSON always made himself the partisan of the Crown. He was thoroughly incompetent to try a case; he had no sense of fair play, and a prisoner had no chance in his hands. He desired that neither of those Judges should be on the rota for trying election petitions. JUSTICE LAWSON's conduct was most outrageous.”

SIR H. JAMES threw away a sharp rebuke on the incorrigible offender—waste of words again.

N.B.—It is evident, from the speeches at an Irish Home-Rule dinner in Canonbury on Wednesday night, that the Obstructive Three are proud of themselves, and, stranger still, have a party of Irish supporters out of doors who are proud of them too.

Lords of Mis-Rule, here Saxons cut your comb;
But if you really did Rule at Home!

MR. BUTT, at least, is ashamed of them, and has convoked the party for next week to insist on some order being taken with the Impracticables.

Friday.—The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER does not purpose to make any more formal record of the week's Row-dy-dow beyond the ordinary one on the journals. “ He trusts we shall have no repetition of such scenes; but if any attempt to repeat them should occur, the House will know how to deal with them.” It is to be hoped so; but there does not seem very good ground for the hope in anything the House has yet said or done.

Under the burden of decided disapproval from MESSRS. PARNELL



BYRON ILLUSTRATED.

(THE SLEEVE OF THE PERIOD.)

“ONE STRUGGLE MORE, AND I AM FREE!”

and O'DONNELL, the South African Bill was got through Report, and ordered to be read a Third Time on Saturday. *All's Well that Ends Well*, is a better Parliamentary play than the *Tempest*, or *Much Ado About Nothing*.

John Frost.

(*Ex-Magistrate and Chartist Leader, sentenced to death for high treason, and transported for life, in 1839–40, died at Stapleton, near Bristol, aged ninety-six, in July, 1877.*)

THE Frost that fire to stand at Newport did aspire,
And failed, to his sore cost,
For ninety years and six withstood Life's hotter fire,
And yet continued FROST!

Sport for Two.

In the Middlesex Sheriff's Court, the other day, a waiter obtained a verdict of £40 damages for injuries occasioned by a shop-keeper, who set a dog at him which bit him in the leg. The action was that of *Robinson v. Bruin*. By setting his dog at the plaintiff, BRUIN baited ROBINSON. But then, when the Plaintiff in return set his lawyers at the Defendant, did not ROBINSON also bait BRUIN?

A BALLAD OF DREAMLAND.

(Not by MR. SWINBURNE).

THE sorest stress of the Season's over;
Out of its crush I am lying alone,
My face to the sky, and my back in the clover.
Hark to that lark! Its jubilant tone
Is a cheery change from St. Stephen's drone;
And ah! that whiff from the wind-swept brine!
With nought to do but absorb ozone—
Should there be ballad more blithe than mine?

Song of a haven-welcoming lover!
Rare rose-scents from our garden blown
Reach me here, and my eyes discover,
Shimmering there, in a tangle thrown,
Sunny locks. “She is coming, my own!”
The green bowers sever, her blue eyes shine.
Sweet love nearing, sore labour flown,—
Should there be ballad more blithe than mine?

What to me though weariness hover
Still o'er Town where the toilers groan?
Lazy lounger, leisurely lover,
What care I for the Members' moan?
At the Irish incubus, heavy as stone?
For BIGGAR's bullying, WHALLEY's whine?
Peace unchequered, and care unknown,
Should there be ballad more blithe than mine?

ENVIO.

Eh! What! Drowsing? A dream? Ochone!
St. Patrick's curse on those Irish swine,
Who have burst the bubble by slumber blown,
And broken a ballad so blithe as mine!

MIGRATION OF SPECIES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I MUST call your attention to the following paragraph, which appeared in the *Globe* of July 25th, under the heading of “Tame Chamois”:

“Like the Zebra, the Chamois has been looked upon as untameable . . . But, as the striped beauty of the South American plains has been made to bow its neck beneath the yoke, so the repressive skill of the lord of the creation has at last asserted itself over the freedom of the chamois.”

Fancy the Zebra being described as “the striped beauty of the South American plains!” It is really too awful. I have scarcely yet recovered from the shock.

Yours very painfully,
A DISTRACTED NATURALIST.

NEW MEASURE.—Three feet to the yard—and three “legs” to the Scotland Yard.

ENLIGHTENMENT AND PROGRESS.

“LIGHT—more light” is a living want in most large towns of a dark night. Cheaper light is also wanted as well as more. Accordingly, at Romford the Board of Health, it is stated, has resolved to invite tenders for lighting the streets either with petroleum or gas; the former having been substituted for the latter at Barking with economy and effect. On the part of the Romford authorities, note, holders of gas shares, that—

“This step has been taken after a prolonged dispute with the local gas company in reference to the price and quality of the gas supplied by them.”

However objectionable an agent petroleum may be as employed by Communists for political purposes, it promises to prove a most efficacious combustible for bringing Gas Companies to their senses.

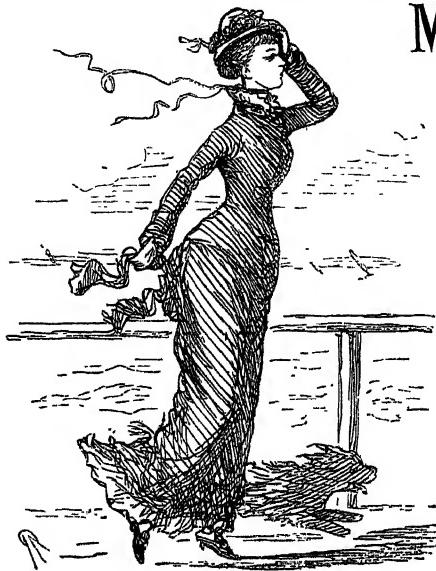
“Sors Horatiana.”

(For Stamboul.)

“O Rus(s)! quando ego te aspiciam?”
2 Sat., vi. 60.

FAVOURITE FIGURE OF IRISH LOGIC.—*Obstructio ad absurdum.*

WHERE SHALL WE GO TO ?



MAMMA says to the back drawing-room, and draw the front blinds down. No one will know we are not out of town.

Papa says to Herne Bay, as he has important business in Paris to attend to.

OLIVIA says to Scarborough, because MAJOR FLY-CATCHER assures her the air is so bracing there, and he means to try it this year.

BLANCHE says to Boulogne, because it is the only place where she ever learnt any French. She would so like to pursue her studies at the *Etablissement*.

CARRY votes for Switzerland. There

are such funny people always going up and coming down the Rhine. It will be so cheap, too, as we all have got our alpenstocks.

JACK vows the only place is Scotland. What part? Oh, near Oban. He has got a College friend who has splendid grouse-shooting close by.

ALECK bets they will end by going to Margate. He doesn't care as long as he gets lots of bathing and plenty of shrimps.

SISSY wants Papa to go to Wonderland. ALICE went there, and perhaps they might meet Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

TOMMY wants to go to heaven, and pay with the pitty angels.

A FEW DAYS IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE.

Still with Boodels—Pleasures of Retirement—Birds, Beasts, and Fishes—The Troubles and Cares of Boodels—An Awful Revelation.

FIRST Night.—Everyone to bed early, except BOODELS, who didn't ask his visitors into the country to go to bed early. They say they've had enough of late hours in town. BOODELS disappointed.

First Morning in the Country House.—Every one up and out very early, except BOODELS. The Poet and Composer go out separately; probably for inspiration and respiration. MILBURD JUNIOR summoned to town by telegram.

I lounge on a garden-seat, wondering at my own immense capabilities for doing nothing. Masterly inaction.

First Summer Morning.—Shall I open the window while dressing, and admit the balmy air? I will. I find that if I had opened it I should have admitted a wasp, or something of that sort, which at this moment comes buzzing, not buzzing, and flopping itself against the glass. Lucky I didn't open it. Nothing more unpleasant than a big wasp in your dressing-room when you're not prepared to receive visitors.

I mention this to BOODELS when he does appear. He wishes it had been a wasp, as that would be a sign of fruit.

What I admire about BOODELS' place is that there are lots of living things wandering about. There is repose, but animation. There are dogs and cats, ducks and bees, poultry, pigeons, a parrot, and birds everywhere.

"How happy one could be here," I say to BOODELS. "I envy you, always living in the country."

BOODELS, however, replies that I have no idea of his troubles and bothers, and that he has had serious thoughts of giving up the place. I protest (in the name of hospitality) against any such proceeding. If the other guests were here, they would join me.

"Ah," says BOODELS, "you don't know."

Then we walk to the pond.

BOODELS is melancholy and reserved. I admire everything; but whatever excites my admiration, only draws from BOODELS a tale of woe.

"You ought to have excellent fishing," I say, repeating what I'm sure I've heard a dozen times from BOODELS himself when in a good-humour.

"Ah!" he replies. "I don't know what's the matter with this

pond. It was an awfully dull winter, and the fish were found all floating about dead."

Horrible! As ghastly as the *Ancient Mariner's* story. What an appalling view of the dulness of BOODELS' place in the winter, that even the fish should commit suicide, and drown themselves in sheer desperation. BOODELS thinks they must have been poisoned. But, I ask, who would poison a fish? Who could have a grudge against the fish? Perhaps, I observe, in order to take a cheerful view of matters and enliven BOODELS, perhaps the fish wanted thinning: too many fish spoil the pond. Can't he consult some fish-doctor? I suppose there is such a person for dealing with diseases in fish, just as there is a Veterinary and a Cow-Doctor. What is the professional name for a fish-doctor? A Piscinary?

The Troubles of BOODELS.—He can't get the pets to answer to their names. There's a Peruvian goose—I think it is a Peruvian goose—waddling about that ought to answer to the name of *Doddles*. But whenever *Doddles* is called, a little toy-terrier, with bells round its neck, rushes up barking. The terrier's name is *Squig*, but he prefers being *Doddles*. The Peruvian goose rejects both *Squig* and *Doddles* as inappropriate, and has elected to answer only to *Tittikins*, which appellation belongs by right to a stealthy white cat with a very pink nose.

All this is a source of deep annoyance to BOODELS, who prides himself on his extraordinary influence over animals. Whenever *Squig* appears, *Doddles* utters a sound between a grunt and a quack, and waddles off, shaking his tail with an air of grave dissatisfaction.

The Peruvian goose is a remarkable bird. His natural peculiarity is a bright scarlet carbuncular excrescence over the beak, just as if he had been in the habit of taking more port wine than was good for him. I congratulate BOODELS on the specimen, when I discover that this goose is another of BOODELS' troubles. He ought, it appears, to eat the slugs, but he prefers the strawberries. This, perhaps, accounts for what I had set down to port wine. Then, another thing, this goose will not join the ducks on the "big pond," but will (with another goose whom he has induced to join him) insist on bathing in the small pond exclusively devoted to gold fish. From time to time BOODELS, and the Gardeners, drive him away—everyone drives him away from the pond; but crafty goose watches his opportunity, generally squatting by a tree within easy walking distance of the pond, and pretending, artfully, to be fast asleep; then, when no one is near, he summons the other goose (of a very weak character, and easily led), and they both waddle down to the gold-fish pond, and are into it, with a flop, before anyone can get at them. *Squig*, the nervous black and tan terrier with the fool's bells round his neck, generally gives the alarm on these occasions by rushing to the edge of the pond, making vigorous feints of jumping in at the geese, for which they don't care a straw, being far too old birds to be taken in by this sort of chaff, and barking with all his might and main until someone arrives to see what on earth is the matter, when he assists in chivying the Peruvian goose, who sometimes, forgetting his figure and his dignity, takes, literally, to flight. His flying is a very awkward performance, his movements being as unsteady and as noisy as those of the "property" dove in *Lohengrin*. However, he doesn't go far—about twenty yards—just enough to astonish the terrier, to whom this sudden levitation of a heavy body evidently savours of the supernatural. *Squig* turns tail, and retires into the house, shaking his head with a puzzled air, as though there were something wrong somewhere.

I admire the pond: the smaller one, where the gold-fish disport themselves. No, it won't do; nothing is satisfactory.

"Why," says BOODELS, pointing to a something sticking up in the centre of the pond, that looks as if an umbrella had taken a header into the water, had stuck in the mud handle downwards, and left only its ferrule visible above the surface. "Look there!—that is a fountain. I mean," he explains; and the explanation is necessary, "*it ought to be*. That fountain won't work."

I suggest that he means "*won't play*," which, he replies, is the same thing. It may be the same thing to a fountain, but not to me.

Another great trouble of BOODELS is a duck that *won't* sit on eleven eggs. The Gardener is of opinion that *Squig*, the terrier with the bells, "harries" her, and drives her away. *Squig* comes up, gambolling, at this very moment, when we are standing by the bush, where the eggs are, and assumes an air of total indifference to the subject, as much as to imply,

"I really don't know what you are talking about. I wouldn't hunt or harry a poor duck, or prevent her sitting! Absurd!"

"She must be made to sit," says BOODELS, angrily, to the Under-Gardener, who therupon appears hurt.

Proverb for the Occasion.—"The duck that *can* sit, and *won't* sit, must be made to sit."

"At all events," I say, "your bees are all right."

Are they? That's all I know about it! Why the bees have been emulating the example of the fish, and absolutely drowning themselves in a small pan of water. BOODELS thinks they must be mad, and advises me not to go too near the hives.

And yet I thought a purely country life must be so unruffled! But Boonders hasn't yet told me half his troubles.

"How are your orchids getting on?" I inquire.
"Orchids!" he exclaims. "Don't mention them!"

"Why, what's the matter?" I ask.

"Matter!" he returns. "We've got the Mealy Bug in the house—in fact, it's infested with the Mealy Bug."

The Mealy Bug! What a nasty, creepy sort of name! What an unpleasant thought, too, that, as the orchid-house is quite close to the house, the Mealy Bugs may, when tired of the orchids, walk in and . . . ugh!

I think I shall go back to town. Have a telegram as MILBURD did, and be obliged to return.

Luncheon gong. The Poet and Composer are at table, punctually, with tremendous appetites.

Yes, but they haven't yet heard of the proximity of the Mealy Bug!

I wish I were more of a naturalist and knew the habits of the Mealy Bug. Is he called "*Mealy*" because he eats so much? If so, how many meals a day? Does he live on vegetables as well as orchids? Is the Mealy Bug so tenacious of life as to survive the boiling of a vegetable? Could he hide in the corner of a cabbage and so be served up? Or could he, like *Arie*, "lurk" in the heart of a lettuce and be mixed up in salad?

Oh the Mealy Bug! There's something so indefinitely *sneaking* about the name. It's not grand and bold like the Colorado Beetle. There is a military dash in the sound of Colorado Beetle which is bombastically operatic. Were a tall, stout, fierce-looking, middle-aged Gentleman in a crimson and gold uniform and a cocked hat pointed out to you as "the Colorado Beetle," you would be inclined to believe it. "Colorado" is a magnificent word for music. There is a ring of El Dorado about it. You can imagine an epic describing the fight of some hero of romance with the Colorado. St. George and the Colorado Beetle!! Why, it might even be a battle-cry! It looks grand—it sounds grand! But St. George and the Mealy Bug! No—ugh!

Hang it, I wish Boonders had kept the Mealy Bug to himself.
"No salad, thank you."

MORTIMER COLLINS:

His Letters and his Friendships. Two Volumes. Edited by FRANCES COLLINS. (SAMPSON Low & Co.)

"No man," we all know, "is a hero to his valet." How many verse-writers, I wonder, have been poets to their wives? These two volumes exhibit such a phenomenon. The man whose "Letters and Friendships" supplied the material of them lived by unintermitting pen-work. The eight years included in these volumes brought him hardly a single holiday. The bloom of things would have been taken off, and the keen edge of enjoyment blunted, for most men, by this constant brain-churning. But it does not seem to have been so with MORTIMER COLLINS.

It is worth reading these volumes to know how sunshine may be extracted, not from cucumbers in Laputa, but from trees and flowers and birds, and all pleasant natural sights and sounds enjoyed along with a congenial spirit, and enlivened by warm friendships, in a quiet Berkshire village. The feat was only possible in a household blessed by love, where the husband was quick-witted, warm-hearted, and happy-tempered, and the wife affectionate, sympathetic, and cheerful, each able to appreciate all that was good in the other, their friends, and all about them, both ready to make the most of whatever was pleasurable in their lives, and the least of whatever was hard and painful.

Even the very hard work of light literature, under such conditions, appears to have helped to happiness, till the pages, as we read, seem to set themselves to music, and bubble up in song as spontaneous as that of the birds.

Perhaps it is only to the wife's loving retrospect that the eight years of that double life look so sunshiny. But MORTIMER and FRANCES COLLINS, as we see them here in their cottage at Knowl Hill, seem really to have managed to get more innocent pleasure out of life than wealth could have bought, or luxury procured them.

One cannot help loving both the woman who writes the book (MORTIMER COLLINS's Secretary, as she calls herself) and the man who furnishes the matter of it. That he worked for *Punch*, among other taskmasters, is no reason why *Punch* should not say as much, by way of recommending these volumes to all who want to read the record of a kindly, sweet-natured, bright-witted being, who really did manage to make a very hard-working existence, in spite of not unfrequent money-troubles, more of a poem—of the brighter, lighter, and gayer kind, such as comes by inspiration of sunshine and flowers, green-leaves and running waters, love of all living things of earth and air, a contented spirit, and a warm and affectionate heart—than is possible to most men. There is no organ or trumpet note in

his orchestra; but a warble as of birds, and a freshness as of brooks, and a sweetness as of growing flowers, and all springing out of the pure fountain head of a happy and united wedded life.—

"I do not want," says his wife, "to try and prove that my husband was a great and good man. He had faults—very big faults—but a man who had so much room in his heart for love, and was so beloved, must have been of no common sort. In the many very kind letters which I have received from people unknown to me there is continual reference to the feeling of love the writers had for my husband; and people who had seen but little of him have expressed over and over again how much they loved him.

"This quality in a man may to some appear foolish. There are grave, serious people who have so much to do, or who make so much work for themselves, that they have no time for love and admiration of God's creatures. To such people MORTIMER COLLINS would no doubt appear an insignificant man, for they would have no time to understand him. I well remember on one occasion when a lady, who was a district visitor, and a general helper in the parish, called on us, she asked what bird was singing so sweetly in the tree by the gate?

"Don't you know the robin's note?" remarked MORTIMER COLLINS.

"Does the robin sing?" said the lady; "I was not aware that it did."

"This lady had lived in the country for nearly half a century without noticing the robin's song. She had devoted her life to the good of the parish; visiting the poor, lecturing them, distributing tracts. She denounced MORTIMER COLLINS as a bad man, judging him chiefly from the fact of his not going to church so regularly as he ought to do. And yet no doubt he had the power of bringing people nearer to God, even by his very reverence for a robin's song, than the lady had by all her years of parish work. His reverence for everything in nature was sufficient to convince even an atheist of the presence of God. I do not think an atheist could have spent half an hour with MORTIMER COLLINS in his garden without being convinced. Not long before his death he wrote.—

"The contact of man with his Creator is, in my mind, the primal idea—the one thought that should never be forgotten. Everywhere God speaks to man. Those who do not hear that speech in every song of bird or burst of flower are simply blind and deaf to what the Master gives us."

CROWDS AND CRIMINALS.



How proud any person—age of distinction should be when he gains the applause of the British Populace! The pending "Charge against Detectives" has created immense sensation amongst the Gentlemen of the Pavement and the Slums. According to a report of recent proceedings in this interesting case at Bow Street:—

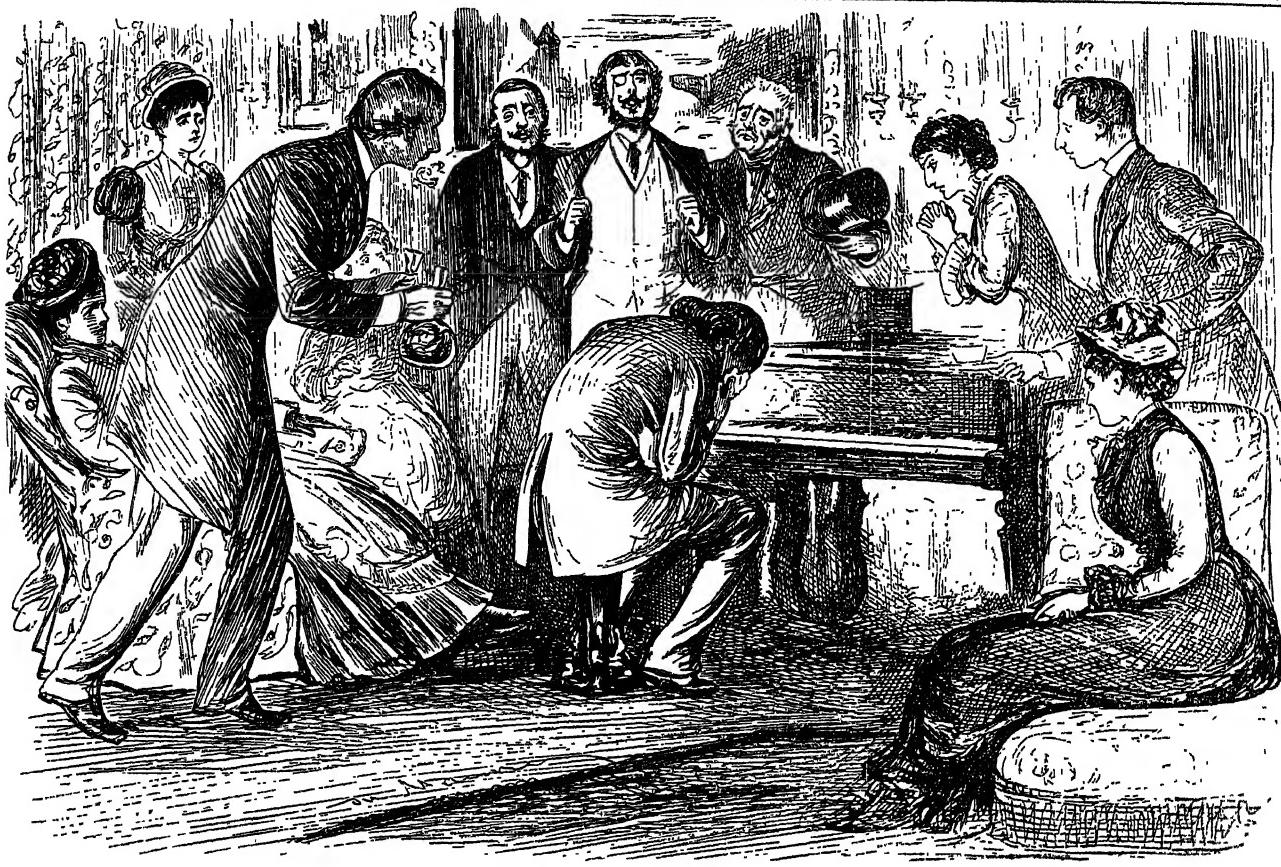
"The convict KURR, attired in the uniform of the Millbank Penitentiary and handcuffed, was received with cheers by the mob."

Mr. KURR is undergoing penal servitude in punishment of the "big swindle," in connection with which he is now brought forward, to prove that three detective Policemen and a Solicitor were accessories after the fact. This is all that the gentlemen who cheered him, except perhaps a few of his former associates among them, could possibly have known about him. So, when the same style of gentlemen cheered ORTON, they cheered him because they believed him to have supported imposture by perjury, and shamelessly avowed himself a villain. Not that they sympathise with KURR as they sympathised with ORTON, simply for the reason that they esteem him a scoundrel. No; they are also Mr. KURR's well-wishers, because they wish ill to the parties he has split upon, truly or falsely. To prevent tumult—

"The three detective officers were brought to the Court earlier in the day, and before any large concourse had assembled."

The British multitude, probably, would not have cheered, but hissed, the Officers—might even have made an ugly rush at them. Mr. KURR got cheered not only as a criminal, but also as an accuser of Detectives. Cheers for a convict as such, and especially as an informer impeaching Policemen, stamps pretty clearly the character of the cheerers, whatever it may say for that of the cheered.

MUCH CHOLER AND NO LITTLE ADO (*from Hereford*).—What one might expect to find in a Mare's-nest—Lady-birds.



A SENSITIVE PLANT.

(*HERR PUMPERNICKEL, HAVING JUST PLAYED A COMPOSITION OF HIS OWN, BURSTS INTO TEARS.*)

Chorus of Friends. "OH, WHAT IS THE MATTER? WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU?"

Herr Pumpernickel. "ACH! NOSSING! NOSSING! BOT VEN I HEAR REALLY COOT MUSIC, ZEN MUST I ALWAYS VEEP!"

IN WAIN!

A Villanelle of Vexations. By B***Y P***G.

In wain would I the British Lion wake!
In wain I'd rouge the brute to wilent springing;
His tail won't wag, his mane declines to shake.

In wain my daily 'larum-bell I take,
Till his ears tingle with its brazen ringing;
In wain would I the British Lion wake!

In wain I warn him of that Northern snake,
Who midst our Injun grass will soon be stinging;
His tail won't wag, his mane declines to shake.

In wain to GLADSTONE I my gingham take,
And spatter all his lot with free mud-finging;
In wain would I the British Lion wake!

In wain I shriek out "Hinterests at stake!"
Shout "Hup and at 'em! for the hours is winging!"
His tail won't wag, his mane declines to shake.

In wain are all the noisy pains I take,
My fierce tongue-wagging and my sore hand-wringing,
In wain would I the British Lion wake!

He sleeps as placid as a windless lake;
Cold water on my fire his calm is flinging.
His tail won't wag, his mane declines to shake;
In wain would I the British Lion wake!

MORE THAN A MATCH FOR YOU.

MR. PUNCH,

You flatter yourself that, with help of your backing, the Bishops, Patrons of Livings, Visiting Justices, &c., will be able to keep us out of Church preferments and functions, by asking us whether we belong to that Priestly Society which the Erastian Archbishop calls a "conspiracy" against the Church of England, the members of which should be kicked out of doors by every father of a family. You are mistaken. We have added a new Rule to our Statutes, for the relief of such weak consciences as do not yet see that the question whether we belong to the Society may be met by the lie direct, followed by plenary absolution. The Rule is this:—If any member of the Society is asked whether he is a member thereof, he is, by that question, excluded from the Society, and can conscientiously answer "No." If he be asked further whether such a Society exists, the question dissolves the Society, and he again conscientiously answers "No." When the answers have been accepted by the dull-witted Erastians, the Society resumes its existence, and the member returns to his place in it, as before.

I should like to see either you or LORD PENZANCE drive a coach-and-four through that Rule. I am, &c.,

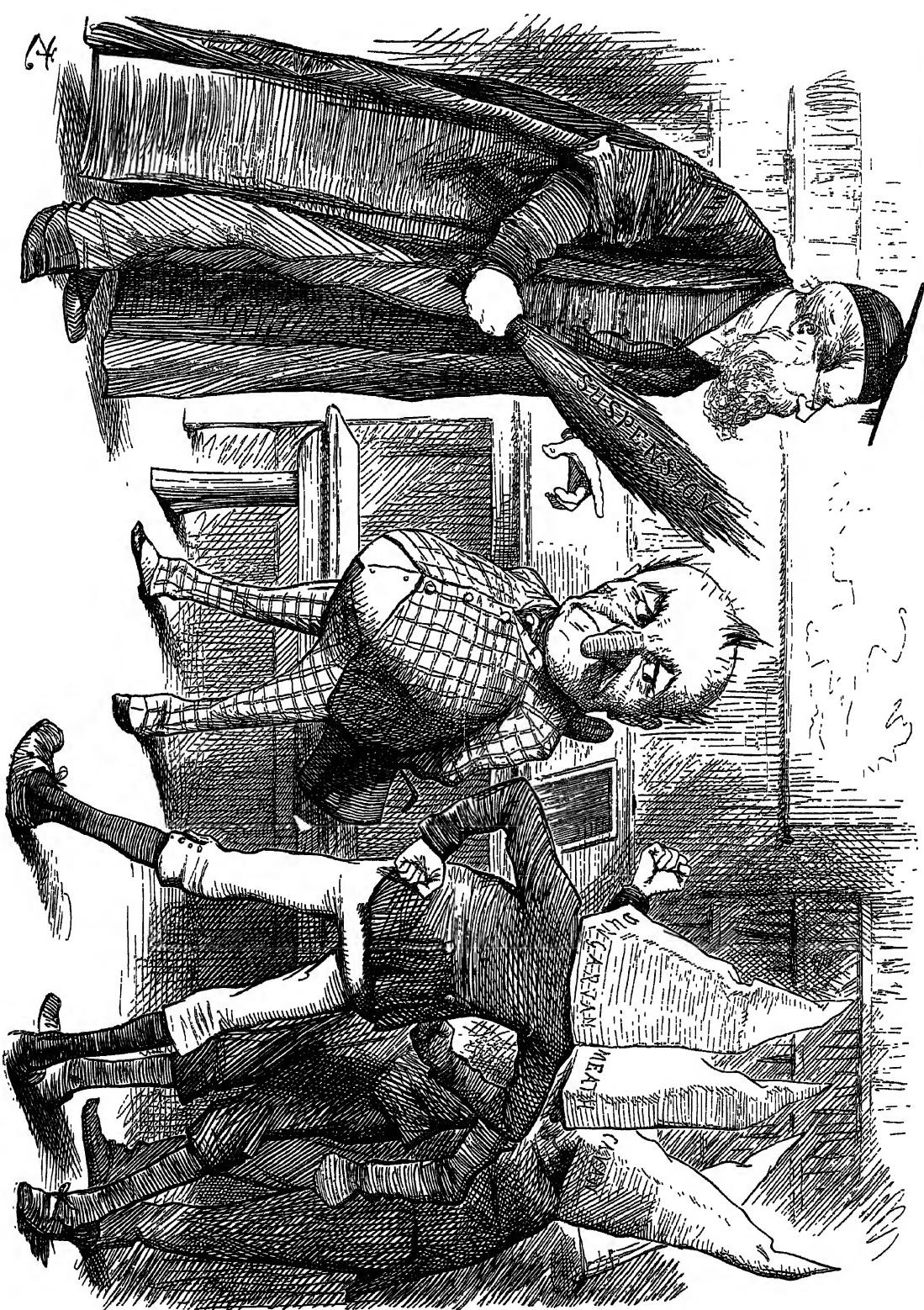
CROSS-CROSSLIT.

All but Parallel.

PARLIAMENTARY parallel plain,
With the least little strain of the compass:—
If we haven't the Rump got again,
We've got something beyond it—the Rumpus.

PROPOSED REVIVAL OF AN OLD ENGLISH AMUSEMENT.
THE Bear Garden. On a new site—Westminster instead of Bankside.

ANOTHER DISCOVERY FOR MESSRS. GLADSTONE, SMITH, AND OTHER HOMERIC HEROES.—HOMER was not a Greek. He was a Turk. Who hasn't heard of HOMER PASHA?



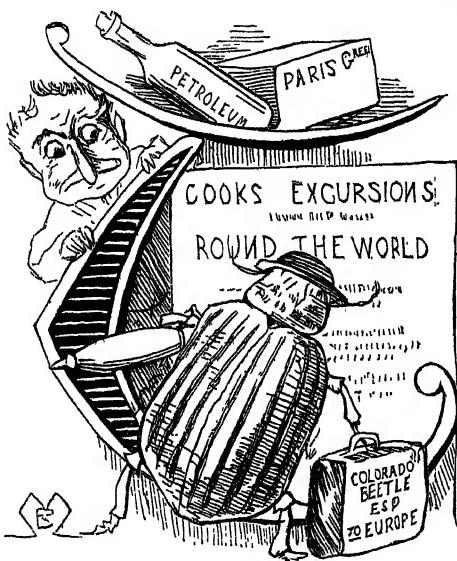
SPARING THE ROD.

Dr. NORTHCOATE. "TAKE DOWN THEIR—WORDS!"
Mr. PUNCH. "'WORDS!' NONSENSE! BETTER TAKE DOWN SOMETHING ELSE, WHEN YOU ARE ABOUT IT!"

THE GREAT BEETLE PANIC.

(By Telegraph.)

PRATTLEBURY, 10·15 A.M.



The Exciseman has arrived, but without the Beetle, the insect having defied all attempts to capture it. The Exciseman's grandson (a youth of nine), remains in the field to watch its movements.

The Corporation are now sitting with closed doors.

The Magistrates are holding a Special Petty Sessions.

11·10.

The meetings are over.

The Mayor has telegraphed to the Lord Lieutenant (on a tour in Norway), the Borough Member (in bed after an exhausting sitting in the House), the Privy Council, the Chamber of Agriculture, and the Entomological Society.

The Mayor and Corporation, with the Town Clerk, the Magistrates, the Urban Sanitary Authority, and the leading Bankers and Solicitors, have all gone, with the Exciseman, in three waggonettes to the field.

12·0.

There is a rumour that Members of the Privy Council are coming down by special train.

The Volunteers are *en route* to the field.

The Fire Brigade start immediately to saturate the potato crop with a mixture composed of Petroleum, Carbolic Acid, and Dynamite.

The entire Police Force have formed a cordon round the field to prevent the escape of the Beetle. Special Constables have been sworn in to assist them.

All the schools have been granted a half-holiday to search for the insect.

12·30 P.M.

Business is entirely suspended.

The entire population are flocking to the field.

The public-houses on the way are crammed.

1·0. P.M.

People are pouring in from all the neighbouring towns and villages.

Every conveyance in Prattlebury has been taken up by Reporters, Authors, Artists from the illustrated papers, Agriculturists, Naturalists, Entomologists, and Coleopterists.

The Chamber of Agriculture have this moment started in a drag from the "Green Dragon."

The few persons who are compelled to remain in the town are either studying Entomology, or searching for Colorado in the Atlas.

1·35.

The Entomological Society, with their most powerful microscope, have at last succeeded in forcing their way through the crowd, who cheered them vociferously.

2·0.

The insect has been caught!

The capture was cleverly effected (at 1·50), by EDWARD SNORTING, a youth who has, for the last eighteen months, been receiving his education at the new Board School.

The Mayor and Corporation, the Magistrates, the Chamber of

Agriculture, the Entomological Society, the Privy Council Inspectors, the Borough Member (who arrived by the express from London five minutes before the capture), the Chief Constable, the Reporters, Authors, Artists, and Naturalists, and several school-boys, have all carefully examined the insect, and are unanimously of opinion that it is *not* the Colorado Beetle, but a Lady-bird.

The Mayor has addressed a few words to SNORTING, and presented him with five shillings.

The people are returning to the town.

The public-houses are fuller than ever.

4·0.

Prattlebury is gradually resuming its usual tranquillity.

The Exciseman, unable to face the ridicule of his fellow-townsmen, has disappeared with his grandson.

The Lady-bird has been set at liberty in the Mayor's garden by the Mayoress.

KEEPING HIS HAND IN.

(From an Obstructive's Journal.)

8 A.M.—Sit down in the doorway of Westminster Hall leisurely, and arrange my boots, tripping up a few Irish Members as they go out. Hail all the cabs on the stand at once, causing considerable confusion; pick out a crawler and home.

10.—Have dining-room furniture put into hall, sit with my back to door and breakfast. Burn all my correspondence without opening it. Read *Times* upside down on stairs, lock area-gate, and throw key into ventilator, telling all tradesmen to call again at 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9.

12.—Stop all the clocks, cut off the water, have a *cotillon* of feather-beds put up the kitchen chimney, cork the filter, stuff the hall mat into the letter-box, fill the gas-meter with blacking, counterorder dinner, and out.

2. P.M.—Hire railway furniture removal van, call at dentists and have all my teeth stopped, then drive up narrow streets, pulling up at corners to ask the way to Temple Bar. Find it, and turn over across roadway. Get out, lunch on block system, lounge down to Lowther Arcade and practise lawn-tennis.

4.—Buy five tons of coals, look in at afternoon theatre, and refuse to leave it, create disturbance with my umbrella, stop performance, get turned out after constitutional resistance, make for Metropolitan Railway and study Block System in action.

6.—Pay threepenny fare with Irish bank-note in crush, drop change on stairs, have gate locked till it is all picked up, get into empty carriage, sit by door and thrust legs on opposite seat at every crowded platform, then get out, hail wrong omnibuses for fun, and go to Westminster by water, assisting Captain with shouts of "Stop 'er!" when he calls "Back 'er!" and *vice versa*.

8.—Enter House, take a better man's seat, insist on my right to it, and move amendments on every section of the Bill under discussion in Committee. Then move to report progress: alternate with motions that the Chairman do leave the chair, and so keep at it, hammer and tongs, with help of a knot of kindred spirits, till eight the next morning.

Money and Muskets.

THE Turks fight well; but how is war to be carried on without its sinews? A telegram from Philadelphia says:—

"A company which was making arms for Turkey has suspended operations on a contract, because remittances from the East failed. As many as 450,000 rifles were already made, leaving 150,000 to be manufactured as per agreement."

No rifles for a Government that can't pay its shot.

Suburban Grammar.

THE following remarkable notice was observed the other day, posted on Hammersmith Bridge:—

"No Persons are allowed to remain on the Bridge, and are requested to pass on."

If no persons are requested to pass on, and yet are not allowed to remain on Hammersmith Bridge, are there Policemen in attendance to collar them and walk them over without speaking?

Tortoise v. Hare again.

TARRYER has won DOGEETT'S Coat and Badge. Another illustration of the truth of NAPOLEON'S favourite saw—"Tout vient à qui sait attendre." It is only natural, however, that TARRYER should show exceptional staying power.

PONGO.

(By Our Own Interviewer.)



At the next meeting of the Shareholders, MR. PONGO will (he himself informed me) be proposed as Secretary and Treasurer to the Aquarium Company. His inability to write (as demonstrated by MR. FRANK BUCKLAND) is assumed to be his chief qualification for the united offices. Here MR. PONGO put his finger slyly to his nose, and winked at Your Own Interviewer.

Being asked his opinion of MR. FRANK BUCKLAND, he replied, in the Pongo dialect, in which Your Own Interviewer is, fortunately for the public, a proficient, that MR. FRANK BUCKLAND might know a good deal about Armadilloes, but knew precious little about *him*, Pongo. Here he winked again. He has acquired the habit of winking since he has been in England, as also of laying his finger slyly against his nose. He gave me to understand that he had learnt the habit from the present energetic Manager of the Aquarium.

He informed Your Own Interviewer that the question of his appointment to an official position in the Aquarium Company would be decided by the Shareholders, but that he had seen a private letter from a most influential member of this body lately on the direction, saying that he (Pongo) must be got at any price; and that if matters should reach a crisis, he (the shareholder in question) would much rather have MR. PONGO with them than against them!

MR. PONGO was justly indignant at the mention of "price." "Every Pongo," said he, "has his price, perhaps; but if they think that mine is either beer or roast beef, or cigars, they're mighty mistaken."

Mr. Pongo often uses such expressions as "Bedad!" "Begorra!" but never makes the mistake of asking anyone "to tread on his tail," as an invitation to a row. A stranger present, with great want of tact, addressed him once as "MR. PARNELL." Mr. Pongo was very much irritated, and wished to smash the stranger's hat and break his umbrella over his head. He, moreover, threatened to draw MR. ROBERTSON's attention to the presence of Strangers in the Aquarium, but was ultimately pacified, when he good-naturedly admitted that, after all, it was but a short step from the Aquarium to St. Stephen's.

In answer to Your Own Interviewer, Mr. Pongo replied that he was at present engaged on a dramatic work, to be entitled *Pongo, the Gorilla Chief*—a sensational play, in which he himself would take the leading rôle. Being asked if he would like to appear in any Shakspearian character, he replied that he had a great personal esteem for MR. IRVING, and would not like to do anything to injure his well-earned reputation. Legs were his weak

point too. In compliance with numerous solicitations, he might be induced to play Romeo, a part which he believed MR. IRVING had not yet attempted. Mr. PONGO added, that he considered *Shylock* and *Richard the Third* quite out of his line. As to *Caliban*, Mr. Pongo looked upon the existence of such a creature as an utter impossibility, and expressed himself very warmly on the subject of the sterile nature of SHAKESPEARE's invention, "which must," he said, "have been thoroughly exhausted to have placed on the Stage such a *tusus naturæ*."

MR. PONGO observed that he no more believed in *Caliban* than he did in the "Learned Pig" in *The Ride to Khiva*, which astonishing book of travels he had read with considerable satisfaction. Mr. Pongo is of a communicative disposition, but is generally silent and reserved with strangers, as he evinces the utmost repugnance to anything like chattering. He says emphatically, "I hate a chattering Ape." In consequence of this horror of his, he has refused all invitations to five o'clock tea, and has determined not to avail himself of the privileges of a foreigner of distinction, in this country, to become an Honorary Member of any of our leading London Clubs. Nothing would induce him to join the Travellers, but he has a certain partiality for the Athenaeum, where he has been informed he would meet a Bishop or two, for whose shovel hats and gaiters he expresses intense admiration. At first, Mr. Pongo said he had mistaken them for Freemasons, on account of their aprons. Mr. Pongo is inclined to Ritualism, and hopes that MR. ROBERTSON will use his influence with the company to get him a private chaplain. Exceptional references, or, as Mr. Pongo puts it, "exceptional reverences required;" but if MR. TOOTH were disengaged, he would be at once accepted for the post.

MR. PONGO, in answer to my question, "Are you fond of music?" replied that he doated on it, and anxiously hoped HERCULES RICHARD WAGNER was quite well. On being informed that he was, he appeared much relieved, and at once commenced a long dissertation on the libretto of the *Rhinegold*. Mr. Pongo plays on almost any instrument that may be within his reach, and his performance on the piano beggars description. He can, at this moment, make his own terms for the Philharmonic or Monday Pops, but he is at present loyal to the Aquarium. Your Own Interviewer wanted to know if there was any chance of his appearing at the Opera next season. He replied that he might perhaps come out for one night as *Roberto il Diavolo*. But he hardly thought it fair on the other foreigners. If he did, he should, of course, call himself SIGNEO PONGO.

On being asked why he selected *Robert le Diable* for his *début*, he answered that it was out of compliment to the Caterers for the Aquarium Restaurant, to whom he was under considerable obligation. Their names, he said, were BERTRAM AND ROBERTS; he (Pongo) would play *Robert's* part, and he hoped to induce the other Gentleman to undertake the part of *Bertram* in the Opera; Expressed himself much flattered with LORD BEACONFIELD'S visit; felt unique creatures ought to know each other, and dwelt much on the pleasure it would have given him to have examined that eminent Statesman's head closely.

Recurring to the subject of his appointment to office, he whispered to your Interviewer, so as not to be overheard in the tanks, that the Fish had not as yet been



"THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH."

First Sub. (who doesn't read the Papers). "WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT PHONETIC SPELLIN'?"

Second Ditto. "OH, THESE SCHOOL-BOARD FELLOWS WANT EVERYBODY TO SPELL AS HE PRONOUNCES! THERE'LL BE AN ACT O' PARLIAMENT, I SPOSE!"

First Sub. "BY JOVE, I WISH THEY'D THOUGHT O' THAT TWO YEARS AGO! 'TOOK ME AN AWFUL GWIND TO GET UP MY SPELLIN'! 'DOOSID DEAL EASI-AH TO SPELL WORDS AS THEY'RE PWONOUNCED! THAT'S JUST WHAT I USED TO LO, YOU KNOW!!'

consulted, and he believed that there would be some little difficulty with the Members for Greenwich. "What Members?" your Own Interviewer ventured to inquire, who could only think of W. E. G.

"Why, the Whitebait, of course," returned MR. PONGO, much amused, and suddenly pointing his joke with a dig in your Own Interviewer's ribs, which will lay Your Own up for a fortnight. Your Own Interviewer then withdrew.

LOCOMOTION À L'AMÉRICAINE.

(Or, what it is to be hoped that we are Not Coming to.)

9:55.—Arrived at Victoria trenches. Cab overturned on pavement, luggage burnt, and hat knocked in. Took ticket under heavy fire from third-class booking-office; cut away to train, and started blazing.

10:15.—Ran gauntlet of Clapham Junction. Top of carriage blown off by shell. Badly cut about the head, but conscious. Casualties—Killed, five; wounded, seventeen.

10:45.—Skirmish at East Croydon. Got head bandaged, bought full-sized ordnance map of Sussex and revolver, and attended military funeral of Station-Master.

11:15.—Half-hour's practice at chance signal-posts. Accepted commission in "Passengers' Impromptu Defence Brigade." Passed 9:30 "Up Wounded Express."

12:45.—Red Hill. Tickets, purses, and other valuables given up. Bombardment of refreshment-room. Guns beautifully handled. Assisted to swell Butcher's bill, and made my way to the platform under withering fire. *En route* again at 5:47.

COMPLAINT FROM A LADY-COW.

WHAT false alarms, resounded here and there
By dolts precipitate or hoax-designers,
Excite your "Colorado Beetle Scare,"
Penny-a-liners?

The Beetle seen at Hereford was I;
Preserver, not destroyer of the 'tater;
Who eat not it, but off it eat the fly,
Aphis vastator.

The donkeys, from a foe that could not tell a
Friend! No *Doryphora decemlineata*,
The Lady-cow am I, the *Coccinella*
Septempunctata.

"Wolf!" is a cry that soon gets counted flam,
Till comes the Wolf indeed, at last unheeded.
Worst folly 'tis to cry out "Wolf!" on lamb,
As Muffs on me did.

BULLS IN BATTLE-ARRAY.

MR. O'DONNELL claimed credit at the Canonbury Tavern Home-Rule Dinner on the ground that

"A few determined men, who were called 'Obstructionists,' had retaliated for the English and Scotch indifference to Irish business by compelling the Imperial legislature of Englishmen and Scotchmen to attend to Imperial interests by fairly and fully considering Imperial subjects, such as the South Africa Confederation Bill."

What the great O'D. understands by "full and fair consideration," he tells us in the next sentence:—

"The Government had invented new rules to prevent what they called an 'obstruction'; the result had been that the House of Commons had been compelled to discuss the positions of the Obstructionists fully and fairly, to abandon at least one-third of their Bill, and with all their relays of Members to gallop through the remainder, which was unopposed by himself and his friends."

And this he calls

"Giving the House of Commons some slight education in the art of constitutional government!"

What a trio of Masters the School of Home-Rule may boast in PARNELL, BIGGAR, and—last, not least—O'DONNELL!

Now Uniforms are being settled, a Military Inquirer wishes to know if there are any troops in the Service called *The Green Bays*?

6:9.—Battle of Three Bridges. Complete rout of second-class passengers, destruction of guard's van by torpedoes, capture of danger flag, and armistice. Casualties very heavy. *Pourparlers*, and off again by *ruse* at 9:47.

11:3.—Retreat of Hayward's Heath. Hot pursuit, and opening of masked batteries. General *sauve qui peut*, and stampede for Brighton.

11:55.—Rally, final charge, demoralisation, and surrender. In at last. Call ambulance, and home.

Solomon at Fault for Once.

"NEMO," the notorious nobody who is everybody, complains in the *Times* of the want of seats in the Painted Hall at Greenwich. The consequence is groups of weary wayfarers huddled on the steps and the floor. On inquiry, it turns out that the seats have been removed by MR. SOLOMON HART, the Keeper, "because they have been found inconvenient." For once the wisdom of SOLOMON appears to have failed him. The inconvenience is not in the seats, but in the want of them. At this time of year, seats are a *sine qua non* in all places of public resort, and picture-galleries more particularly—for ease is a condition of enjoyment. So, hearken, O SOLOMON! and revise thy judgment, or *Punch* will have to sit upon thee!

Telegrams and Tarradiddles.

TURKS and Russians hither send
Tale 'gainst tale, by different wires.
Which one, at its farther end,
Has the more and greater liars?

QUESTIONS FOR TRAVELLERS.

(In Paris.)



ELECTION OF AN HOTEL.

WHAT Hotel shall I go to—the Louvre, with the everlasting Rue de Rivoli? or the Grand, with all the noise and bustle of the Boulevards?

Or shall I take SMITH's advice, and go to "the excellent house," conducted on economical principles, in a back street near the Madeleine?

If I went to the latter, would I not be sure to get "a good English dinner" and a bad English bed?

Had I not better take my wife's advice, and go to the Grand?

Is it altogether pleasant to be hustled into an office, ticketed with a number, and sent up in a lift?

Does not the inmate of a large Hotel, in his character of "Room No. 2413," feel rather like a convict?

Have we got all our Luggage—the eight large boxes and my portmanteau? Will the wardrobe, the cupboard, and the drawers contain all these Dresses?

Why are there not more pegs?

Why is Soap, on the Continent, always an extra?

A DRIVE THROUGH THE STREETS.

Why should one never be able to get a Victoria Cab in London? Do Omnibus men and Cabmen in Paris ever learn to drive?

Can there be a special cemetery for the victims to street accidents?

Is it altogether fair to call all the Bonnets we have looked at in the shop "rather vulgar"?

Is it amiable to sneer at all the Dresses in "the Grands Magazins de Louvre"?

Is it not rather spiteful to suggest that the Balloons given by the large Linendrapers to the children are like their other advertisements—full of gas?

Why do Ladies prefer, as a rule, the rooms of the "Bon Marché" to the galleries of the Louvre?

Is it because they find "greater novelty" in the former?

Would Paris be "the Paradise of Wives" without the fashions?

Would Paris be "the Purgatory of Husbands" without the shops?

Is it altogether moral to declare that you have seen all the various "novelties" weeks ago in the Fulham Road?

A VISIT TO THE BOIS.

Can one look imposing in a Victoria whose driver smokes a short pipe, and won't wear his coat?

Is it possible, by a dignified demeanour, to overcome these drawbacks, and to induce the belief that the vehicle is our own?

Would the appearance of the Park in London undergo much change were cabs admitted in the drive?

Would the horses that dawdle down to the Cascade appear improved in quality were cabs excluded from the Bois?

As a matter of fact, is not the horseflesh in both the exercising grounds miserable?

Why do Frenchmen ride, or, rather, why don't they?

Can the French nation really have any sense of the ridiculous, if Frenchmen are able to gaze upon the "chevaliers" in the Bois without roaring with laughter?

Why does the Cascade always remind one of the Trafalgar Square Fountains?

Doesn't the Avenue rather resemble Portland Place without the houses? and isn't the Bois generally a little like Battersea Park *minus* the flowers and timber?

PARIS BY NIGHT EN GARCON.

Is it lucky that, meeting FASTBOY after dinner, I agree to visit Paris by night *en garçon*?

Am I not very considerate to leave my wife to recover from the fatigues of the day at home, while I walk abroad?

Will my wife take this view of the case?

Is the mirth of the students at the Closerie des Lilacs particularly infectious?

Is it worth while coming a long cab-drive to see a fourth-rate tea-garden?

Is French acting so very much better than the English?

Why do English people in French Theatres laugh at jokes which would be considered utterly stupid in England?

Why do young English Ladies (so particularly decorous in London) smile at French jokes, that certainly would not pass the Lord Chamberlain's Office in Great Britain?

On the whole have I seen any better Actors or Actresses than the KENDAIS, the BANCROFFS, the TERRYS, MR. HARE, or MR. JAMES, to say nothing of MR. JEFFERSON?

Is it quite wise to take so many *Boukbibres* between the Acts?

Can anything be sillier than the comic songs in the Cafés Chantants in the Champs Elysées?

Do not frequent "consommations" corrupt good manners?

Is it, on the whole, the best way to finish an evening's entertainment with an expensive supper at the Caffé Anglais?

Why do the Boulevards waltz after twelve o'clock at night?

What was the number of my room—303, 803, 742, or 930?

Why has FASTBOY left me?

Can I say, with perfect distinctness, "British Constitution?"

How shall I, in my present most unusual condition, explain matters to my wife?

THE MELANCHOLY OCEAN.

(From a Critic just landed at Dieppe from Newhaven.)

SIR,

A Poet in a recent number of the *Spectator* has been inspired by *Vivian Grey's* famous phrase, "seated by a melancholy ocean." Standing near the Atlantic he sings a stirring strain, climaxing in the quatrain—

"For the prophet's fire and motion,
Icy mask and sneer sardonic—
Be it so : Majestic Ocean,
Thou art melancholy's tonic."

Considering the part chiefly played by Ocean about this time of year, I would suggest a correction:—

"For the prophet's fire and motion,
Icy mask and sneer *splendid*—
Be it so : Majestic Ocean,
Thou art sadness's *amicable*."

Yours,
A CHANNEL PASSENGER.

PATTERN FOR PARLIAMENT.

WHY cannot our House of Commons take a lesson from our Antipodes, and provide for PARNELLS, BIGGARS, and O'DONNELLS, by passing a Standing Order like that adopted last year at Victoria, and called "The Iron Hand"? *Videleice!*

"A motion 'That the House do now divide,' moved and seconded, shall take precedence of all other business, and shall be immediately put from the Chair, without any discussion taking place; provided that no such motion can be made so as to interrupt a member speaking."

"Divide!" That seems to be an arrangement by which Obstructives would be so effectually shut up as altogether to preclude the need of ordering them into the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms. Divide and conquer.

Comparisons are Odious.

QUOTH BARNUM, as he looked with admiration on CAPTAIN CRAGO, his gallant mate, and their gallant one-ton schooner, at the Alexandra Palace, "Crossed the Atlantic, hev' you now, in a nineteen-foot new Bedford half-decked boat—waal now—and weathered five gales, too, and been forced to lie-to eighteen days! You bet!—Guess I've crossed the Atlantic a good many times too, with a bigger sorta craft though—and calkilate I've had to lie, too, a good deal more'n eighteen days."

But why don't the Captain spell his name more amphibiously—"Crapaud," as it surely ought to be?

THE BIGGAR EXPLICIT.

SAYD BIGGAR, "Yes, the charge is true;

And who can say 'tis not?

I still maintain THE O'DONOGHUE

Has done—I don't know what!"

PONGO-ISMS.



TRAIGHT from the Westminster Aquarium per Electric Eel.

MR. PONGO being asked the other day what historic work he would like to peruse, replied, with a sly look at MR. WYBROW ROBERTSON, "L'abbé's Counsils."

ME. PONGO'S CONUNDRUM.

The other evening MR. PONGO invited some friends to tea, in order to ask them a riddle. After proposing the usual toasts, to which he is particularly attached, MR. PONGO inquired of his conives "What reigning Sovereign ought to be Queen of the Tallow-chandlers?"

Everybody gave it up. The Manager said he was really unable to imagine what the answer could be.

"Why," said MR. PONGO, chuckling, "the Sovereign of the Candle-makers and Tallow-chandlers ought to be QUEEN WICK."

Everyone in fits, MR. PONGO himself laughing immoderately.

MR. PONGO AS A LATIN SCHOLAR.

The other afternoon, business at the Aquarium being (like ZAZEL'S wire), a little slack, MR. PONGO expressed a desire to visit his poor relations at the Zoo. His wish was immediately communicated to the proper authorities, and as promptly gratified. On reaching the Monkey House MR. PONGO, in his celebrated Napoleonic attitude, stood before the cage, buried, apparently, in profound thought.

"These poor animals," observed MR. PONGO's obsequious Chaplain to that eminent Gorilla Chieftain, "are clearly envious, Sir, of your position in society. They wish that you were of their species. Doubtless," added the reverend Master of Arts, who never loses an opportunity of displaying his erudition, "they would, could they speak, address you with the well-known words, 'Cum tali sis, utinam noster esses!'"

MR. PONGO's eyes twinkled for a second. Then he replied, "No, my dear Sir, their envious reading of the line you quote would more likely be, 'Cum TAILLESS sis, utinam noster esses!'"

At this side-splitter the worthy Chaplain was fairly convulsed.

MR. PONGO'S LATEST SIDE-SPLITTER.

"If," said MR. PONGO to LORD BEACONSFIELD, "you were to see a Russian and an Englishman fighting, and were to bet six to four on the Russian, why would that resemble my exclamation of surprise were I to see you crowned with roses, and holding a goblet?"

THE PREMIER paused. Then he replied, candidly, "I do not know what you would say in such an extraordinary case."

MR. PONGO had it all ready.

"My Lord," he returned, "I should say, 'What you! Back an alien!'"

"Bacchanalian, by Jove!" murmured the distinguished Statesman, and was led out by MR. MONTAGU CORRY, to whom he subsequently explained the *jeu de mot*.

MR. PONGO'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

MR. PONGO'S chief accomplishment is his drawing—at the Aquarium.

Lucus a Non.

A NEWSPAPER, noticing the recent performance of a mimic Mass in an Anglican Church, observes that—

"At St. Alban's, Holborn, the service was of the most advanced Ritualist type."

When will our friends and brethren of the Press cease to style the Ritualist "type" to the Roman anti-type "advanced"? Being, in fact, mere mimicry of mediæval rites and ceremonies, instead of being advanced it is, on the contrary, retrograde.

HOLIDAY TASKS FOR THE RECESS.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.—To "recuperate" from the heavy labours devolving upon him as a member of the House of Peers.

LORD SALISBURY.—To set his agents right in re the Metropolitan Improvements Bill.

LORD DERBY.—To get up the geography of Europe, with a view to devise a British foreign policy that shall not be at once feeble and bumptious.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.—To write an Essay. Subject: "Sparing the rod and spoiling the Irish Member."

MR. GATHORNE HARDY.—To find some substitute for his favourite setting-up drill—"the Goose-step."

MR. CROSS.—To spend his leisure in detecting the Detectives.

MR. W. H. SMITH.—To make the British Navy something stronger than a paper fleet.

MR. W. E. GLADSTONE.—To cut down some branches of his labours and most leaves of his pamphlets.

MR. W. H. GLADSTONE.—To refrain from talking politics before excursionists when "papa" begs him "to be seen and not heard."

SIR WILFRID LAWSON.—To discover a new argument or a fresh joke in favour of the Permissive Bill.

MR. WHALLEY.—To find something better to admire than an obstructive Irish pig.

CAPTAIN NOLAN.—To apply his own "range-finder" to the duties of an officer and gentleman.

MAJOR O'GORMAN.—To take six lessons in the art of writing after dinner.

MR. BIGGAR.—To grow smaller.

And the Small Fry of Both Houses.—To have as little to do with "Extra Parliamentary Utterances" as possible.

PEERS AND PRIVILEGES.

(After the use of Sarum.)

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—Season-ticket for knifeboard on Waterloo omnibuses.

DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON.—Entry at Star and Garter, including meat luncheon and use of billiard-room, on all Sundays and Bank Holidays in the year.

DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.—Admission to Henry the Eighth's Chapel, Coronation Chair, and other sights in Abbey, on sixpenny days, for nothing.

EARL OF CADOGAN.—Right of playing lawn-tennis, cricket, and polo, up and down Sloane Street.

EARL OF ONSLOW.—Ditto of grouse-shooting over his own Square.

EARL OF DERBY.—Reserved seat for two on Grand Stand, return ticket by railway, and presentation sample of silk pockethandkerchief, with portrait of winner, at Spring Meeting.

EARL OF NELSON.—Permanent right of passage to top of column with a party of not less than twelve.

EARL OF SANDWICH.—Free pass for a family to double bathing-machines at Deal.

VISCOUNT CANTERBURY.—Ditto to shilling places at his Hall (not later than seven).

LORD RAGLAN.—Ditto, ditto, at his ditto.

LORD HAMPTON.—Admission, with a friend, to Maze after six on Thursdays.

LORD HASTINGS.—Privilege of going there and back for three shillings during the summer months. And

LORD PUNCH.—Right of taking his seat and supporting, by precedent and example, the true dignity of the Upper House.

A Name for Nationalists.

In a *Times* leading article a misprint is a rarity. But in that respect is not the following sentence exceptional?

"We had hoped, indeed, that by this time MR. BIGGAR and his band of guerillas would be disavowed by the mass of the Home-Rule Party."

Is guerillas the right word? We beg pardon of MR. PONGO.

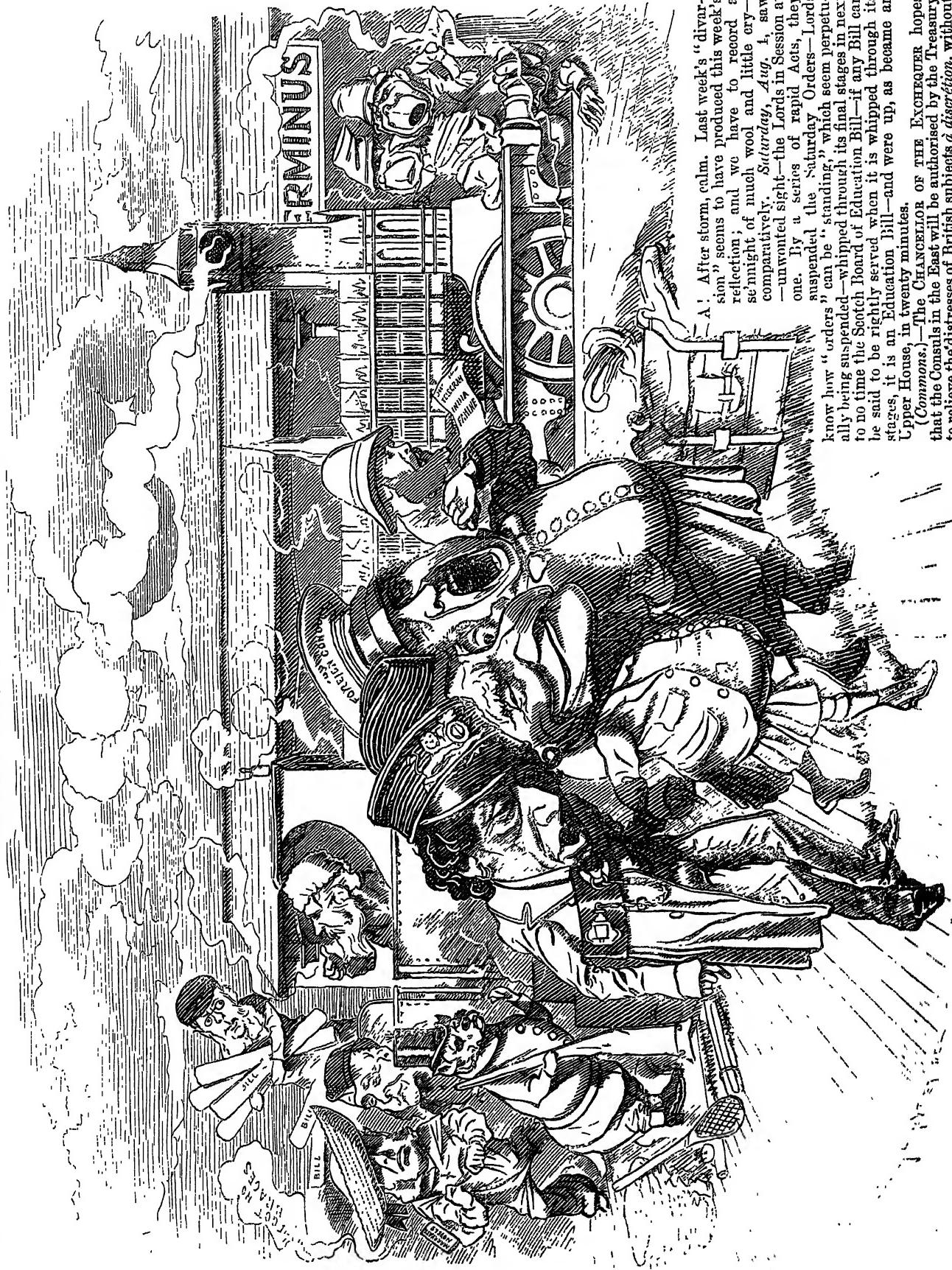
What is a Cantrip?

Let our Norwegian Correspondent, who wants an explanation of "Cantrip," refer to any English Dictionary. If he does not find it, the worse for the Dictionary. The word means a witches' dance, which was something between a "canter" and a "trip,"—a *mélange* due, doubtless, to the hoof of the master and the Terpsichorean tastes of his pupils. For which see *Tam O'Shanter*.

A PLEA that the Ritualists might fairly put forward for their imitation of the Mass is, that it has an "elevating" effect.

[AUGUST 18, 1877.]

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



A! After stormy calm. Last week's "divarction" seems to have produced this week's reflection; and we have to record a night of much wool and little cry—comparatively. Saturday, Aug. 1, saw—unruffled sight—the Lords in Session at one. By a series of rapid Acts, they suspended the Saturday Orders—Lords know how "orders" can be "standing," which seem perpetually being suspended—whipped through its final stages in next to no time the Scotch Board of Education Bill—if any Bill can be said to be rightly served when it is whipped through its stages, it is an Education Bill—and were up, as became an Upper House, in twenty minutes.

(Commons).—The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER hopes that the Consuls in the East will be authorised by the Treasury to relieve the distresses of British subjects *à discréteion*, without



STUDY IN A RESTAURANT.

LUNCHEON WITH YOUR SISTER, AND LUNCHEON WITH SOME ONE ELSE'S SISTER !

asking leave to help in each case. Red Tape at such a moment should be relaxed, if it is not to be used halter or bow-string fashion, to cut short wretched lives.

The South African Bill read a Third Time under complaint of "indecent haste" from SIR G. CAMPBELL and—proh pudor!—MR. PARNELL. SIR GEORGE should have complained of "indecent obstruction." The time that should have been employed in debating the Bill was spent in fighting the Obstructives.

Lords' Amendments of Universities Bill agreed to.

Wonders will never cease. Irish County Courts Bill passed without a word or blow from BIGGAE, PARNELL, or O'DONNELL. The only fight was over the Clause that prevents a County Court suitor from the suicidal act of employing two attorneys. Irish attorneys must be less sharp than we think them, if one isn't too many for most men!

MR. BUTT argued that because a man might have two barristers, why might he not have two attorneys. As well argue that because a man can stand under two bottles of pop, why two bottles of brandy should not be too much for him. He forgets the different strength of the creatures. Attorney to solicitor may be as alligator to crocodile; but barrister to attorney is as iguana to alligator.

Irish Prisons and Scotch Sheriff's Courts Bill read a Third Time—and no idle talk over either. And four other Bills besides forwarded a stage before the House was up at half after four.

"'Tis the sunset of Session makes speeching a bore,
And coming St. Grouse casts his shadow before."

Monday.—The Lords did their business in agreeing to Commons' amendments; and the Commons did theirs in disagreeing to Lords'—in Metropolitan Street Improvements.

LORD SALISBURY is not to be discredited by his agents' anxiety to defend his pockets at the expense of his public spirit.

MR. COWEN has scored another to his credit by getting the promise of Consular reports as to the late strikes in the States—a strictly Consular duty. "*Consules provideant ne quid detrimenti Res-publica capit.*"

MR. TREVELYAN moved a declaration that it is too late to consider the Army Promotion and Retirement Scheme.

Too late to consider undoubtedly, but too late to postpone, says the Government, and not too late to pass.

Punch is ready to say ditto to TREVELYAN in almost every point he made. The delay in bringing forward the scheme has been inexplicable: the unfairness of asking Parliament to pronounce an opinion it hasn't time to form on a complex set of professional provisions is palpable. The plan does stereotype a questionable organisation. We should like to see companies with more men and fewer officers. And it is but too plain that it lays a heavy load on poor Pilgarlic—the tax-payer.

But, *per contra*, if the House hasn't had time to consider what the Commission and the War-Office have—and their consideration of such a matter is like to be more to the purpose—then Parliament can watch and amend what it is not allowed time to consider: and consideration after trial is usually more to the purpose than consideration before.

Re-organisation is, and had better be kept, in the future. To that the Army must come in the good time coming; but the less Retirement and Promotion are mixed up with Re-organisation the better. Perhaps we may one day get an Army in which retirement will follow, naturally, on decay of vigour; and promotion will come naturally, neither from the north nor south of the Horse Guards, but from capacity for command. But then promotion and retirement will need no "scheming." It is "true 'tis pity—pity 'tis true," the "Scheme" does not consider the interests of the aged General so much as at all satisfies GENERAL SHUTE, or as might have been expected. In fact, it may be said to thrust General Non-Shoot into the background with an indecorous alacrity that, having regard to the tenderness of those dear old veterans' toes, may (and no doubt will be) called, in the Military Megatherium and the shady side of Pall Mall, and seventy-five, "indecent," spelt with a good many double d's.

But what can't be cured must be endured even by fine crusty old veterans, whose half-pay we should delight to see doubled, and who—on the retired list—would be cheap at the money.

As to the temporary retirement of Officers of lower rank and fighting years, let's hope we mayn't lose many, and that those we do lose won't be the QUEEN's best bargains. The simple answer to all the pleas for delay—TREVELYAN's, CAPTAIN O'BIRNE's and NOLAN'S, MR. RYLANDS' (who would have preferred a money Bill), and SIR H. HAVELOCK's, who summed up smartly against the



EXPERTO CREDE.

Tourist (on approaching Hostelry). "WHAT WILL YOU HAVE, COACHMAN?"
Driver. "A WEE DRAP 'WHUSKEY, SIR, THANK YOU."

Tourist. "ALL RIGHT. I'LL GET DOWN, AND SEND IT OUT TO YOU."

Driver. "NA, NA, GIE ME THE SAXPENCE. THEY'LL GIE YOU AN UNCO SMA' GLASS!"

scheme as "unjust, ineffective, and suicidal"—is that something *must* be done, and that is the best the Royal Commissioners and the War Office see their way to doing. MR. HARDY defends the scheme on all the points on which MR. TREVELYAN attacks it, but that is a detail. The real reason for passing it is that "something must be done;" and whoever knew the right thing done under that condition? Even MR. HARDY admits the scheme is "tentative," or, as LORD HARTINGTON puts it, in plain phrase, "a temporary expedient to meet a temporary purpose, under which all questions of Re-organisation must be held quite open."

Of course, under the circumstances, there was nothing for it but to negative the Trevelyan Resolution by 139 to 77, and much more two dilatory motions by MR. FAWCETT and SIR G. CAMPBELL, which came on its heels, by 128 to 63 and 124 to 30, respectively.

Tuesday (Lords).—LORD HARROWBY tried to quicken the tardy steps of law in Lancaster. The LOED CHANCELLOR promised a fourth assize, and more power to the Commission, if nothing else would do. Civil justice, it seems nowadays, is as lame as criminal. HORACE wrote:

"Raro antecedentem scelestum
 Deseruit pede poma clando."

We should write *sape*.

The DUKE OF RICHMOND moved the Second Reading of the Canal Boats Bill, which will secure some sanitary educational and humane supervision of the poor wretches who now grow up uncared-for in the foul atmosphere of those floating slums. The Session will not have been altogether barren of blessing if it brings them within reach of a paternal Government kinder than their too often brutal fathers.

The Irish Prisons Bill, too, was forwarded a stage. It travels the same road as the English. If we could say as much of Irish Juries!

(Commons).—SIR STAFFORD could not oblige DR. KENEALY with information as to the designs of the three Emperors for the partition of Europe. When the Turkey in Europe is cut up, Europe will, of course, follow. After the Bird the Dish.

In Supply, when it came to the vote for money to pay the South African

Annexation Bill, MR. COURTNEY had a final deliverance of his much exercised mind over the Transvaal transaction. O'DONNELL, with bated breath, if not whispering humbleness, followed suit; while MR. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN, MR. E. JENKINS, from the Opposition point of view, and MR. LOWTHER, from the Official, defended a transaction, which, however out of the usual line of English policy, *Punch* believes with them, to have been unavoidable, and the means of averting far worse evils than the worst even an O'DONNELL can lay his tongue to.

SIR J. HAY brought up the DE HORSEY naval duel, at the unEnglish odds of two to one, *Shah* and *Amethyst* against *Huscar*. As nobody quite knows the facts, it would have been wiser to postpone a Parliamentary action as unsatisfactory as the naval one.

MR. EGERTON held the Admiralty brief, and put the points in his instructions effectively. MR. BENTINCK defended the Admiral, and attacked the Admiralty; SIR W. HARROD fired into ADMIRAL DE HORSEY, the ATTORNEY - GENERAL into SIR W. PARCOURT, MR. GOSCHEN into the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE into everybody who had attacked the Government; and the subject, like the action, then dropped, with nobody much the worse for the all-round fire, or much the better.

Supply wound up a cheerful evening, with a duett from PARNELL and O'DONNELL over the Transvaal Vote, that sent away Members merrily at three in the morning.

Wednesday Morning (Lords).—Who dare say "*De minimis non curat Lex*," when a Duke brings forward a big Bill against a little Beetle? The Privy Council is to receive powers for its eradication. Imagine my Lords abroad, not "in the meadows to view the young lambs," but in the potatoe-fields to "eradicate" the Colorado Spear-bearer! Sublime spectacle—or rather, sub-Paris-green spectacle! As lime is useless against the seven-lined shield of the winged invader, the Council is to be empowered to prohibit importation, destroy crops, and make compensations; and those who sell, or keep the plague, are to be fined. So let our friend, the Manchester Naturalist, be on his guard, or he may be snapped up, like an incautious fish, by the ever-watchful heron.

(Commons).—New writ moved for Westminster. The RIGHT HON. W. H. SMITH having been promoted from the command of H. B. P.'s Railway Book-stalls to that of H. B. M.'s Fleet. May he show himself as unmistakeably the right man in the right place as First Lord of the Admiralty as he has of First Lord of the Newspaper and the Railway Volume. The way he has done his work in the House and the Treasury augurs well for him in his new functions. He can't know anything about ships, but he's the man to *know* that he knows nothing. What a gain that will be!

In Supply, a long fight to cut down the Irish Police Vote, PARNELL and O'DONNELL, of course, prominent. Altogether Obstruction rather looked up to-day, PARNELL talking out the expiring Acts Continuance Bill. Better, after all, wreak his wrath on "expiring Acts" than expiring Members.

Thursday.—The Lords on Commons' Amendments—as a rule approvingly. No such awful catastrophe as collision of the Houses in prospect.

On the East India Loan Bill LORD SALISBURY spoke with becoming gravity of the impending famine in the South, and disclaimed, for the Government, any intention of showing less liberality in relieving it than its predecessors. LORD NORTHBROOK bore witness to the need and the will to avert it—if not the way, and wound up with words worth quoting.

"If nations did not grudge the employment of all the means in their power for the carrying on of war, they ought with infinitely greater reason to tax their energies to the utmost for the preservation of human life."

EARL FEVERSHAM waived the Eastern Question, that the Sphinx might proclaim, with due Sphinxian solemnity and oracular obscurity, that the Eastern policy of the Government had been clearly expressed and consistently maintained, and that it is one of "strict but conditional neutrality"—under the condition that the interests of this country should not be imperilled. Her Majesty's Government have no reason to doubt that Russia will, in an honourable manner, observe the con-

ditions she has promised to observe; but, in any case, it is the policy of Her Majesty's Government to maintain them.

There, JOHN BULL, is your pillow for the recess, to sleep on with both ears—stretch them never so widely.

(Commons.)—After a string of *variorum* questions, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER appealed to MR. BENTINCK to waive his Eastern Question; whereupon WHALLEY insisted on shouting in his oar, and, after being twice pronounced disorderly by the SPEAKER, was silenced under the new rule, without—as he afterwards, not unreasonably explained—being “heard in explanation.” So

“Order in disorder rooted stood,
And rules on rules were ‘gainst rule overruled.”

MR. PARNELL had another onslaught on the Expiring Laws. Why won’t he allow their R. I. P. to be quietly written in the usual Continuing Act? Like a lady’s letter, the Session seems destined to carry its sting in its tail. Here is GRANT DUFF, within a few days of its finis, raising the question of LORD LYTTON’s doings beyond our North-West frontier—the stationing of troops at Quettah, 267 miles in advance of our frontier line, the old advance-post of the Indian Alarmists. GRANT DUFF, LORD HARTINGTON, SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL, with LORD LAWRENCE, in another place, are all of one mind, that our best Indian policy is one of “masterly inactivity,”—*Quieta—*or if you like the reading *Quetta—non movere?* and that “least said,” or done, in Afghanistan, will be “soonest mended.”

Punch could have wished that either LORD G. HAMILTON or SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, had found themselves able to disclaim for LORD LYTTON any policy of the stirring kind, as distinctly as they disclaim it for the Government. But both spoke with the elaborate wordiness of men who had a great deal to hide. “Khelat,” has a disagreeable likeness to “Cela,” in the improved pronunciation.

Friday (Lords).—The Amendment of the Metropolitan Street Improvements’ Bill objected to by the Commons was retracted, and the interests of LORD SALISBURY, with the assent of the Noble Lord (who defended his agents, however) were sacrificed to those of the Public.

LORD DERBY, in answer to LORD COLCHESTER, said that reports, circulated by the Austrian Press, as to the policy of the British Government respecting the partition of Turkey, were unfounded. The British Lion is not waiting to take his share of Turkey.

(Commons.)—The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, amid Ministerial cheering, declined to tell MR. MONK whether or no the Government intended to quarrel with Russia if Russian troops should temporarily occupy Constantinople.

To the question, what steps the Education Department had taken to protect the children in its schools against the *Priest in Absolution*, LORD SANDON gave MR. WHALLEY a patient answer. The Department could only enforce the Conscience Clause. MR. WHALLEY subsequently read an explanation of his conduct at the previous sitting; and, later in the evening, rambled, amid the usual indications, on the influence and intrigues of the Vatican and the Jesuits in bringing on the Crimean War.

A minor Bill reached a Third Reading, another passed through Committee. There was more talk about Russia and Constantinople, and the Destructive Insects Bill was read a Second time. Else, nothing was done or said more memorable than the remarks of MR. WHALLEY.

The House in discussing the Sale of Food and Drugs Amendment Bill was Counted Out at 11·10. And so, as MR. PEPPYS would say, “betimes to bed.”

SEASONABLE ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO LET, for CLIMBING, a SWISS PEAK. Never yet attempted, and may be had for the Month or the Season. No view from the top. No Alpine flora. What is not ice is granite. Avalanches regularly laid on. A probability, almost amounting to a certainty, that one attempting the ascent will break his neck and that of his Guide. Terms reasonable.—Address, ALPENSTOCK, Nomatterhorn, Switzerland.

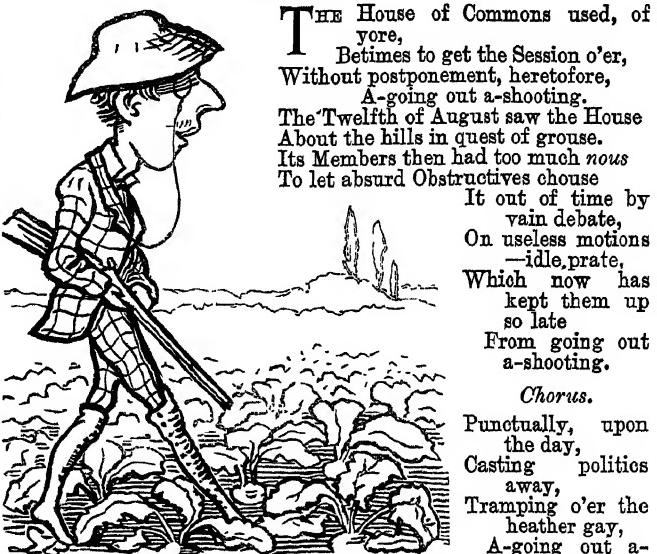
WANTED, by a Gentleman intending to visit the chief Continental Capitals, a Second-hand Suit of Check Tweeds, Three Red Flannel Shirts, a Pair of Knickerbockers to match, and a serviceable Pair of Shooting Boots.—Address, FREE AND EASY, Manners Street, Camden Town.

WANTED, by several Ladies who are about to travel, a knowledge of the French and German Languages.

A Natural End.

THE Kilkenny Cats lately had a Meeting on the tiles, to decide who should be their head. They separated without coming to a conclusion. The only conclusion Kilkenny Cats come to, is not “heads” but “tails.”

LATE ON THE MOORS.



THE House of Commons used, of yore,
Betimes to get the Session o'er,
Without postponement, heretofore,
A-going out a-shooting.
The Twelfth of August saw the House
About the hills in quest of grouse.
Its Members then had too much *nous*
To let absurd Obstructives chouse
It out of time by
vain debate,
On useless motions
—idle.prate,
Which now has
kept them up
so late
From going out
a-shooting.

Chorus.

Punctually, upon
the day,
Casting politics
away,
Tramping o'er the
heather gay,
A-going out a-
shooting.

Although the corn was ripe and brown,
This year they had to stay in Town.
The grouse for them no bringing down!
No going out a-shooting!
Through six or seven determined bores,
Home-Rulers from Hibernia’s shores,
They couldn’t close St. Stephen’s doors,
And cut away unto the moors.
There grouse were waiting to be shot,
But found they had a respite got;
For Members—Irish-bound—were not
A-going out a-shooting.

It seems an ominous event,
On August’s Twelfth, when Parliament,
Has always joined, with one consent,
In going out a-shooting.

Perhaps the safety of the land
Might such a sacrifice demand.
But that perverse Hibernian band!
Your House should ne’er their nonsense stand.
If e’er they try it on again,
Be down upon them there and then,
And promptly let them know you’re men
A-going out a-shooting.

Barnum’s Aphorisms.

EVERYTHING is a Mermaid that comes to my net.
WASHINGTON’s Nurse was worth two Gorillas in the Bush.
A Poster in time saves nine out of it.
Make play while the run lasts.
You can fill a Silk Purse out of a Woolly Horse.
The uglier the Monster the better the draw.
The more queer Birds of a Feather, the more the Public will flock together.
Truth lies at the bottom of a Sell.
Do, or you will be done, by.

Note from ‘Arry de Cockaigne.

“Some good catches of salmon” (the *Globe* lately informed us) “have been made by the fishermen from Goole and the neighbourhood, owing to the fact that neither grampus nor porpoise have made their appearance in the Ouse this week.”

WHEN our old Cockney friend, ‘ARRY, who is weak in aspirates and spelling, read the above, he exclaimed, “My! Fancy what a lively place to live in, this ’ere, where they ‘ave a grampus and a porpus in the ‘ouse every week! My!”

“HUNG BE THE HEAVENS WITH”—WHITE!—*Abā notanda dies.*
August 9, The Wedding Day of the Lady Mayoress.



A NEW PROFESSION.

Very Small Boy (in answer to Inquisitive Lady). "Og, TED'S GOING INTO THE CHURCH, AND TOM'S GOING INTO THE ARMY, AND MALCOLM'S GOING INTO THE NAVY, AND JACK'S GOING INTO THE CIVIL SERVICE, AND BOB'S GOING INTO MEDICINE, AND ARTHUR'S GOING INTO LAW, AND GUS'S GOING INTO BUSINESS, AND I'M GOING INTO KNICKERBOCKERS!"

ECHO'S ANSWERS

To a Cockney Inquirer who consults her concerning the inevitable Annual "Outing" and its probable issues.

Inquirer. What subject sets me worrying and doubting ?
Echo. "Outing."

Inquirer. My Wife suggests for family health's improving ?—
Echo. Roving.

Inquirer. What's the first requisite for taking pleasure ?
Echo. Leisure.

Inquirer. The second (for a slave to matrimony) ?
Echo. Money.

Inquirer. You say that Woman of all founts of mischief—
Echo. Is chief.

Inquirer. What is this close agreement of my women ?
Echo. Omen.

Inquirer. I fear for me they'll prove a deal too clever ?
Echo. Ever.

Inquirer. What is the manner of my buxom MARY ?
Echo. Airy.

Inquirer. And what's her goal in every hint and notion ?
Echo. Ocean.

Inquirer. How recommends she Ramsgate, shrimpy, sandy ?
Echo. Andy.

Inquirer. Whereas I hold it at this season torrid ?—
Echo. Orrid !

Inquirer. And hint, with a vain view to scare or stop her ?—
Echo. Opper !

Inquirer. (Meaning the Pulex.) Answers she politely.
Echo. Lightly.

Inquirer. How then am I inclined to view the mater ?
Echo. Hate her.

Inquirer. What feel I when she hints at sea-side clothing ?
Echo. Loathing.

Inquirer. Mention of what makes all my family scoffers ?
Echo. Coffers.

Inquirer. Then if I storm, what word breaks sequent stillness ?
Echo. Illness !

Inquirer. What feels a man when women 'gin to blabber ?
Echo. Lubber.

Inquirer. What is the show of patience that may follow ?
Echo. Hollow !

Inquirer. What would the sex when it assumes that virtue ?
Echo. Hurt you.

Inquirer. What's the result of halting and misgiving ?
Echo. Giving.

Inquirer. What is man's share amant this yearly yearning ?
Echo. Earning.

Inquirer. What's the chief issue of this seaward flowing ?
Echo. Owing.

Inquirer. How long before I'm free of tradesmen's pages ?
Echo. Ages !

AN UNCOMMON COWARD.

The Standard's Correspondent with the Turkish Army in Armenia, in temporary default, perhaps, of news more distinctly warlike, transmits a panegyric upon Turks; in the course thereof supplying the subjoined information :—

"My new Servant was very willing, and soon showed that he was honest, but at the same time childish, awkward, and cowardly. The Turks love their children too much, and spoil them; they do not keep them at work, and treat them even after their marriage as little children for whom father and mother must work, and whose faults must be forgiven. Of course, these faults assume a very grave character in some children; but my Servant is too cowardly to do an act of violence."

He, therefore, could never have had a hand in "Bulgarian Atrocities." He would never have behaved like a brave Bashi-Bazouk. But what other Servant, except some Irish Gentleman's, could be described by his Master as too much of a coward to commit a dastardly act ?

"GOOD TEMPLARS."—For opening their Gardens to poor children.



A GLORIOUS HARVEST!!!

FARMER BACONSFIELD. "BLESS YOU—BLESS YOU—MY NOBLE SONS OF TOIL!"

A FEW DAYS IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE.



*Our Excitements and Amusements at Boodels,
—The Trimmer — The Walk Wanted — The Composer's Lecture —
Limits to Exercise — Calm Contemplation.*

THE Poet HAMILTON MUMBLEY, POGMORE the Composer, and MILBURD, have set the Trimmer to catch the Eel in the Pond.

This is, at present, our chief excitement. We go to bed at night, early, wondering if there'll be anything on the Trimmer in the morning. We get up early, and go down to the Pond to see if anything is on the Trimmer. No, the Trimmer has not been touched during the night. Every hour, somebody, generally two of us, go up to the Pond, and look with increasing curiosity at the Trimmer. Our first impulse is to take it up. Our

second is to let it be there a little longer, and give it a chance. We begin to speak of it as something with a character to redeem.

BOODELS explains to us that it is no use taking it up, as when anything has been caught, the Trimmer turns up of its own accord in the water, and floats topsy-turvy.

Throughout the day we walk at intervals up to the Pond, and stand on the bank silently watching the Trimmer, as if a friend had been drowned in the Pond, and this were the tombstone over his watery grave.

The Trimmer does not turn up. But we go on, expecting this to take place. In fact we are like four *Micawbers* "waiting perpetually for something" (the Trimmer) "to turn up." MILBURD is always wanting to "rout it out with a pole," and is invariably restrained by the Poet or BOODELS. The Composer thinks that a "musical situation" might be got out of it "somehow," and suggests as an idea *The Troll of a Trimmer*. MILBURD instantly says, alluding to the Composer's Oratorio, "There were no Trimmers in the Ark! ha! ha! ha! Unless they had to 'trim the boat!' ha! ha! ha!" But nobody laughs, as it is felt that MILBURD is a fool for rushing in where angels (ourselves) dare not tread.

As the day wears on—it is a very hot day, and I fancy there is a smell from the Pond (which suspicion BOODELS resents as a libel on his place, "because," he says, "if there is a smell, it's anything but an unwholesome one"—but BOODELS won't allow there can be anything unhealthy about his place—that's his one strong point)—the excitement of visiting the Trimmer begins to pall upon me. I want to walk out somewhere—to a hill if possible, if there is such a thing in the neighbourhood—"Lots!" replies BOODELS, indignantly), and get some fresh air. This desire for fresh air also annoys BOODELS. It is a slight on his air. He becomes sarcastic, and pretends to apologise for his place not being by the sea-side. He doesn't perceive any smell from the Pond. He doesn't complain of the atmosphere. He, in fact, finds it very pleasant.

But then BOODELS has the place on a lease for some considerable time, and, of course, he is not going to depreciate the Pond by (as it were, to put it proverbially and vulgarly) "crying stinking fish," not even if the Trimmer should have already caught the Eel without having turned up, and the Eel were being boiled in its native sun-heated water.

BOODELS does not want a walk, and he won't come. He says, "When you come back I'll walk up to the Pond with you and see how the Trimmer's getting on." Bother the Trimmer! Will the Composer, POGMORE accompany me? I find he is in the drawing-room at the piano, accompanying himself. I happen to look in at a moment when he has got into some difficulty with an E flat which oughtn't, by rights, to be in a chord in his composition, but which has got in somehow, and produced such a marvellous effect that he has begun to think of writing a treatise on the "Unexpected seventh" and revolutionising music generally.

"Walk!" he cries out impetuously, appearing as violently horrified as though I'd asked him to come and commit a murder in the lane. "Walk! my dear fellow!" (the tone in which he says "My dear fellow!" implies "You confounded idiot, to come in and interrupt a Composer!") "I can't walk now. Any other time I'll

be delighted; but—I really can't now!" And he bends, inquiringly, over the forefinger of his right hand, which he has not yet removed from the astonishing E flat.

It perhaps flashes across him, that, considering me as his probable librettist, he may have treated me rather cavalierly in shouting at me as he has just done (for he has shouted, and no one likes to be shouted at), and so he turns to me while still sitting and stooping over the key-board, as if he were either the tuner, or a naturalist in search of an insect that had slipped out of one of the cracks between the notes—(by the way, why shouldn't a Composer who writes all his airs in C Major—as I should if I were a Composer—be called a "Naturalist," and another who might confine himself to D a "Two-Sharpist," and another, who might stick invariably to F Major, a "One-Flattist"? But though I interrupt the Composer with the question, he simply replies, "It couldn't be done")—and says more politely, "I can't come now, because I've hit upon something which may turn out of the utmost importance. I think," he says, "I can resolve the D into the dominant without a recurring seventh"—or words to this effect. "If I can do this" (whatever it is), "it will be," he exclaims, "a most invaluable discovery."

POGMORE, it strikes me, is treating Music as if it were Astronomy. This is a new light to me, and I am always, not only ready to learn *anything*, but interested in acquiring knowledge from experts.

"But," I say to him, "you can't discover notes as you can stars."

"Of course, you can," he replies.

I am inclined to ask him if, instead of a telescope, he uses a stethoscope with which doctors take soundings, but I feel that POGMORE is not in the vein for this remark, so I only beg him to continue his instruction.

"Well," he says, still with his finger on the E flat, as though the loss of this note involved ruin, "well, in music you know, there are millions of sounds which cannot be represented on the piano. There wouldn't, you see, be room for such an instrument in any house, and it would take several hands to play it at once. Now the ambition of every Composer is not merely to produce a composition for an instrument where he is limited to thirteen notes more or less defective, but to evolve new sounds and fresh permutations and combinations of sound from the illimitable system of Harmony existing in nature."

Dear me! What an Oratorio the Ark will be! I must try and think of a libretto for POGMORE.

"But," I mildly insinuate, "you can do all you want with a piano."

POGMORE scorns the idea. "My dear fellow,"—by the way, he might just as well be out walking and talking, as lecturing me in a room with the thermometer at something terrific—"My dear fellow, the piano is a most defective instrument. For instance, do you think for a moment that all the sounds of which Music is capable are exhausted in an octave? You," this to me, as an *argumentum ad hominem*, "can make more sounds than those." Certainly I can. "You can sing notes that are not on the piano?" Can I? well yes—perhaps I can.

"Then," I say, struck by a new idea, "if one had never heard a piano so as to be restricted by its limited capabilities," this is the view I begin to take of pianos in general, "then every man would have invented an instrument for himself, reproducing the sounds peculiar to himself, and by unity of these instruments we should, long before this, have obtained one grand harmonicon, so to speak."

"Well," says POGMORE, rather taken aback by my sudden grasp of the idea, "the question would be where could such an instrument be placed, for the scientific Philosophy of Music teaches us, that, in all probability, musical sounds are commensurable with space."

Dear me! But why won't he come out for a walk? If I could only keep him interested, perhaps he will, because I can suggest that he can talk as we walk along. I'm afraid I can't hook him yet; an attempt to pull him out would only result in his breaking away with the hook in his jaw. But I encourage him, on the chance of getting a companion.

"For example. You understand," he continues, "that there must be some sounds between C and D?"

"Yes—I do." (Would this be a good point for suggesting the walk?)

"The first sound that occurs to you is half C and half D—that is C sharp."

Precisely; but we're rather wasting time, because he might be saying all this to me on the top of the hill that I want to go and see.

Without showing any signs of stirring, POGMORE continues:—"Now where is the quarter of C, or the eighth of C, or the sixteenth, or the hundredth? Where are any of those fractional infinitesimal sounds which must exist as parts of a whole?"

"Quite so—where are they?" I say, and I twiddle my straw hat as a hint.

POGMORE is wound up. He is giving me the result of recent scientific training, and I believe is practising on me for his own benefit.



INOPPORTUNE.

De Brown (on a Visit in the neighbourhood, thought he'd like to see his friend Lord Wickworth's Collection of Old Masters). "CAN I SEE THE PICTURES?"

Upper Servant. "WELL, I 'ARDLY THINK YOU CAN—JUST NOW. WE'RE JUST A-GOIN' TO 'AVE OUR LUNCHEON. 'ADN'D YOU BETTER LOOK IN AGAIN BY'MBY ?!"

"Again," he says, "this one black note, that represents at the same time both C sharp and D flat, must be a very imperfect invention. It is impossible that C sharp and D flat can be the same sounds."

"Quite," I say; then I add, as persuasively as I can, "You'd be all the better for a little exercise, and come back quite fresh to work."

No. He won't move. He simply says, "Don't stop for me," and turns once more to the piano. "I say," he calls out as I am quitting the room, "you might turn over the *libretto* while you're out walking. And when you come back I don't mind walking with you as far as the Pond to see how the Trimmer's getting on."

Hang the Trimmer! Where's the Poet, HAMLIN MUMLEY; perhaps he'll come. There he is in the middle of the lawn, not far from the Pond. He and the Peruvian Goose together, facing one another at a distance of about six feet, and contemplating each other in a drowsy stupid fashion, as if they were both waiting for an inspiration. On coming up towards them, I notice that while the Poet is regarding the Goose with interest, as though he were mentally commencing a poem, beginning with, "O, strange Peruvian Goose, whose —, &c." The Goose, on the other hand, is apparently fast asleep. The Poet has mesmerised the Goose, and as MUMLEY seems to be unable to remove his eyes off the bird, the Goose has mesmerised the Poet.

Happy Thought.—The Pond has already suggested *The Butler and the Eel* as a ballad. Now the next is *The Poet and the Peruvian Goose*.—The collection of poems to be called *The Boodels Ballads*.

I rouse MUMLEY from his lethargy. The Goose opens his eyes and wobbles his tail. Will the Poet come out for a walk? There is, I tell him by way of inducement, a beautiful view from the top of some hill near here. No. He thanks me; he will another day, but just now he is rather anxious about the Trimmer. Why not come down as far as the Pond (that is, about ten yards), and look at the Trimmer? That, he adds, "will be exercise." MILBURD comes

in through a gate, flushed and hot. "I'll go with you. Where?" he shouts.

"Ah, it's too late now," I say, evasively. "I only wanted a little exercise."

"If you want exercise, old boy," he shouts, though I'm quite close to him, "you go into the field there where the cow is. Ha! ha! ha! She's as mad as a hatter, and she'll give you some exercise. Ha! ha! ha! I should like to see you cutting round the field, with the old cow after you! Ha! ha! ha!"

MILBURD JUNIOR's jokes are most offensive; and he is always seeing fun in what might result in some most serious, if not absolutely fatal, accident. Suppose I did go into the field, supposing the cow were to run at me, and I couldn't get away quickly enough, would MILBURD ever forgive himself, for, as it were, having dared me to the encounter?

"I wonder," cries MILBURD, "how the Trimmer's getting on." And off go MUMLEY and MILBURD to the pond. "Where can I go for exercise? To the Trimmer? No, I will not go to the Trimmer. Then where?" This opens my eyes to the fact that the boundaries for exercise within the BOODELS' domain are limited. For example, when you want to walk in the Kitchen Garden, you are strongly advised not to, on account of the bees. This is enforced by Boodels with a story of how the bees (not his, but some bees of his acquaintance) once swarmed on a man in a garden. The man was standing still (just as the Poet does when he thinks he has an idea), and one bee came on to his nose. The man, having considerable presence of mind, didn't attempt to brush it off, as he knew that he would be stung. The bee remained on the tip of his nose. To this bee came another, and clung on to the first bee; then came a third, and clung on to bee number two: then came a fourth, and so on, until gradually, within an hour, nearly a thousand bees had swarmed and were hanging, in a bunch, from his nose. He dared not stir; he couldn't speak; he couldn't be fed; no one could venture to come near him until the bees had finished swarming, and they often take a couple of days to finish swarming. Fortunately for him, these bees got it



CATCHING A TARTAR.

Governess. "DO YOU KNOW, ERNEST, THAT I HEARD OF A LITTLE BOY NOT OLDER THAN YOU, WHO CAN READ AND WRITE WELL, AND WHO HAS BEGUN LATIN—"

Ernest. "OH, I SAY, WHAT A JOLLY GOOD TEACHER HE MUST HAVE!"

over in about three hours' time, when the Gardener came with a hive, and took the swarm. The man never stood still in a garden again as long as he lived. (*Boodels' Anecdotes of Country Life*, a companion to *The Boodels Ballads*). Clearly a valuable compilation. Shall ask BOODELS if he has any objection to my compiling such a book. Most interesting, and would destroy many popular fallacies as to the unalloyed enjoyment of the country.)

So the Kitchen Garden is tabooed. Well, why not the Meadow? Why not? because of the cow. She is so uncertain. She chivied the Butler the other day, and he only narrowly escaped by jumping into the ditch. But what was the Butler doing there? I ask. "Oh! he had gone out to catch the pony, BOODELS replies, as if catching the pony was a Butler's ordinary routine business.

Well, how about the Paddock? A walk about there, eh? The pony is in the paddock, and he is good-tempered enough with the Butler, but he is inclined to be vicious with strangers,—unless they've got bread to give him. This bars the paddock.

The Farm-yard, then? Oh, you can't walk there, it is so mucky. "But," says BOODELS, "if you want to get exercise and do some good, you might take a stick and beat about for rats, they swarm by the pigstyes as big as rabbits, and you stand a fair chance of killing some." Declined, with thanks.

There is only one other place left; the Stable-yard. "Ah," says BOODELS, "you'd better look through the gate first, and see if Gripper is chained up. Sometimes he is loose." Gripper is the bull-dog, with a fixed idea of everyone, except the Butler, the Postman, and the Baker, being burglars.

Then there is nothing to do unless I take a walk alone. I am

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND'S BILL.

(*A Song for the Season.*)

AIR—"The Lass of Richmond Hill."

"The Destructive Insects Bill introduced into the House of Lords by the DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON, passed its Second Reading, without discussion, August 8th, 1877."

IN Colorado dwells a pest
We don't want here, I'm sure,
Potato crops it doth infest—
A curse without a cure!
This pest if once it entrance win,
Will work us woful ill.
But our main hope is centred in
The DUKE OF RICHMOND's Bill!

The DUKE OF RICHMOND's Bill!

The DUKE OF RICHMOND's Bill!

This Yankee scare

Had best beware

The DUKE OF RICHMOND's Bill!

How happy should we Britons be
To hear the pest had flown!

We need him not this side the sea,
So let him keep his own.

But, lest invading tricks he try,
We'll just prepare this pill,

And fright that blessed Beetle by
The DUKE OF RICHMOND's Bill!

The DUKE OF RICHMOND's Bill!

The DUKE OF RICHMOND's Bill!

This Yankee scare

Had best beware

The DUKE OF RICHMOND's Bill!

Tremendous Fighting in Asia Minor.

A BATTLE of the elements is not an uncommon occurrence, but nobody, perhaps, ever heretofore heard or read of such an action as that announced in the subjoined telegram to the *Evening Standard* from

"CONSTANTINOPLE, August 6.—An official despatch from MOUKHTAR PASHA, dated the 5th inst., announces that an engagement has been fought between the river Arpa Chai and the Russian camp at Ani, beyond the frontier."

In a battle between a river and a camp, the river, one thinks, would be likely to get the best of it. The river could sustain no injury from being under fire, but what would become of the camp if it were under water?

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF IT.—"Grouse Prospects." The disagreeable ones of being killed, or wounded.

dissatisfied. BOODELS rises from the chair in the tent. He has a remedy for all ills, an excitement that never fails. It is this:

"Come," he says, "I don't mind walking with you as far as the Pond, to see what the Trimmer's doing."

And then for the fourteenth time we all four stand again on the bank, silently regarding the Trimmer. The four *Micawbers* waiting for the something to turn up. As we began the day so we end it . . . And this is life in the country! Dinner time.

Black Raptures.

"THE KING OF DAHOMEY is said to have jumped for joy on hearing of the loss of the oil he had been induced to pay for his bad treatment of British subjects, and when he heard that the *Sirrus* had broken down and was compelled to return to England, his delight was unbounded."

So we see that His Dahomeyan Majesty is not like a Pennsylvanian delighted that he has "struck ile," but that his ile has struck; and no wonder, being a nigger, that he delights in a break-down.

William the Woodman.

THE attention of Liberal politicians should be directed to the circumstance that a manufacturing town of some importance in Devonshire returns no Member to Parliament. Otherwise, if—which of course is impossible—Greenwich should ever prove unfaithful to its illustrious Representative, surely MR. GLADSTONE would always be safe to find an appropriate asylum at Axminster.

A NEW "LILLIPUTIAN ODE."

OUT of Town,
Turning brown—
Prince and Queen,
Curate, Dean,
Upper Ten,
Hardworked men,
Tailors, Earls,
Jaded girls,
JONES and SMITH,
Kin and kith,
Spouses, Wives,
Swarming hives,
Children, maids,
Buckets, spades,
Lasses, lads,
Shawls and plaids,
Boxes, trunks,
Parsons, Monks,
Filling trains, and boats, and
bunks.

Gone away—
Cleric, lay,
Millionnaires,
Happy pairs,
Painters, proctors,
Lawyers, doctors,

Wise and stupid,
Mammon, Cupid,
Plain and pretty,
West-End, City—
From the House
To the grouse,
From St. Paul's
To the Gauls,
From the Board
To the sward,
And the surf,
And the turf—
Every belle,
Every swell,
Every lounging from Pall Mall.

Street and Square
Silent, bare,
Drive and Row
Dreary, slow,
Windows dark,
Empty Park,
Empty shops,
Vanished fops,
GUNTER, GEANGE,
What a change !

HOWELL—JAMES—
Where your dames ?
Where the broughams,
And the grooms,
Kettledrums,
Wasted sums,
Escapades,
Wild canards,
And long dances with the
Guards?

What a flight
Day and night !
What a range
For a change !
Country Park,
Scarbro', Sark,
Country Eden,
Norway, Sweden,
Grousy moors,
Transvaal Boers,
Land o' Cakes,
Italian lakes,
Rhine and Rhone,
Blarney Stone,
German Spa,
Seat of War,

Rhyl and Ryde,
Ambleside,
Alpine height,
Isle of Wight,
Ilfracombe,
Erzeroum,
Margate, Mulvern, and Khan
toun !

Youth and prime
Tramp and climb,
Plunge and swim
In ocean's brim,
Fish and shoot
In tweed suit,
Sketch and paint
Peasant, saint,
Promenade,
Galloppade,
Table d'hôte,
(Try the goat),
Don't be stiff,
Never tiff,
Have few wants
In your jaunts,
And write often to your Aunts.

THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

(From Mr. Punch's Own Extra Special Correspondent.)

ISCHL, August 9, 1877.



third party. The Emperors seemed to be in excellent health. They wore mufti, with the exception of their head-gear. The EMPEROR WILLIAM had assumed an Austrian kepi, and the EMPEROR FRANCIS-JOSEPH a Prussian helmet. This mutual compliment seemed to give pleasure to both, and their congratulations to one another were at once hearty and merry. After the customary salutations, the following important conversation took place :—

" Pleasant weather, Sire," said FRANCIS-JOSEPH.

" Magnificent ! " replied WILLIAM.

Here there was a pause, and cigars were produced. After they had been lighted, the Austrian asked, " All well at home, Sire ? "

The German pondered for a moment, and then answered heartily, " Quite, thanks. Nothing wrong *chez vous* ? "

" Nothing," returned FRANCIS-JOSEPH, and then he added, with a smile, " I see you are beginning to talk French again."

" Force of habit," said the elder Emperor. " I learned the language as a boy, when I entered Paris for the first time."

" *A propos*—how is BISMARCK ? "

" Enjoying himself. And ANDRASSY ? "

" Very well, I believe."

And then there was another long silence. The Austrian was the first to speak.

" Have you heard from our Cousin ALEXANDER lately ? "

" Not very lately. Have you ? "

The conversation now turned upon Berlin Sausages and Vienna Beer. After these two topics had been very fully discussed, the EMPEROR WILLIAM observed, " By the way, you have nothing *very* important to say to me ? "

The Austrian considered for nearly an hour, and answered slowly, " No—not at present." Then, in turn, he asked, " And you, Sire, have nothing *very* important to say to me ? "

The EMPEROR WILLIAM replied, briskly, " Just now—certainly not." Then their Majesties smiled, and their left eyelids slightly drooped, but immediately afterwards resumed their normal position.

" Good day, then. By the way, BISMARCK sends kind regards to ANDRASSY."

" And ANDRASSY wishes to be remembered to BISMARCK. Adieu, Sire."

" *Au revoir !*" replied WILLIAM, and the meeting of the Emperors was at an end.

I may add that all other reports you may receive of this interview will be inaccurate, and concocted solely with the purpose of influencing the quotations of the Stock Exchange.

CONFESSORS AND COUNTERFEITS.

INSTEAD of playing at Mass, Ritualist Parsons should now and then attend it—that is, if they would like to know what a real Mass Priest thinks of them. MR. TOOTU, or MR. MACKONOCILLE, or indeed DR. PUSEY, in so far as he sides with the *Priest in Absolution*, might all of them have been edified by a Sermon lately preached at Liverpool by MONSIGNOR CAPEL, an Ecclesiastic of an Order whom Protestants, indeed, may accuse of casting dust in people's eyes, but must, at least, recognise as the Original Dustmen. Had the Dustmen of Ritualism had the advantage of hearing that discourse, they would have heard themselves described by an authority, if there is any in the world, on the subject of Auricular Confession, as follows :—

" He said that men had arisen who had imitated the practices of the Catholic Church—men who had pretended that they were Priests of God, with sacrificial power, and that to them was given the right of pronouncing Absolution upon him who had sinned."

No doubt if MONSIGNOR CAPEL did not by these " Men " mean Ritualist Clergymen of the Church of England, he will hasten to say so. Of course it will grieve him acutely to find that he has been imagined to represent gentlemen whom he considers true Priests as pretenders and heretics. But, then, whom did he mean to disavow and repudiate when,—

" He pointed out that while the Catholic Church gave authority for the Confessional, those who had undertaken Confession in the Church of England had no authority to do what they did, and were acting contrary to the Thirty-Nine Articles by which they were bound. They said they were one of the branches of the Catholic Church, but he protested against such a statement. The Catholic Church had no relationship with them."

" The Disowned " is a title under which, if not copyright, a competent buffoon could write a religious novel of a more than commonly comic nature. This might be a work which would bear illustration capitally. The characters in it all taken from real life, and delineated in their " vestments," could be represented as jackdaws in peacocks' feathers, for instance, with effect and truth which would doubtless be appreciated by MONSIGNOR CAPEL, and at least acknowledged by the whole of Christendom, both Roman Catholic and Protestant; for the Ritualists themselves are the only Denomination in the world who do not consider the sacerdotal pretensions of Ritualist Father-Confessors humbug.



SEEING OTHERS AS OTHERS SEE US."

Traveller. "A GLASS OF ALE, PLEASE. AND LOOK SHARP! I WANT TO CATCH A TRAIN!"

Poorman (who has been improving his opportunity in the absence of the Land-lord). "SHOULDN'T BE JUSHT FIED SHERVIN' YOU, SHIR! 'PEARSH T'ME YOU'VE HAD MORE 'NSE GOOD FOR Y' ALREADY, SHIR!"

THE CRY OF INDIA.

Can it be that familiarity breeds contempt even of Famine? Is it possible that England, horror-stricken as she was into liberal humanity when, three years since, she first heard of Hunger threatening some six millions of lives in Behar, has now hardened her heart, and closed her hand against the news that the same awful presence is darkening over eighteen millions in Madras alone—to say nothing of Mysore? We do not, we will not, believe it. Is it because England helped to save so many in the last famine that she cannot yet realise how many have already fallen, how many will yet fall, in this so much worse want, and so much wider dearth? She has not yet shaped into a fact in her rather slow imagination the horrible truth that the slow sure hand of Hunger has already wiped out of life more than half a million men, women, and children—the population of Liverpool; that Pestilence dogs the steps of Famine to glean the blighted life she leaves; that, if more help be not given than the Indian Government can give, this huge tale of death may be told twice or thrice over before the tardy rains have brought up the crops that are to feed the starving myriads of Madras and Mysore. Help is needed not only to buy food, but to find and pay agencies for the distribution of grain and medicine.

Ever first in such work, London has at length lifted the wide sluices of her bounty, and the stream has begun to flow through. Let the dribble become a deluge, or rather a vast irrigating fountain head, whence the life-saving streams of agency and aid in food and medicine, may be disbursed over the hungry land that in the last famine had reason to bless the benevolence of England, and let us hope and pray, may not have reason to curse her backwardness in this.

"WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY."

SCENE—*The Official Residence of the Premier. The Cabinet Council is over, and the Ministers are preparing to depart.*

Premier. Good-bye, my dear fellows, and I hope you will all enjoy yourselves. I hope I shall not have to bother you by another summons for some time to come.

Mr. Secretary Hardy. But how about the Army?

Premier. Oh, don't let that trouble you. If you have time, you may just look in at Aldershot.

Lord Salisbury. And the Indian Famine?

Premier. Like Christmas—comes once a year. I am sure I can leave that in your hands. If it is too much for you, refer the matter to the authorities out there. They seem to be full of zeal.

Mr. First Lord Smith. I really feel I don't know quite as much as I could wish about Naval Administration.

Premier. No more did Pigott about Stationery. When in doubt consult your Naval Lord. You might go on a yachting cruise together. Why not take the Channel Fleet to Cowes?

Lord Manners. I confess I feel a little misgiving about the success of my new Post-Cards.

Premier. Confer with MR. GLADSTONE. Post-Cards are his *spécialité*.

Mr. Secretary Cross. I should like a few hints about this awkward Detective Affair.

Premier. Apply to MR. KURE, of Bow Street and Millbank—a really clever fellow, I should say, from his cross-examination.

Sir Stafford Northcote. Don't you think we ought to think over the new regulations to prevent obstruction of business in the House?

Premier. By all means think them over. We know nothing about that sort of thing "in another place." And now, my dear friends, have you anything more to suggest or inquire about? (*A silence.*) Then good-bye to you all, and may you enjoy yourselves. (*Exeunt all the Ministry with the exception of the Foreign Secretary.*) And now, my dear DERBY, that those troublesome fellows have gone, you and I will have some fun. We'll teach them to leave us in town this hot weather!

[Whispers for five minutes in Foreign Secretary's ear.]

Lord Derby (smiling). But won't they make an awful row?

Premier. Of course they will—but not until next February! And now for telegrams to Portsmouth, Gibraltar, Malta, and Constantinople!

[(Scene closes.)]

GERMS.

(Respectfully addressed to the President of the British Association.)

If *ovum ab ovo* we grant, in the term
Comprehending as well as egg, seed, spore, and germ,
If all life from an egg sprung at primal creation;
Nor, save from an egg, know we aught of creation,

Then, granted that germs, whether wafted on breezes,
Or in fluids conveyed, cause zymotic diseases,
Typhoid fevers, for instance—when should they be dated?
Were the germs of disease with our Cosmos created?
Or was there but one germ,—O theory splendid!
Whence germs of disease with all else have descended?
In their separate eggs if you catch things, or hive 'em—
"Omne vivum ab ovo"—how came the first "*vivum*"?

Suppose that the germs that cause typhoid are shed
By live things in sewage developed and bred,
Where abode they in days before cesspools and sewage,
When the young earth was pure of such savoury brewage?
By what sowers, and where, were these typhoid germs sown,
Long ere man yet existed or typhoid was known?
And did germs, first created all good, by degrees
Get developed through time into germs of disease?

Were they old as the hills, and the seas, and the shore,
Did they clog the first herbage that Earth ever bore?
In existence how long had they probably been,
When our pedigree reached the Ascidian Marine?

These are questions which vainly may puzzle the mind—
But if Doctors from fever can rescue mankind,
Small matter if plague-germs be facts plump and plain,
Or germs that don't germinate save in the brain.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ATURDAY, Aug. 11.

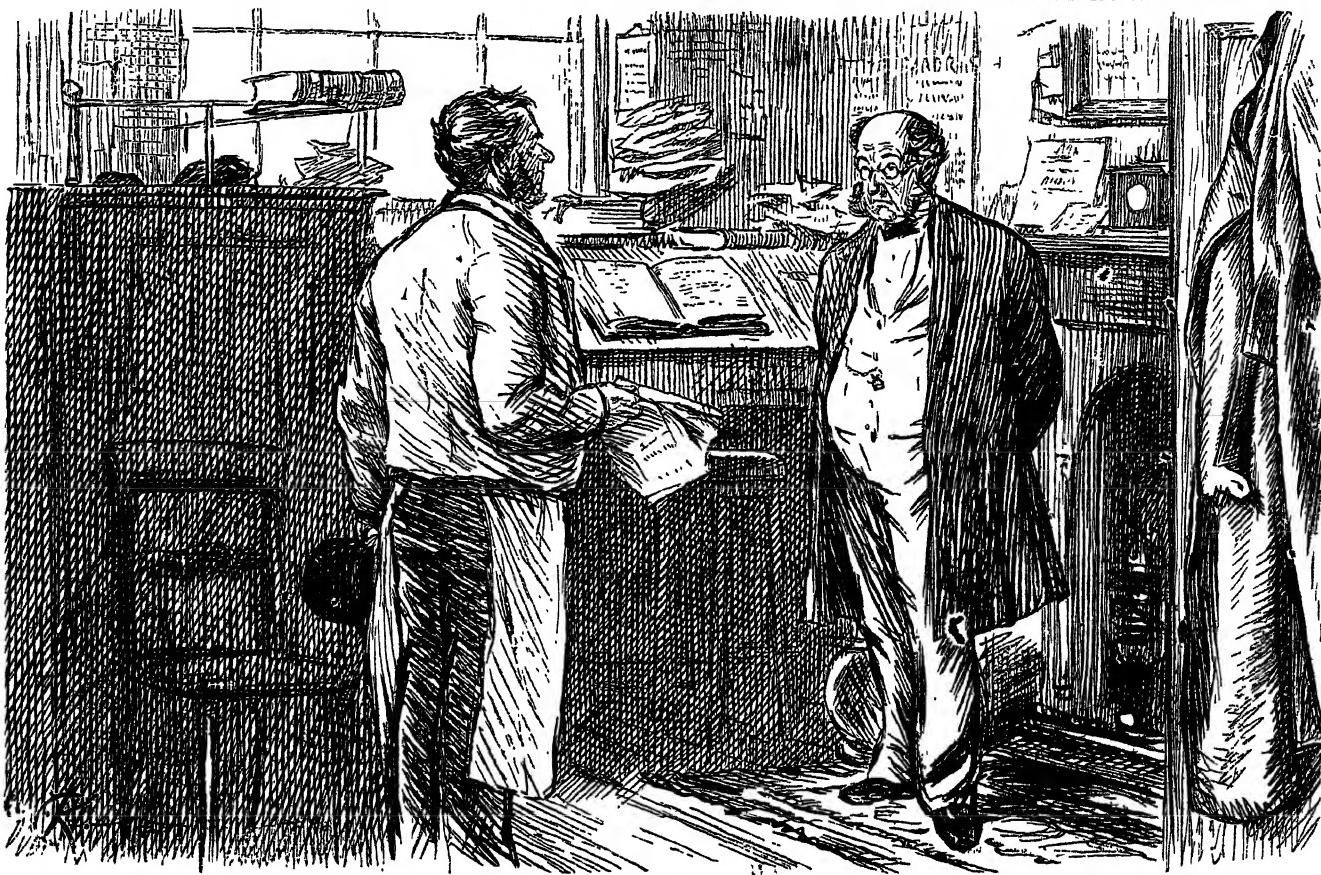
—“Loving those well that they must leave ere long”—their little Bills to wit—my Lords were at work betimes, ad-

vancing Turnpikes, Fisheries, Irish Courts, Police Expenses, and Colonial Stocks a stage, and making a beginning on the Appropriation Bill, and other Bills of course which mark the close of a Session, as the appearance of the cheese the end of a dinner. Their Lordships kept up to the last their character for all work and no talk, while the Commons, on this the last day of their labouring life, were keeping up theirs for all talk and no work. Even while the CHANCELLOR was rattling Bills through their stages like crack four-horse coaches, SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT was chafing the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and discharging his latest load of international cram (see *Wheaton*, Art. “Piracy”), in the case of the *Shah's* attack on the *Huascar*. SIR WILLIAM thinks ADMIRAL DE HORSEY has gone too fast and too far in concluding the *Huascar* a pirate, and pitching into her as such. SIR WILLIAM contends, with his usual power of making and putting a case, that requisitioning (from British bottoms) two-dozen pints of pale-ale, a hundred cigars, and four launch-loads of coal, paying for the one in Peruvian currency, and for the other not even vouchsafing that airy substitute for coin, with other escapades less excusable on the strong plea of dry throttles and empty bunkers, do not amount to acts for which the gallant Admiral, if he had captured the brothers CARRASCO and their crew, could have brought them up to the Old Bailey on a charge of piracy with much

prospect of a true bill from the Grand Jury. SIR WILLIAM denies that there was, on the part of the *Huascar*, that degree of force and violence which is required to constitute piracy. On the other hand, seeing that the coal-requisitioning boat's-crew was commanded by an officer armed with sword and revolver, there is point in the ATTORNEY-GENERAL's rejoinder, that if “taking” under these circumstances be not taking with force or violence, neither would abstraction of SIR WILLIAM's purse by a foot-pad pistol in hand, supposing SIR WILLIAM wise enough to render up his money without resistance. At all events our Admiral on the South American Station has quite ground enough in the acts of the *Huascar* for the land-lawyers as well as the sea-lawyers to found a good case on; and JOHN BULL, no more than Jack-Tar, will feel disposed to call him over the coals for it, but rather to treat him Billy-Taylor fashion, and “werry much applauded him for what he's done.”

If ADMIRAL DE HORSEY
On *Huascar* used force, he
Has a HOLKER to fight for him,
And prove legal right for him:
So, to wise WILLIAM's law,
He may safely say “Pshaw!”

On Third Reading of the Consolidated Fund Appropriation Bill, M^E. FAWCETT called attention to the distinction that might be taken between the “strict neutrality” promised by the Government through its organs in the House of Commons, and the “conditional neutrality” promised in another place. He suggested that while the Parliamentary Cats were away the Ministerial Mice might take it into their Upper House heads to play—the mischief; and wanted to know if anything of that kind were in contemplation, whether they would promise to call the Commons together to see the fun. There was no harm in asking, though no doubt the Professor expected the answer SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE gave him, “That Government are fully aware of their Constitutional obligations, and mean to give effect to



CULTURE FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.

Philanthropic Employer (who has paid his Workpeople's expenses to a neighbouring Fine-Art Exhibition). "WELL, JOHNSON, WHAT DID YOU THINK OF IT? PICK UP AN IDEA OR TWO!"

Foreman. "WELL, YER SEE, SIR, IT WERE A THIS WAY. WHEN US GOT THERE, WE WAS A CONSIDERIN' WHAT WAS BEST TO BE DONE, SO WE APP'NTED A DEPPERTATION O' THREE ON US TO SEE WHAT IT WERE LIKE; AN' WHEN THEY COME OUT AN' SAID IT WERE ONLY PICTURES AN' SUCH, WE THOUGHT IT A PITY TO SPEND OUR SHILLINS ON 'EM. SO WE WENT TO THE TEA-GARDENS, AND VERY PLEASANT IT WERE, TOO. THANK YER KINDLY, SIR!"

them,"—in other words, that the question of Peace or War is for QUEEN's decision, not Parliament's, and so can more easily be answered when the Collective Wisdom is dispersed to the four winds, which ought to blow wisdom far and wide as her scattered Members.

It was more comforting to be reminded that the Government has defined our "interests," and has undertaken that nothing but an attack on them shall move England from her neutrality. This would be quite satisfactory, "if"—as the Spartan said. "A great deal in an 'if.'"

House adjourned to Tuesday at half-past one, its last day. Never did a Legislature on the edge of Dissolution more cheerfully contemplate its latter end. It has saved its St. Grouse after all. Thanks to that holiest of holy days falling on a Sunday, the most conscientious of Members may be on his moor on Monday, and not have shirked a stroke of his Parliamentary work, or missed a screech of his Parliamentary talk.

(Tuesday).—The usual closing performance of the favourite Constitutional Interlude, "The Queen's Speech," by Her Majesty's servants, the united Companies of both Houses. Here is the cast:—

The Queen.—By the LORD CHANCELLOR, the DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON, the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, the EARL OF HARROBY, and LORD SKELMERSDALE.

The Opposition.—By seventeen Ladies.

The Ministerial Majority.—By the EARL OF REDESDALE, the EARL OF LONGFORD, LORD FORBES, and LORD SUDELY.

Chaplain.—By the BISHOP OF ELY.

Black Rod.—By SIR W. KNOLLYS.

Ugly Rush.—By Members of the House of Commons.

Costume.—For Her Majesty's Commissioners, cocked hats and Peers' robes. For the Ministerial Majority, morning dress of the period. For the Ladies, tie-backs of the time.

We cannot say much that is favourable of the performance. It was as wordy in style as usual, and even more than usually un-

stantial in matter, grammatical however, and making the most that is possible of the very little that has been done during the Session.

The curtain falls on as ghastly a *tableau* as it has ever been our lot to assist at—its principal figures, War, attended by even more than its usual horrors and atrocities, Famine with a gaunt hand gripping the throat of a gigantic but gaunt and ghastly Southern India, a confused dance of Kaffres, Dutch Boers, and British Colonists, and, crouching in the back-ground, a group of four miserable little Bills, blushing under a sense of their miserable insufficiency to represent "the achievements of the Session."

Strange to say, the most prominent feature of the Session was not reproduced in this closing performance. BIGGAR, PARNELL, and O'DONNELL did not figure on the programme.

So ends the Session of Seventy-Seven:
May we see few of the self-same leaven!
Of Acts 'twas empty, of words 'twas full:
Write o'er it, "Much cry, and little wool!"

FORBIDDEN CARGO.

We read with pleasure in the *Times* of the 15th inst., under the heading of "The Canal Boats Act," that, by that Act, already law, but not coming into force till January 1st, 1879, no canal boat will, after that date, "be allowed to carry about infectious diseases." Who shall say after this, that the Session of 1877 has been a fruitless one? To be sure, it is rather startling to know that such cargoes may be carried until the 1st of Jan., 1879, and worse still, that the Act does not extend to Ireland or Scotland. You may still, even after January twelvemonth, ship, or rather boat, fever, small-pox, and measles, per Canal, in those quarters of the British Isles with impunity, like coals, timber, corn, or any other equally wholesome commodity.

A NORTHAMPTONSHIRE ELECTION ADDRESS.

Though he has "had no time to coach himself up for argument on 'obtuse' circumstances." —See MR. JOHN EATON'S Advertisement, *Wellingborough News*.



COUNTY Electors! British Farmers! Yeomen And Publicans! and other such like low men Who may have votes! For you I mean to sit, Although I don't know politics a bit. But, as the Tories say that they're in danger Of having for M.P. some Whiggish stranger, I, from your very midst, have been selected To be your Member. You are all expected To vote for one who is so well connected. LORD BURLEIGH's nod of old could shake a state: We've not had weight enough for that of late; But still, I feel that I can justly claim

Your votes, on his account, who bear his name. [Applause. Since you respect so great a local gun As my LORD EXETER, return his son. [Great cheering.

I,—hem!— [Cries of "Go on!"]

Yes, but—a fellah can't, you know, When he has gone as far as he can go.

Besides, if I had anything to say, It's doosed hard to speechify all day.

Talking's dry work, and listening but poor sport, And so I think I'd better cut it short.

[Candidate retires amid universal applause. Vote of confidence by an immense majority.

A FEW DAYS IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE.

More about the Trimmer—Hypothesis—Legendary—Signs of a Row—Discussion—Fresh Arrival.

We have been gradually getting into late hours. Our sittings at night have been imperceptibly prolonged like those of Parliament. The amendments have been generally in the form of, "Oh, just one more pipe," or, "Just half a pipe before we all go," and then some fresh subject of conversation has turned up, though this less rarely happens than the revivification, at midnight, of a topic supposed to have been exhausted three hours ago. The time of rising has become uncertain, and the Butler is bothered. We had commenced life in the country meaning to go in for health—"Early to bed and early to rise." We had set the Trimmer overnight, and had been down to the Pond betimes to see what the Trimmer had been up to during the silent hours. The Trimmer—it was set three days ago—has not as yet distinguished itself. It has not turned up; and we, the Poet, the Composer, MILBURD, and myself, are still in the character of the four *Micawbers*—but we are now the four languid *Micawbers*, awaiting the turning of the Trimmer. (*Happy Thought*.—*The Turning of the Trimmer*, a political novel.)

BOODELS strolls down and looks at us indolently. He has seen his visitors doing exactly the same thing before; his visitors, indeed, having never had much else to do. The history of his visitors repeats itself. He knows exactly what chance there is of our fishing agent, the Trimmer, doing anything either for us, its employers, or on its own account.

Speaking of the Trimmer as our "fishing agent" leads me to consider what was the origin of the Trimmer, and, indeed, what was the origin of fishing.

It strikes me that the inventor of the Trimmer must have been some Gentleman in post-diluvian times—when the fish had got settled again, and business was being carried on as before the alterations—who was fond of bathing in his own Pond. This Post-diluvian Person was of a rude, uncultivated, savage nature, and of revengeful instincts. He was bathing, and the Eel, then less crafty and wriggling than he has since come to be by experience, seeing something that looked eatable, seized hold of his great toe. With a sudden yell the bather gave a tremendous leap, turned head over heels in the water, and the Eel, after clinging on as long as it could, was kicked off on to the bank. The Gentleman, having

righted himself, discovered his enemy, went at it viciously, but finding that he was unable to grasp the creature securely, he seized it with his teeth, and, being hungry, ate part of it, liked it, wondered how it tasted boiled, tried the rest boiled, liked it still better, and finally wanted more. But how to obtain it? Clearly, he must bathe again, and incur the pain of the toe-bite. (Had it been possible for this Person to have been subsequently converted to Christianity, he might have written a discourse on the Book of Toe-bite, and been made Bishop of Eely.) But though the Eel was to his taste, the pain wasn't; so he hired a boy; or, if in easy circumstances, compelled a Slave. The Slave remained in the Pond, and caught Eels, or rather the Eels caught him.

After a time the Eels would be exhausted, and so would the Slaves. Then one Slave, cleverer than the rest, made sham foot and toe to save his own, and the Eels were caught as before. From this to tying the sham toe on to something, and putting it in from the bank, was a small jump, and thence to the Trimmer, the hook, and worm, nothing but a step. Of course the apparatus was not called Trimmer at first. Being a neat invention, it was called Trim; but the Person who improved on it called *his* the Trimmer. (*Happy Thought*. Another contribution to *The Boodels Ballads*, "The Toe and Eel.")

Midday.—Fourth day at BOODELS'. All by the Pond. MILBURD says this sounds like a parallel Cockneyism to "All by the Sea." His joke is received in silence; but he roars, and then explains it to us.

"Oh! yes," replies the Poet, testily, "we saw it. We're not idiots!" (MILBURD and HAMLIN MUMLEY the Poet don't hit it off exactly.)

"Talking of idiots," says MILBURD, "were you ever in Hanwell?" MUMLEY frowns. MILBURD continues, after laughing boisterously, "I don't mean as a patient; but did you ever go over the Asylum?"

No, the Poet growls, he never did.

"I did," says MILBURD, "the other day."

"Wonder they let you out," growls MUMLEY.

"Ha! ha! ha! that's *your* experience, eh?" retorts MILBURD. We all feel that unless something turns up—either the Trimmer or a new topic—we are on the brink of a row. MILBURD winks at us and laughs. We do not encourage him. We all silently watch the Trimmer, as if it were an experiment in torpedoes. But MILBURD doesn't know when to stop. He resumes seriously, "I say, MUMLEY, though—joking apart," this conciliates MUMLEY, who thinks he is now appealed to as some one of above the average intellect, "you would be interested in the literature the patients are allowed to read."

"No doubt," says HAMLIN, gravely. "It must be, indeed, difficult to select works which shall suit these poor half-brained beings."

"Yes," returns MILBURD, in the same serious tone, "the Librarian told me that the selection has been most troublesome—in fact, almost impossible until last year."

"Ah," says HAMLIN MUMLEY, interesting himself, as we all do, being glad to find that MILBURD can talk rationally when he likes, "then last year were the patients of a different mental calibre?"

"Yes, they were very much below the usual standard."

"Indeed! poor creatures!" sighs HAMLIN MUMLEY, compassionately. "And did they ask for any particular books?"

"Yes," replies MILBURD, quickly, "they all insisted on having HAMLIN MUMLEY's New Book of Poems! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!"

"You idiot!" says POGMORE the Composer, smiling however. He owes MUMLEY one for having said that "good poetry was thrown away on music." The Composer feels that, to put it musically, through the instrumentalities of MILBURD, he has "scored."

I laugh, because HAMLIN MUMLEY is confoundedly conceited about his one book of poems.

BOODELS, as host, takes it all seriously, and does not smile. He expresses his opinion that "he really does not see anything very funny in it; and for his part he (BOODELS), were he HAMLIN MUMLEY, would feel most gratified at having been able to relieve the monotony of the Lunatics' life." "I think," he adds, as if his opinion were a judicial summing-up for the defendant, "I should think, if I were MUMLEY, that a greater compliment couldn't be paid to my work."

"Hum!" growls MUMLEY, more hurt by this well-intentioned remark of BOODELS' than even by MILBURD's chaff. "Upon my life I don't see that."

"I do," returns BOODELS, shortly.

"Do you mean to say I ought to be highly gratified if only Lunatics read my books?" asks the Poet, warmly.

"If it alleviates their sufferings," replies BOODELS, "of course you should be."

"But," remonstrates the Poet, "I don't write merely to alleviate sufferings. My object is to elevate the mind."

"Well," retorts BOODELS, "then you can't begin with a better set of readers than Idiots."

If ever a storm was imminent, it is now, by the Pond, with the Trimmer cynically at rest. MILBURD has retired, temporarily, from the contest, but is delighted, winking at POGMORE (who himself intends to dash in presently when he sees an opportunity for bringing in music), nudging me, and emitting subdued chuckling sounds. MUMLEY is ruffling his feathers previous to making a crushing reply, when I am struck by a *Happy Thought*, of which I deliver myself at once: "MUMLEY needn't be annoyed at being popular with Lunatics. 'Great wits to madness nearly are allied.'"

For one second I see that HAMLIN MUMLEY is uncertain whether to take this as a genuine tribute to the greatness of his wit, or as a satirical compliment. Have I alluded to him as a madman at large, or as a great unfettered Poet? He, sensibly, decides for the latter; and, as the Parliamentary reports have it, "The subject then dropped." (By the way, what a complimentary descriptive title for a Poet would be, "The Great Unfettered!" *Mem.* Try it on some one.)

"Now," cries MILBURD, "let's take up the Trimmer." Agreed to *nem. con.*, as a distraction.

When taken up, there is nothing on it,—not even the bait.

"There!" says BOODELS, triumphantly, "I said there were eels in the Pond!" He is as pleased as if they'd been caught: more so, in fact, as there is still a future in the Pond for his guests, who, if they had been successful in catching the Eels, would soon be tired of their only amusement.

"But," I object, to BOODELS, "you said that if anything were caught, the Trimmer would turn up. It didn't."

"Yes, it did," he replies, "*in the night*. The Eel swallowed the bait, and went off. It must have been a very big Eel. I'm sure there is a very big Eel in this Pond."

The Butler announces a MR. and MRS. BUDDERMER. We knew they were coming, and had discussed them.

Fresh arrivals in a country house, if strangers to the guests in possession, are regarded by the latter as intruders.

We have all been on the very verge of a violent row among ourselves; we now unite (that is, without expressing ourselves openly to one another we have this co-operative store of sympathy) as against a common foe.

BOODELS has exclaimed, "Oh, I'm so glad!" and has hurried off to welcome his guests.

None of us like our host's appearing "so glad," and saying so before us, and then rushing off. It implies that he has had enough of us. We remain, sulkily, by the Pond.

"Who are these BUDDERMERS?" asks POGMORE the Composer.

We all simultaneously shrug our shoulders to show our ignorance of the BUDDERMERS, and our social superiority to everybody outside Boodels generally.

"I suppose," grumbles MILBURD, who has found another worm, and is making a horrid mess of it with the Trimmer's line and hook, "I suppose we shall have to dress for dinner."

"I shan't," says the Poet, determinedly. He professes to despise conventionalities.

"If you don't I won't," says MILBURD.

"I shall," says POGMORE. "I always do." POGMORE has some vague sort of notion that he raises the character of the musical profession by being dressed for dinner. MILBURD shouts,

"I say, why will POGMORE be like a hot roast joint? Eh? Because he'll be dressed for dinner." Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

Then he shouts again, "Do you see, eh? 'Dressed.' You know. Eh? Ha! ha! ha!"

But we do not encourage him.

"I'll do what everybody else does," is my genial motto.

Secretly, as there is to be a lady present, I decide on siding with POGMORE.

"I wish he wouldn't have company till we have gone," says the Poet. "It's so much pleasanter being all by ourselves here."

I agree with him, of course. But as we have been on the very verge of a row every evening except the first, and as we should have reached the culminating point to-night (after this narrow escape just now) I am not sorry that we have the respite of the BUDDERMERS. Besides, I point out to POGMORE, *a propos* of a libretto for the Oratorio of *The Ark*, we're now going to have just what you want in your subject—a little female interest. There is a Mrs. BUDDERMER, and a Miss BUDDERME.

POGMORE becomes interested in MISS BUDDERMER. He goes so far as to "wonder what she's like."

The Poet briefly observes, "I hate young girls."

We are silent. We march in to the sound of the gong for dinner.

"By Jove!" shouts MILBURD, rushing up to us. We all stop and turn, under the impression that the Trimmer has done something at last. He seizes POGMORE's arm. "There's an idea for your Oratorio. Gong sounds! March of all the animals two and two into dinner! Ha! ha! ha! Eh? Ha! ha! ha!"

He nudges me roughly with his left elbow, takes POGMORE by the arm with a jerk that makes him cannon against the Poet, and then walks his victim off like a prisoner, still roaring in his ear,

"All the animals—ha! ha! ha!—into dinner—ha! ha! ha! First-rate notion, eh? Ha! ha! ha!"

"I hear," groans POGMORE, faintly, vainly trying to extricate himself. But he can't. MILBURD has got him, and shaking him and shouting at the unfortunate Composer of the future Oratorio, he literally pushes and hoists him up-stairs.

"THE FIFTEEN OES."

(NOT CAXTON'S.)



O! STEELMAN says the children are looking delicate, and that they ought to go to some seaside place. Don't you think I had better write to my sister, who, you know, is at Dawdlebank, and ask her to take lodgings for us at once? (*Mater.*)

O! do as you like, my dear; but I really had hoped we might have done without going to the sea this year, and stayed quietly at home. You know there are eleven of us now. (*Pater.*)

O! how jolly! we are all going

to the sea! (*HENRY Junior, EDGAR, ATHELING, and EDWY.*)

O! Mamma, we have not a thing to wear! (*Girls.*)

O! what a quantity of Luggage! (*Pater, on the morning of departure.*)

O! what ever can have become of that little black]box with the brass nails? (*Mater, at the terminus at Dawdlebank.*)

O! Mamma, think how delightful!—the WHISSENDINES are here, and close to us at No. 10. (*MISS EMMELINE (18), on reading the Visitors' List, the morning after arrival.*)

O! how annoying! I never would have come, if I had known the WHISSENDINES were here. That young WHISSENDINE will be perpetually running after EMMELINE. (*Mater, to herself.*)

O! MASTER FREDDY, what have you been doing?—O! Miss MARY, what a mess you have made of yourself! What will your Mamma say? (*Nurse daily, hourly, on the sands.*)

O! what on earth am I to do with myself here for the next five weeks? (*Pater, after three days' experience of Dawdlebank.*)

O! HENRY, what do you think Mrs. JIGLITT has charged us for "Washing of Linen"? (*Mater, after examining first weekly bill.*)

Oh! how dear everything is at Dawdlebank! Much dearer than in London. (*Pater and Mater.*)

O! those boys! (*Pater, Mater, sisters, and servants twenty times a day.*)

O! how it rains! (*All the family in Mrs. JIGLITT's dining-room set.*)

O! how thankful I am we are all safe home again! (*Mater—by anticipation—a month hence.*)

SHORT, SHARP, AND DECISIVE.

To MR. PUNCH—Sir,

Now that an incalculable Manchester naturalist may, without meaning it, have made a beginning of the Colorado Beetle among us, it seems to me nothing more than the duty of every Manchester manufacturer to do his best to make an end of it. Now, we have in this great city and its neighbourhood a system of beetle-finishing applied to twills, which I am satisfied would be effective in finishing the Colorado. Let every one of these insect pests that may be caught be at once carried to the nearest beetling-shed, and then put under a system of wooden block-pestles, with faces of from five to six inches square, worked with arms of about four feet long, and a fall of from three to four feet. Depend on it we should not hear or see much more of Mr. Colorado.

Yours,
BEETLE-CRUSHER.

Manchester, August 16th.



AN EPICURE.

"OH, GEORGE, I'M ASHAMED OF YOU—RUBBING YOUR LIPS LIKE THAT, AFTER THAT DEAR LITTLE FRENCH GIRL HAS GIVEN YOU A KISS!"

"I'M NOT RUBBING IT OUT, MAMMY!—I'M RUBBING IT IN!"

BULL'S EYE ON BOBBY.

*Quis custodiet ipsos
Custodes?*

By your leave! 'Tis my eye, not yours, must look,
And closely, too, into this darkling nook.
This is no time to turn off lights, nor try
To hush things up, or "square" them on the sly.
Not more for JOHN BULL's than for BOBBY's sake,
From BOBBY now BULL's hand Bull's-eye must take,
Till best and worst he for himself has seen.
If Scotland Yard be foul, what place is clean?
Compact 'twixt Crime and Constable! My friend,
If there have been such games, those games must end.
Rascality's contagious, like the itch,
And rogues may taint rogue-catchers: touching pitch,
And touching it *sub rosa*, in a mask,
Is, and has still been, an unwholesome task.
Justice must lay her sleuth-hounds on the trail
Of lurking villainy, and if they fail,
Lured off the scent, the criminal community
May dodge the Sword of Justice with impunity.
I'd have no French Vidoq in BOBBY's shape,
Masked in familiar helm and coat and cape,
Nor yet a flat by the first sharp beguiled;
Neither a Dogberry nor a Jonathan Wild,
Is my ideal guard of public purse
And public peace: each in his way's a curse.
Fiction has fabled, 'till the 'eute detective,
Like the king in Egyptian perspective,
Has loomed so large upon the public view,
He takes the mob in, and their masters too.
The Argus of the Penny Dreadful School,
Shrunk to a vulgar cross of knave and fool!
Meanwhile a rogue's a rogue. Thief's revelation
Aimed at Thief-takers, needs corroboration.

Lives that contrive, and that detect, rascality,
Can scarcely claim to stand on an equality.
You may be sure JOHN BULL, if he lends ears,
Gives not belief to all that Bow Street hears,
Nor finds the British Public in the crowd,
That for Informer against Force is loud.
Ere I believe I would have solid ground;
So, by your leave, I'll take a close look round.
Consid'ring what I pay, 'twere rather hard,
Were Crime's head-centre found in Scotland Yard!

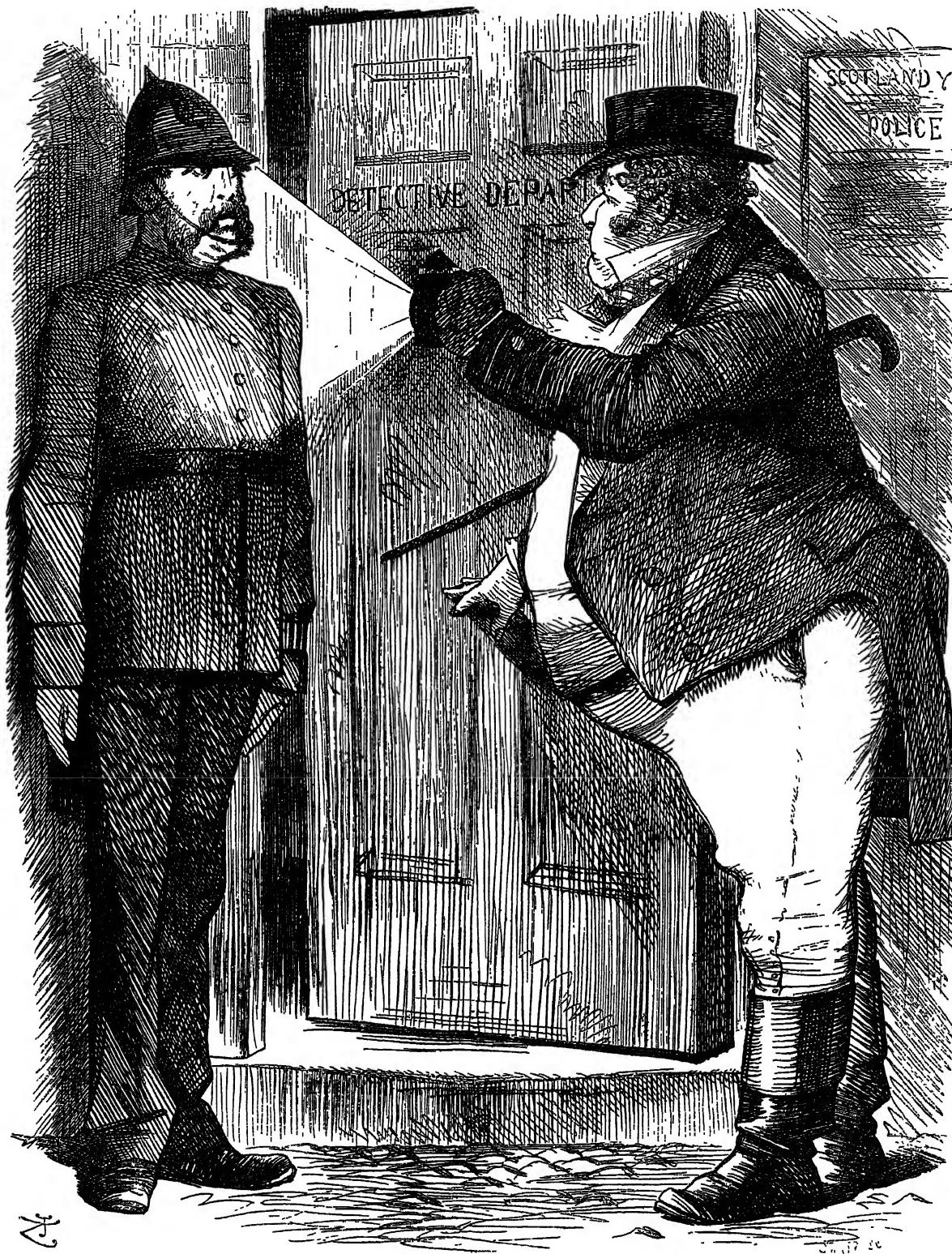
POLICE AND POTATOES.

AN Order in Council under the Destructive Insects Act, provides that—

"If the owner of, or any person having under his charge, any crop of potatoes or other crop, or vegetable, or substance, finds, or knows to be found, thereon, the Colorado Beetle, in any stage of existence, he shall, with all practicable speed, give notice of the fact of the same being so found to a constable of the police establishment of the place where the same is found. The constable shall forthwith give notice thereof to the Local Authority, and the Local Authority shall forthwith give notice thereof, by telegraph, to the Privy Council."

In the meantime is the person who first finds the Colorado Beetle required to squelch him and stamp him out, or else, besides giving notice of his having been discovered, give him in charge to the policeman? Is BOBBY enjoined to destroy him, or bound only to collar the Colorado Beetle, and take him up, and beyond that, do no more than run him in? If so, whilst correspondence concerning him is going on between the Local Authority and the Privy Council, may not the Colorado Beetle detained at the station-house contrive to escape out of custody, and proceed anew to devour potatoes, and, with his peculiarly prolific power, diffuse his family over the fields?

THE GREATEST M.P. LEFT IN TOWN.—Big Ben.



BULL'S EYE ON BOBBY.

MR. BULL (*takes Policeman's lantern*). "THANK YOU. I'LL JUST HAVE A LOOK ROUND MYSELF. STRIKES ME THE PREMISES AINT AS CLEAN AS THEY MIGHT BE!"

ON THE MOORS.



HEY! over the heather we tramp, tramp,
tramp,
With a barrel for right,
And a barrel for left;
And a barrel to keep off the cramp, cramp,
cramp!
Whatever the weather,
A tramp in the heather
Will be certainly more or less damp, you
know—
And Glenlivat's the very best Gamp!
Hey! over the ling we go, crack, crack,
crack!
With a whirl and a shock
Falls a bonny black-cock;

And a brown-grouse comes down on his
back, back, back.
If you ask why the third
Did not bring down a bird—
'Twas a cork that flew out with a smack,
you know—
Whiskey-corks have that very queer knock!
Hey! down on the bracken we sit, sit, sit;
With a barrel laid here,
And a barrel laid there;
And a barrel just tilted a bit, bit, bit!
The damp's rather risky;
And JAMESON's whiskey
'S the very best thing to cure it, you know—
And turn a miss into a hit.

THE COMPANY OFFICER'S "VADE MECUM."

A Guide to the New Royal Warrant.

Q. Will you tell me how you became an Officer?

A. By undergoing a special training and then passing a competitive examination at the hands of the Civil Service Commissioners.

Q. Now that the Purchase System is abolished, how is entrance to the Army obtained?

A. By genuine hard work. The Cavalry and the Line are now on the same footing as the Gunners and the Engineers.

Q. Is there no other mode of entering the Service than that which you have just mentioned?

A. Yes, by serving in the Militia. But in a short time this mode of entrance will be as difficult as the other.

Q. You imply that a Commission in the Army is now only to be reached by considerable study and through an expensive education?

A. Certainly. It is further a proof that its holder is a person of more than average intelligence.

Q. What are the duties of a Subaltern?

A. To be up with the lark, to see the rations weighed, to attend guards, parades, drills, barrack-room inspections, and field-days; to be constantly on the alert, and generally to give his time for the service of the regiment.

Q. Are there not also court-martials, and inquiries to be attended?

A. Yes, a great many. In fact, a Subaltern on service can scarcely call an hour his own.

Q. Does he find any material difference between his last school and his first regiment?

A. Little but the exchange of scholastic discipline for military. He has to act as a prefect, a senior, or a monitor, with the regiment for his school, adult privates for his fags, and Field Officers for his masters.

Q. When he is promoted to a Company does he enjoy more leisure?

A. Certainly not. He has now the duties of a Subaltern, plus the responsibility of keeping accounts.

SWEEPINGS OF THE SESSION.

(Picked up in the Lobby.)

GAG and Strait-waistcoat (ready for use). Addressed to MR. PARNELL.

Couple of new Standing Orders (a good deal out of order). Labelled, "The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER."

Four Resolutions, (unclaimed,) but sent to MR. GLADSTONE on the chance.

A Reputation (the better for wear). Believed to belong to LORD HARTINGTON.

Pocket-book, containing order on Co-operative Stores for Cardinal's Hat, receipt for entrance fee to Brotherhood of Holy Cross, Comic Song, and several unpublished Explanations. Marked "MR. WHALLEY."

A few rare Old Jokes (a good deal used). Returned, with thanks, to SIR WILFRID LAWSON.

Wrong End of a Story (facts and figures considerably mixed). Belonging, in all probability, to MR. HOLMS.

Gottenburg Coffee Cup (cracked). Supposed the property of MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

Home-Rule Windbag (quite burst). "Waiting to be called for" by MR. BUTT.

Pass to Colney Hatch (to admit seven). Claimed, by telegraph, by "a few Irish Members." And

Bundles of Unfulfilled Promises (bulky). Re-directed, without thanks, to Downing Street.

Frank, at all Events.

WE extract from the *Daily News* :—

TO GERMANS.—WANTED, a CLERK in Merchant's Office; one who eschews onions and Limbourg cheese preferred.

Is there such a phenomenon?

WONDERS, INDEED.

THE Electric Telegraph is a wonderful invention. More wonderful inventions are many of the telegrams from the Seat of War.

Q. Is he not also answerable for the discipline and well-being of the hundred odd men under him?

A. Certainly. By the Queen's Regulations he is invited to become the father of his Company. He is at once a military leader, a magistrate, and an accountant.

Q. Then a Subaltern and a Captain have to live lives of great drudgery and responsibility?

A. Unquestionably. Besides their regular military duties, too, they have to undertake certain vague but arduous obligations of a general character, and to keep up the credit of the regiment to which they have the honour to belong. For all these services they receive a salary at which a City clerk would turn up his nose.

Q. What encourages them to persevere in this life of toil and anxiety?

A. The hope of promotion—the chance of becoming a Field Officer by fifty, and possibly a General in old age.

Q. And what is now likely to be too often the end of their aspirations?

A. When they are in the very prime of life, and thoroughly-trained soldiers, they are to receive an invitation, which is also a command—

Q. A military command?

A. No; a civil one—the invitation to retire!

Not so very New.

In a recent advertisement of a certain Company for building Mansions and an Hotel on a site not a hundred miles from White-hall, we find the following frank avowal:—

"The custom of living on flats has largely taken root in London, and, now that the merits of the system have become recognised, it may be said to have become rather the fashion of late."

Is it only "of late" that the fashion of "living on flats" has taken root in London? We should have thought it one of the oldest "plants" going.



SAMBOURNE

AMPHIBIAL AND APPROPRIATE.

(SEAL-SKIN BATHING-DRESSES. MRS. GRUNDY CAN'T HAVE ANY OBJECTION.)

CAUCUS ON THE COLORADO BEETLE.

YESTERDAY, at Elm Grove, a multitude of Rooks, congregated from various rookeries in the United Kingdom, held a Caucus to consider an important announcement concerning themselves and the expected Colorado Beetle. The Caucus was attended with much cawing.

The Senior Rook, No. 1, presided, and a younger member of the *Corvidæ* of that feather, Rook No. 2, acted as Secretary.

The Secretary read a report, which had gone the round of the papers, on "The Colorado Beetle Soare." That was no false alarm. The Colorado Beetle had actually arrived, and no mistake. One had lately been found alive, in the Cape mail-bag, lately used to convey an American mail, between Plymouth and Bristol. Lucky that it was only a single case and a mail too. Had there been a female as well, the couple might have bred *in transitu*, secreted their *larvæ* inside the letters, and then let themselves and family out of the bag, and availed themselves of the machinery of the Post Office to disperse their plaguey race over the United Kingdom. The DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON had one sent him the other day from Liverpool. He had directed it to be preserved in spirits of wine. That was probably the wisest way of preserving it, unless under precautions like those no doubt duly taken by the "Manchester Naturalist," who had been the first to give the little stranger a welcome in England, and at the Berlin Agricultural Museum, where, as stated in the report he had the honour of reading, "numerous Colorado Beetles are being carefully nursed and tended, to afford naturalists an opportunity of studying the habits and customs of the unwelcome stranger." Likewise near Cologne; at which place PROFESSOR GERSTAECKER with other zoologists is directing anti-Colorado measures; "he having discovered that the beetle, when depositing its eggs, proceeds in a regular curve," whence "the dangerous insect can be traced and destroyed with greater certainty." In the meantime, no doubt, the unwelcome strangers were carefully confined, and would be as carefully

annihilated, as soon as the naturalists had finished studying them. But what if the measures taken against the Colorado Beetle should fail? Then would arise the question which rendered that insect an object of so much interest to the present assembly; as they would understand by a passage he would read them from *Land and Water*:—

"There is one point we wish to call attention to—it is the preparing for the dreaded invasion of the Colorado Beetle by a studied preservation of its enemies. These enemies are, without doubt, Rooks. We wish to persuade the owners of rookeries that by sparing the young Rooks next spring, they would double the defensive force in the country against the expected invasion. Spare the rook and you will stamp out the beetle. The rook is the true 'beetle-crusher.' (Cheers.)"

It was an ill wind that blew nobody good, and the advent of the Colorado Beetle would, if *Land and Water* were right, be doubly advantageous to Rooks. Whilst gaining them protection, it would yield them food. But was *Land and Water* right upon that point? Could they eat the Colorado Beetle in its *larva* state, as they ate the Cockchafer? Was it nice? That was the question.

The President could not say. *Land and Water* argued from the Cockchafer to the Colorado Beetle; and certainly the *larva* of the former, as well as that of the latter, devoured potatoes. But the Cockchafer grub had, as they knew, the peculiarity of being very oily and fat ("Hear! hear!"), which made that grub particularly good grub (*laughter*), and indeed some utilitarians had suggested that it might be rendered an article of human food. Now nobody had proposed to eat the grub of the Colorado Beetle. It might be nice and beaksome—and it might not.

Rook No. 3 had read in a newspaper that for gatherers the Colorado Beetle was a nasty thing to handle, blistering their fingers' ends. If that were true, its *larva* might also be nasty, and injurious to eat. Suppose that sort of grub disagreed with them?

The President said the proof of the pudding was in the eating, and they could ascertain the qualities of the new grub only by trying it. For that purpose he would recommend the formation of a Tasting Committee, composed of experienced Rooks, who would proceed with their habitual caution. Conditionally on its being reported esculent, he would propose the resolution that this meeting pledges itself heartily to pitch into the Colorado Beetle.

Rook No. 4 observed that potatoes were more generally grown in gardens than in open fields. Would it be safe for Rooks to feed in gardens?

The President said that no doubt an Act would be passed rendering it an offence highly penal to kill a Rook, if they took to eating the Colorado Beetle. He advised that steps should be taken, if possible, to make their resolution to pitch into him known to gardeners and farmers.

The resolution having been seconded, put, and carried amid unanimous caws, the Caucus terminated.

A Gallican Question.

THE *fête* of the Assumption was celebrated on Wednesday last week by the Bonapartists at Chishurst and in Paris. But that was the Fifteenth of August. Did not the Napoleonic Assumption occur on the Second of December?

RITUALISTIC MORTO.—"Confession is nine points of the Law."



HOSPITALITY.

"OH, SIR—SIR!" "BEG YER PARDON, MISS?"
 "WOULD YOU—A—WOULD YOU LIKE TO WASH YOUR HANDS IN PAPA'S DRESSING-
 ROOM?"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE AT THE SUMMER
THEATRES.

(At the Adelphi—Gaiety—Criterion—Brief Report.)

SIR.—Of course every MR. FUNNYMAN who sees MR. PAUL MERRITT's Melodrama of *The Golden Plough*, at the Adelphi, will say that there is a good deal of Meritt in the piece. And MR. FUNNYMAN is right. There is considerable merit in the piece considered as an "Adelphi Drama of the good old school." But why the *good old school*? The essence of a Drama of this type is and must be seduction and murder, which scarcely belong to any school deserving the epithet "good," and however dissatisfied an audience might be, should Virtue not triumph over Vice, yet the sympathy of the spectators, such is human nature, whether at the Adelphi, or elsewhere, is invariably with the Villain, if he be only clever enough, and if, which is a great point, he give evidence of a certain amount of geniality. *Robert Macaire* is an example in point. He is clever, he is genial; and once, in the well-known piece (adapted by MR. SELBY long, long ago), this model Villain shows signs of a heart. At the end of that exciting Drama (which of late has degenerated into a One-Act Farce) the audience were glad that *Robert Macaire* should be shot in attempting to escape, and should thus fall to "the bloodhounds," represented by three determined Supers, dressed as Gendarmes, instead of dying "by the hand of the executioner."

So it is with *Shadrach Jones*, the Highwayman, played by MR. EMERY in *The Golden Plough*. By the way, if this part were not played by MR. EMERY, it would be simply nothing, and as it is it goes for very little. Story? Bless you! MR. MERRITT, unlike the needy Knife-grinder, has plenty to tell—too much, in fact; but

CESSANTE CAUSÂ CESSAT EFFECTUS.

GOOD and gallant GORDON PASHA writes from Darfour to say, that though he has put down the importation into Egypt of great caravans of slaves with *shebas** round their necks, he can't prevent their importation in dribbles of four and five. No wonder, while there is a brisk demand in the KHEDIVE's dominions for the imported article, that there should be a steady supply from Darfour and Kordofan. If the KHEDIVE really wishes, in deed as well as word, to stop slave-hunting in Darfour, he has only to stop slave-owning in Egypt. Can he—and, if he can, will he? These are the two questions. There is little good in GORDON spending his life to stop the main channel of this foul stream, while its tributaries are allowed to dribble their "fours and fives" into the receptacles of the Egyptian slave-dealers, and the harems of the Egyptian slave-owners.

* Heavy wooden yokes, made of tree-stems. The wretched slaves have to carry their own trunks.

DE PROFUNDIS.

HERE is a genuine, plain-spoken, and modest utterance of gratitude, which it does one good to read in these high-falutin' times:—

To the Editor of the Times.

SIR.—I should be much obliged if you would be so kind to put these few lines in your newspaper. I wish to thank Her Majesty the QUEEN for the First Class Albert Medal which LORD ABERDARE was commissioned to present. And next, I thank MAJOR DUNCAN for presenting me with the Medal of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Then I wish to thank the LORD MAYOR and the subscribers to the Mansion House Fund, and others, for the money I have received from them; and I wish to thank the Members of Parliament for their kindness in presenting me with a watch and chain. I wish to say I am very proud of the rewards that I have received; and little did I think the public would take as much interest in it as they did when we were working to rescue the men.

ISAAC PRIDE, Collier.

Porth, Rhondda Valley.

Of course, ISAAC, you didn't think it. If you had, you wouldn't have done it. You're the sort of Pride to be proud of.

THE FIRST THING WE WISH TO HEAR OF THE OBSTRUCTIVES NEXT SESSION.—Their Amendment.

of dialogue worth hearing he has very little. And as for the comic scenes, which, in the hands of the late MESSRS. WRIGHT and PAUL BEDFORD (who were "the light" and heavy "of other days"), served as a foil to the villainy, and relieved the tragic gloom of the murderous MR. O. SMITH (Alas! FOGIE JUNIOR wonders what on earth MR. FOGIE SENIOR in the Stalls is talking about when he mentions these names)—of this relief, I say, there is absolutely nothing, for the part of the Doctor cannot be considered as a relief—except when he has an exit. *The Golden Plough* will in time come to be a regular stock piece for the Provinces, and is sufficiently exciting to keep the interest of an audience alive for two hours and a quarter, so that the Adelphi management is to be congratulated on possessing an attraction at this time of the year. The Children's Pantomime is played first, and is worth the children's attention. It is played by juvenile Pantomimists, by little Clowns, Harlequins, Columbines, and a pair of little Pantaloons. "I suppose," observed a small Boy who had been intensely delighted with the performance, "I suppose they'll grow up by Christmas." He was looking forward to Boxing-night, when he should see the real thing, full grown, full blown, of which this daringly out-of-season but excellent Summer Pantomime was only the infancy.

The Gaiety gives "nichts wi" H. J. BYRON, playing his *Weak Woman* and his burlesque of the *Bohemian G-yurt*. Miss E. FARREN comes back as fresh as a daisy, and as welcome as the flowers in May. MR. ROYCE is capital as ever as Count Smiff, who cannot get an opportunity of singing "*The Heart bowed down*"—a first-rate burlesque idea—and Mr. E. TERRY immensely funny as "another good costermonger wrong," accompanied by his performing dogs. Miss KATE VAUGHAN is more charming and graceful than ever, if that be possible; Miss M. WEST, who takes steps to please, and invariably pleases by the steps she takes; and sprightly little Miss AMALIA,

complete the cast of a Burlesque Company, which is, at the present moment, unequalled in London.

Our Boys, it is needless to say, is still going on at the Vaudeville, and in these sad times of rumours of war it is refreshing to be certain here, at all events, of a *Lasting Piece*. The vulgar, but occasionally amusing farce adapted from *Les Dominos Roses* is yet being played at the Criterion; but, with the exception of the bills of fare, such as they are, of the Princess's, the Globe, the Haymarket (under Mr. Rowe, who relies upon his *Brass*), and the Alhambra, with the novelty of a ballet exhibiting very brilliant and novel costumes, graceful groupings, and a dramatic story, there is little stirring just now in the Theatrical World. Should any bright particular star shine, look for an immediate report of the discovery from the observatory of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

NO PLUMS!

An Autumn Eclogue.



SCENE—Somewhere in Kent. Present, POMONA, taking a somewhat fruitless survey of a plum-orchard. To her enter PUER, reading the *Gardeners' Chronicle*.

Puer. I say, you know, such a sell is too bad!

Pomona. Can't help it, my dear lad.

Puer. What! you a goddess, and can't "square" the seasons?

Pomona. There may be other reasons.

Puer. Walker! A nice look-out! No Apricots!

Pomona. Last season you had lots.

Puer. Can't live on last year's fruits. Then, scarce a Cherry!

Pomona. Spring winds were nipping, very.

Puer. Oh, blow the winds! A paucity of peaches!

Pomona. The prospect patience teaches.

Puer. Gammon! Then Nectarines are non-existent!

Pomona. Boreas was so persistent.

Puer. Old Boreas is a bore, and you're—a muff!

Pomona. Currants were quantum suff.

Puer. I say, no "shop." Latin in the Vacation!

Pomona. Excuse me a quotation!

Puer. It all comes beastly hard upon us fellows.

Pomona. A fine crop of Morellos—

Puer. Insult to injury. Worse than crabs or sloes.

Pomona. Goosegogs—you'd heaps of those.

Puer. But hang it, we're to have no Apples. Fancy!

Pomona. Apples are always "chancey."

Puer. Look here, Pomona, no more larks next year.

Pomona. I'll do my best, no fear.

Puer. You and Vertumnus ought to square the orchard.

Pomona. If Phoebe will not scorch hard—

Puer. Even with plums and pears we'd be content.

Pomona. Well, you see Parliament—

Puer. Oh, one expects short-commons from the Tories.

Pomona. O tempora! O mores!

Puer. An autumn without fruit's a rummy season.

Pomona. Ills haunt a good plum season.

Puer. The deuce they do! What do you mean by "ills?"

Pomona. Stomachic pains and pills!

Puer. Just you send plums next year; I'll risk the rest—

Pomona. Well, well, I'll do my best.

[Exit PUER, munching an unripe windfall.

PONGO-ISMS.

HIS HUMOROUS OBJECTION.

POOR MR. PONGO caught a cold the other evening. His medical attendant suggested gruel. This MR. PONGO at once rejected.

"I cannot," he informed his Manager and Secretary, "I cannot even appear to have a liking for anything of the *caudal kind*."

The gruel was not forced upon him, and the next morning MR. PONGO was better.

HIS FELLOW-FEELING.

MR. PONGO was much interested at being told by an elderly Lady that she had a Nephew in the Navy who was "a regular young monkey." Being of a serious turn, MR. PONGO at once consulted his Chaplain-in-ordinary as to the propriety of instituting a series of missions to the Young Monkeys in the Navy, commencing with the Powder Monkeys.

HIS LIBERAL VIEWS.

MR. PONGO is much annoyed that the shilling paid for admission to the Aquarium does not permit the visitor to make a call on him without paying an extra fee of one or two shillings.

"Old BUNKUM BARNUM was quite right," says MR. PONGO, emphatically. "This Exhibition ought to be thrown open for one shilling. The shilling should comprehend *all* the amusements in the place, and there should be no extra charges (except for a few reserved seats), not even for programmes. This would make the Aquarium, if the entertainment were first-class, the most popular resort, whether for winter or summer, in the Metropolis."

MR. PONGO is right. Now anything particularly worth seeing within the Aquarium involves extra payment. This repels ordinary pleasure-seekers; and boys home for the holidays (the great patrons of this style of amusement) would rather visit the Zoological or Polytechnic (especially this latter place, where the one shilling covers a multitude of entertainments), than waste their limited capital on the "extras" of the Aquarium. The charge to see MR. PONGO "privately" is three shillings!! MR. PONGO protests. MR. PONGO says he will accept any invitation to dinner, but this style of interviewing him at three shillings a head, is too much for everybody. Again MR. PONGO is right.

To the Londesborough Collection the admission is conditional on purchasing a Catalogue for sixpence!! In fact, a visit to the Aquarium, if the theatre be also included in the day's work, will mulct the thoroughgoing *first-class* holiday-maker of half a sovereign at least. "This," as MR. PONGO says, "should be seen to and altered before the Winter Season commences." And again MR. PONGO is right.

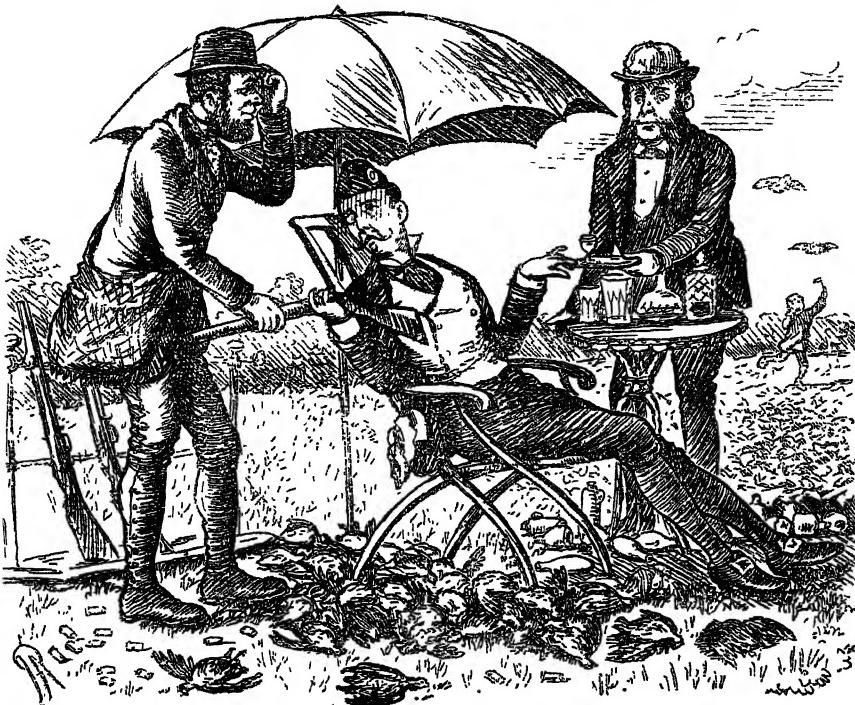
"THE YEAR ONE."

EVERYBODY nearly knows that Geology has proved Mother Earth to be an immensely older lady than her sons, until lately, ever imagined. They, themselves also, from an Address lately delivered to the Geological Section of the Associated Sages at Plymouth, by MR. PENGELEY, F.A.S., on "Cavern Exploration in Devonshire," appear to have been in existence, as a race, at a date incalculably long ago; one race having preceded the Hyena amongst the inhabitants of this island, and another having been previously contemporaries of the Cave Bear; the two races, troglodytes both, having been "separated by a wide interval of time"—a width of ages. A dim idea of the antiquity of Man may be derived from the statement that—

"The entrances of Brixham Cavern were completely filled up, and its history suspended not later than the end of the paleolithic era. Nothing occurred within it from the days when Devonshire was occupied by the cave and grizzly bears, reindeer, rhinoceros, cave lion, mammoth, and man, whose best tools were unpolished flints, until the quarryman broke into it early in A.D. 1868."

At some future meeting of the British Association, a lecture delivered by some eminent Geologist will perhaps supply data for the construction of a Prehistoric Chronology. A.D. and B.C. comprise eras of almost momentary duration in comparison with the geologically conjectured age of this planet. The "paleolithic era" was preceded by we know not how many other eras B.P.E., and who dares venture to suggest the figure which ought to be assigned for the veritable A.M.?

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER—NEW STYLE.



Aw—WICHARDS! What's the time? Eleven! That's half an hour—why, gwacious heaven! Quite half an hour—that I've been sittin' Pottin' birds, and Seltzer splittin'! Jove! I think I'm almost done up! WICHARDS!—aw—just put this gun up! The f'lars had better get their luncheon. They're everlastin' munchin', munchin'! Don't know how they do it, I'm sure—aw! WICHARDS!—a she'wy 'nd Angostura!

And—WICHARDS! you can bwing my nag up, When you've helped me count my bag up: Aw—twenty bwace—a mod wate slaughter! Two bwace and a half of Seltzer water; Taunus, a half bwace; and—aw—there is A bwace or two 'f Apollinaris. To square the bag up, there's—let me see!—P'waps a d-zuon peers of eau-de-vie; And—aw—I've missed a bwace of sodahs. Numbah 'f guns, just thwee bweech-loadahs!

TO PUNCH,

CHIEF SCRIBE OF THE BRITISH BARBARIANS DWELLING IN THE LAND OF THULE, IN THE CITY OF LONDON.

LEARNED as I am in the wisdom of the Egyptians, and the letters and arts of the Greeks and Romans, let it not surprise thee that I have but lately cared to give eye or ear to what passes in the small and remote island of Britain, cut off by the breadth of a Continent from the Inner Sea and the Great Father of Rivers.

But now the barbarians of Britain whom my deified JULIUS stooped to conquer, sailing even as far as Nile, have cast their gold into my Canal which the Franks have reopened, and have even ventured to lay daring hands on one of the Obelisks which I set up in the City of Om, before the Temple of the god Tum.* The insolent OCTAVIUS dared to have it transported to the City of ALEXANDER, as a token of his triumph over her whose charms vanquished him as they vanquished the mightier JULIUS. But when have these islanders triumphed over me? Therefore I am moved to write to thee, that my wish may be made known to the people of thy chief city, whither I learn that my Obelisk is to be carried at the cost of one ERASMIUS, of the caste of healers. I marvel that one of so base an order† should have dared to connect *his* most abject name with aught that hath borne mine.

Nay, I must needs have been vexed that my Obelisk should again be moved, even by worthier hands. Better a grave in the sands of Egypt than the proudest site in the chief city of your small, remote, and barbarous Island. But even there I would have such honour as Barbarians can do me. If my Obelisk may not stand before the House of the God Tum—for I hear you never see the face of that God, save in a veil of clouds, and so have no temple in his honour—let it not be set up in a low or hollow place, still less where it shall be looked down upon by buildings of the Barbarians loftier and larger than itself. For so would it but be buried again, not in the dry and pure sand of my Egypt, but in the heavy masses of your dirty clay, piled up into what you call towers and temples.

Already I hear there is a model of my Obelisk set up before the temple of your God Talk, among the High-Priests of that God, whose images stand near his house. Not so; let my Obelisk stand alone, where it shall be highest, as befits a pillar set up by CLEOPATRA to the God of Day.

You have, I hear, in your chief city a House of the Muses, wherein I learn that you have heaped up much spoil of the Egyptians—images of their gods, papyrus-rolls of their priests

* The City and Temple of the Sun God, whence Cleopatra's Needle was brought to be set up in Alexandria in the ninth year of Augustus.

† The healers of the sick ranked very low among the Egyptian castes.

and scribes, and coffins and bodies of their dead. Let my Obelisk stand before the House in which these are gathered together. So the Pillar will remind them of the God Tum, and will itself not be altogether severed from that land of Egypt which gave me adoration as a goddess and a woman; and if you have mathematicians among you with skill enough to mark the steps of Time by lines on stones around the feet of my Obelisk, so that its shadow might fall thereon in honour of the God Tum, if perchance, in the changes of the universe, he come to shine upon you, this, methinks, were well also.

But I will not that you leave my Obelisk where its wooden image is now set up, to look small among larger and higher edifices, and to do honour to your God Talk, whom I know not, and not to the God Tum, whom I worshipped while I lived in the light, and honour even in the lower darkness, for he was Brightness, and I was the brightest.

Your mistress (as she was all men's),
CLEOPATRA.

DEAD SEASON DONATIONS.

FOLLOWING the lead of the Lancashire excursionists who, with an eye to the fitness of things the other day, presented MR. GLADSTONE with "an excellent walking-stick," the subjoined little list of holiday gifts has been carefully knocked off by "One Who Knows."

LOD BEACONSFIELD.—Turkish Smoking Cap, elaborately embroidered with the legend, "Silence is golden."

LOD DEBRY.—Tight rope (with piece of chalk and balancing pole complete).

MR. W. H. SMITH.—A Broom (warranted to sweep clean.)

SIR JAMES INGHAM.—Half a dozen Ventilators (to be left at Bow Street).

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.—Illuminated copy of "*Hope told a fluttering Tale.*"

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON.—A Box of Beetle Paste.

MARSHAL MACMAHON.—A Safety Valve.

MR. WHALLEY.—A full-length Portrait, in oils, of MR. TOOTH.

MR. CROSS.—Ticket for Circular Tour in Scotland Yard.

MR. PARRELL.—A permanent Seat in the Shipka Pass. And

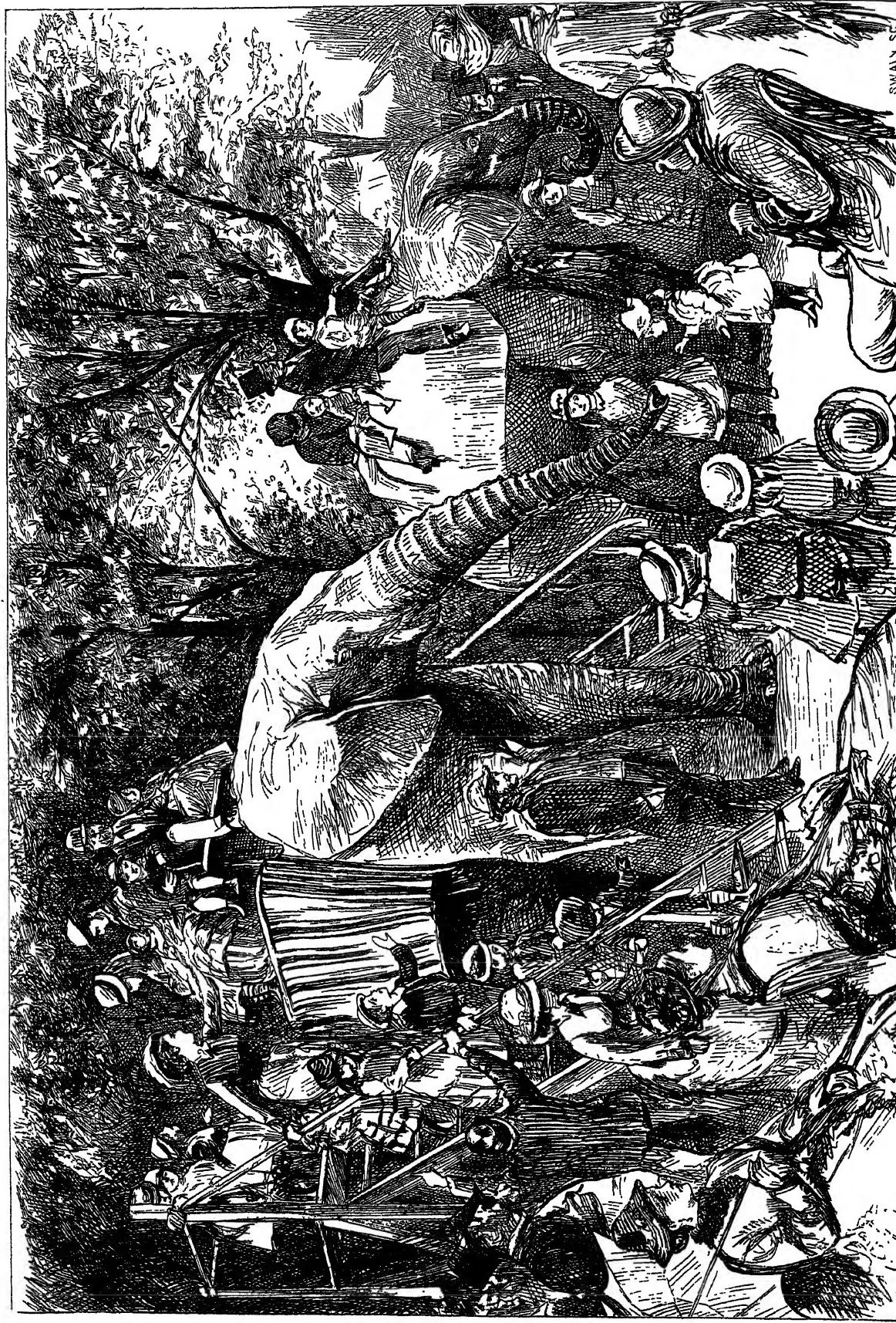
MR. PONGO.—The Franchise.

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND YARD.

It is satisfactory to find that COLONEL HENDERSON in his last year's Report on the Army of Society under his command, gives, on the whole, a good account of BOBBY. As the Great Emperor remarked on the British Infantry, so may it be said of our Foot Guards Blue, that the British Police is the best in Europe, only, unhappily, there is not enough of it.

We are called a law-respecting race. Yet in what other European country than ours would it be possible to produce Christmas pantomimes, the principal fun of which consists in violent assaults on the Police?

In London, during 1876, according to COLONEL HENDERSON, the number of cases in which the Police were assaulted amounted to 2,941. Does this include the assaults in the Pantomimes? Let us hope so, or if not, JOHN BULL, with all he owes to BOBBY, ought to be a good deal sterner than he is in punishing those who assault him.



DELICATE CONSIDERATION.

Considerate Little Girl. " PLEASE, MR. KEEPER, WILL IT HURT HIM IF I GIVE HIM A CURRANT OUT OF MY BUN!"

NON NOSCITUR A SOCIIS.



MR. GLADSTONE, in his intervals of wood-cutting, has recently employed his leisure in receiving little gifts from enthusiastic admirers. On accepting a walking-stick, the Member for Greenwich the other day made quite a touching little speech. To save the Ex-Premier as much trouble as possible this sultry weather, Mr. Punch begs to supply him with a few common forms to be used as occasion may require.

On Receiving a Sugar-Stick.

It is a most excellent stick—good to look at and good to suck at; it is luscious in the mouth, in short—"short and sweet," you know, is a proverbial phrase—has all the qualities of a first-rate sugar-stick. Not that I should like to have to suck a foot or so of this stick; sweet as it is, it would, probably, disagree with me. Ladies and Gentlemen—I may say, young Ladies and Gentlemen—what we have to do is to be as good and as sweet in our own characters as this stick is in the humble capacity it bears. For is not this stick, like most stump-speeches—my own not excluded—a choice specimen of sweet-stuff? Excuse the joke, and forgive my playfulness. "*Dulce est desipere in loco.*" And for this, Hawarden is the *locus* on a holiday, like the present, to holiday excursionists like you, who have made this present to me.

On Accepting an Umbrella.

It is a capital umbrella. Its makers may be proud of their work. I should not like to receive a bang on the head from this umbrella! It has all the qualities of a good umbrella. It will keep off the rain, and serve at need as a protection from the sun. My friends the Advertisers (who have so kindly presented me with this

umbrella), let us attempt to make our own lives, on one point especially, like this very useful article—an article which, I understand, can be supplied to the Public at the very reasonable figure of Ten-and-Six. Whether in the private or political business of life, don't let any one be able to turn us inside out!

On Acknowledging the Gift of a Hat.

It is a very handsome hat. Almost too handsome for use—at least at election times. I should not like to have this hat knocked over my eyes. It is really a good one—good to look at, good to wear instead of the shocking bad billy-cook I have now donned in my favourite character of the humble wood-cutter. It is light on the head, and, in a word, has all the qualities of a good hat. My dear friends, what we have to do is to make our heads like this hat—impervious to wet—heavy wet especially—and well-lined.

On Accepting a Big Drum.

This is one of the best drums I have ever played upon; yet I should not like this drum to be banged at three o'clock in the morning outside my bedroom door if I wanted to sleep. It is a capital instrument—full of music. Oh, my friends, let us be like this drum. Let us make noise enough at least, if there is not much in us but noise, and let our cry be, with the Grecian sage, Strike, but hear me!

On being Presented with a Case of Cheap Claret.

It is really a very nice wine—for the money! Not that I should like to have to drink a bottle of it. It has many qualities—it has a good colour, and it is not likely to get into one's head. I believe it would

also make very excellent vinegar. Wine merchants, let us imitate this claret in our own lives. Let us be good to look at, good in the market, and (if occasionally acid) always reasonable!

AMONG THE ROSES.

IN BULGARIA.

"Owing to the devastating war in Bulgaria, total ruin and annihilation have overtaken the rose-crop in the valley of Kazanlik, and the neighbouring districts. . . . All these places are devoted to this peculiar and beautiful husbandry; the roses are grown by the field-full."—*Our Own Correspondent.*

FAIR Flora stood upon the trampled ridge
Where erst her myriad roses wooed the eye,
Now reddened with a deeper dye—
The ghastly crimson of ensanguined feet
Which flying beat
In headlong haste across War's brazen bridge.
She stood, pale horror on her tender lips,
Her bright eyes dim and dark with pain's eclipse,
While the smoke smouldered westward on the wind
That bare Bellona's hoarse, far-echoing shout
Harsh on the ears of startled humankind.
Where'er she gazed, the wreck of hideous rout
Blotted her ancient pleasures. The earth,
Of old heaped high with sweet rose-petals, now
Was piled with mangled dead. From Flora's brow
Had fled the winning smile of summer mirth,
As, lifting eyes of horror to invoke
Help out of Heaven, the sad Flower-goddess spoke:
"How serve a race that stains my loveliest gift
With fierce Bellona's blood-dye? Here indeed
The ministries of Beauty and of Thirst
Were late united. But War's harpies heed
Nor labour's gain nor loveliness's dower.
Alas! my well-loved flower!
Broken thy charm, thine augury belied,
Before the ruthless storm of hate and pride.
Crescent or Cross, methinks, had fitlier wreathed
Its ensign with the blooms that lately breathed
A sweeter incense than the Churches know
O'er all these ravaged homesteads night and day,
And made these fields with brighter blossoms gay
Than deck the altars where great organs blow
Praise to the God of Peace.
Your fruitless flutings cease,
Ye pipes with mouths of gold! What music now,
Save War's shrill trump and hollow drum?
All instruments but these be dumb,
Whilst Christian hate with Moslem fury closes
In murderous conflict 'midst my trampled roses.
And which the most accursed? Furious man
Has made a Gulgotha of Gulistan,
Till fiends among my roses might laugh loud,
Taking my wreaths of red and white to shroud
War's hideous horrors and Hate's helpless prey.
And yet but yesterday
They made the land like Beulah with their blooms,
And not a purer, sweeter air perfumes
The Vale of Cashmere than late breathed among
These squares of fragrant husbandry, now flung
A prey to battle's never-satiate maw.
What wounds were those you saw,
Ye blue skies, and bright waters, and pure blossoms,
In men's hearts, children's limbs, and women's bosoms?
No more! I must away
From where Bellona shares with Belial sway!
He holds a girl's fair tress in bloody hands;
Her mailed foot on a crushed rose, she stands.
With that foul pair sad Flora may not cope,
But flies, in far-off hope,
When this dread Carnival of Carnage closes,
Once more to dwell with Peace among the Roses."

IN BRITAIN.

I sat among the Roses. Row on row
Their blossoms clustered, in the golden glow
Of English August, round a garden nook
Whence, in the midday hush, glad eyes might look
O'er sweeping slopes of corn-land, stretching far
To where in the bright east the sun's bar
Of circling ocean gleamed against the sky,
A silent witness of security.

Couched at their Sage's feet
A troop of English maidens clustered, sweet
As their own roses, and as gay
As the light dancing in the leaves' glad play.
With them mild age and manly youth together
Basked in the light of home and harvest weather,
Until I sighed, and said—

"Yon eastward skies
Look clear, my maidens, as your orbs of blue;
But cover that which if those orbs but knew
By startled onlook, it would something dim
Their frolic sparkling. Boys, your length of limb,
Stretched lazily, would leap at the black work
Among the Roses, yonder, where the Turk
Red-handed grapples his red-handed foe.
Well that these balmy breezes do not blow!
Echoes from those far Rose-plots to our own!
For Childhood's shriek and outraged Woman's groan
Would mar our Summer music. Yet, perchance,
Some thought of poor Bulgaria may enhance
Our stolid, silent British thankfulness
For long immunity from battle's stress,
For peace, and pleasant hours, and happy love
Amidst our English Roses here; may move
Unpartisan Compassion to its task
Of even-handed helping. Here we bask
In sunny safety; there the smoke of war
Sweeps o'er the bloody track of battle's car,
Whose ruthless course is over homes and hearts.
Here, as the breeze you leafy screen disparts,
Sweet pink-flushed petals, shaken from the bough,
Fall on the close-coiled tress that crowns your brow,
My fair-haired beauty, like a soft caress

From lips I need not name; but there,
Where through wrecked Rose-fields woman-slaughterers press,
The severed blossoms fall on bosoms bare,
Leaving a stain of redness not their own.

Poor Flora, lately flown
From that so desecrated Paradise,
Looks in on us, methinks, with mournful eyes,
Pleading with her more favoured children here,
Safe screened from lust's assault and battle's fear,
For pity and for help. Eternal shame
If party war-cries, in whatever name,
Deafen our ears to that appeal!
Prove we that no one-sided glamour closes
Our hearts to the large kindness which can feel
For sufferers of whatever race and creed,
That we can spare them help and pitying heed
From our blest homes of peace among the Roses."

MY FIRST AND LAST DAY WITH THE GROUSE.

Being MR. GREEN'S true experience of the Twelfth.



I GLADLY accepted my Cousin's kind invitation to join his Grouse-shooting party. Socially speaking, it is about as good to possess a Moor as to possess a title; and to be known to be related to a man who has a Moor may stand one in good stead matrimonially. When I tell Mrs. PRETTYMAN and her daughter that I've been shooting Grouse on my Cousin's Moor, I can do it in a way to suggest that I have a contingent remainder in his ling: and they'll never stop to



TAKING HIM AT HIS WORD.

Cabby (indignantly holding out Shilling). "COME, I SAY, WHAT D'YE CALL THIS 'ERE!?"
Facetious Fare. "'HEADS'!—SO IT IS! HAND OVER!" [Objurgations]

inquire whether my Cousin is really lord, in fee, of a Moer well stocked with Grouse, or only rents some acres of wild common, still clothed in its primæval heather.

I am started off on my beat at ten—alone—with Dog, Keeper, and Bag-carrier. I wish they had sent me with a party, so I might have escaped notice. Now I feel three pair of eyes, Dog's, Keeper's, and Bag-carrier's, are looking down upon me!

This is the beat where, Keeper tells me, "LORD ROCKET once got thirty brace on the twelfth."

The sight of my beat somewhat startles me,—my conception of a Moor being derived from Addington, near Croydon, where the hills are small, and not high, and the heather is purple, and not deep. Here I am shown miles of quite brown ling, very deep indeed, and hills like good-sized mounttains.

"Capital cover," says Keeper, as we enter it. I should think so. I would undertake to hide a flock of sheep in it.

I tramp the heather gallantly for an hour or two, getting cramps in my legs, but no grouse. Keeper declares the birds are as wild as hawks. It was very different in LORD ROCKET's time, he says: his Lordship got six brace off the hill I'm now on. "He was qualified to hit them, *he was*." I take the backhander becomingly, but it's my firm belief that LORD ROCKET is a mere myth brought out by the Keeper to impress strangers with proper respect for the Moer.

I soon learn one thing, that long habit has developed in pointers a manner of talking with their tails. When my dog stands still and wags his tail, he means to say: "A bird is, or has been here. On the whole I think it's gone; but look out." When he stiffens his tail to a point (that, I'm told, is why he's called a pointer), he means to say: "A bird is here, but its specific nature I'm not sure of." Nine times out of twelve it's a lark.

It is, indeed, remarkable that moor-larks do not soar and carol like ordinary larks, but sit skulking in the heather, simply, I believe, for the fun of making the dogs mistake them for grouse. Keeper espies pointer a long way off, generally on a higher level than I am. "Have a care!" he says to me, which means that I am to rush off to where the dog stands. Dog's tail is pointed, so I fairly expect a grouse. Two flutterings occur simultaneously, one in my heart, the other in the heather—the latter from a lark who chirps off merrily. The first time this happened, my gun went off from mere excitement. So did the lark, I suppose from the same feeling. It's a nasty trick they have.

It is now one o'clock, and I feel nearly dead with fatigue. I feel it was cruel to send me on a beat by myself, like a policeman. I sit down to eat my lonely lunch. I am told that this is not in accordance with the precedent set by LORD ROCKET. "His Lordship never sat down once; nobbut ate a bun as he walked along." Hang LORD ROCKET! I hate him!

After luncheon—which I haven't in the least enjoyed, thanks to LORD ROCKET—Keeper says, "We should by rights take that little strip back."

"By all means," I reply; but that little strip back means a belt of enormously rough heather, right over the top of the hill we have just descended. I toil back up the steep slope and stumble through the cruel bushes mechanically, hopelessly. Keeper says, "There should be some birds on the top, but there's no telling." Of course there's no telling; and of course there are no birds—not for me.

All this time I have been nearly roasted by the sun, when suddenly it sets in to rain. It's a cold, drizzling, wetting rain. I ask Keeper whether he thinks it will be a wet afternoon. He replies, that it's "only heat." On the contrary, I find it decidedly cold.

The ling soon gets as slippery as sea-weed, but Keeper doesn't suggest returning home; and as I know dinner was ordered at eight, I shouldn't like to sneak home, in an unsportsmanlike style, at five. So I plod on.

The rain (or heat) quite benumbs my hands. I suppose I enjoy this very much; for, after all, it is sport. I wonder what bags the rest of the party are making? I have only got two brace, though it's wonderful how many birds Keeper declares I've killed, which fly away notwithstanding. I must have killed quite ten brace; and I shall count them, if any one asks what I've killed.

All of a sudden Dog, in ranging, frightens a bird away without pointing it. Keeper's wrath is extreme. He belabours wretched Dog with his ramrod, which is also his walking-stick. He calls him a monkey-faced brat, and the poor animal's whine might be heard all the country round. I wonder he doesn't bite. I should think he would bite me if I beat him like that. The Bag-carrier watches the castigation soberly and silently. I haven't the moral courage to say a word. When it's over, the poor brute positively fawns on Keeper, as if he considered him the best friend he had in the world. Such meanness is disgusting! One would think he thought the beating came from me. After all, dogs must be very like men, and love best those who lick them most. THUCYDIDES, I believe, has some such remark—of men, not of dogs. He knew nothing about pointers.

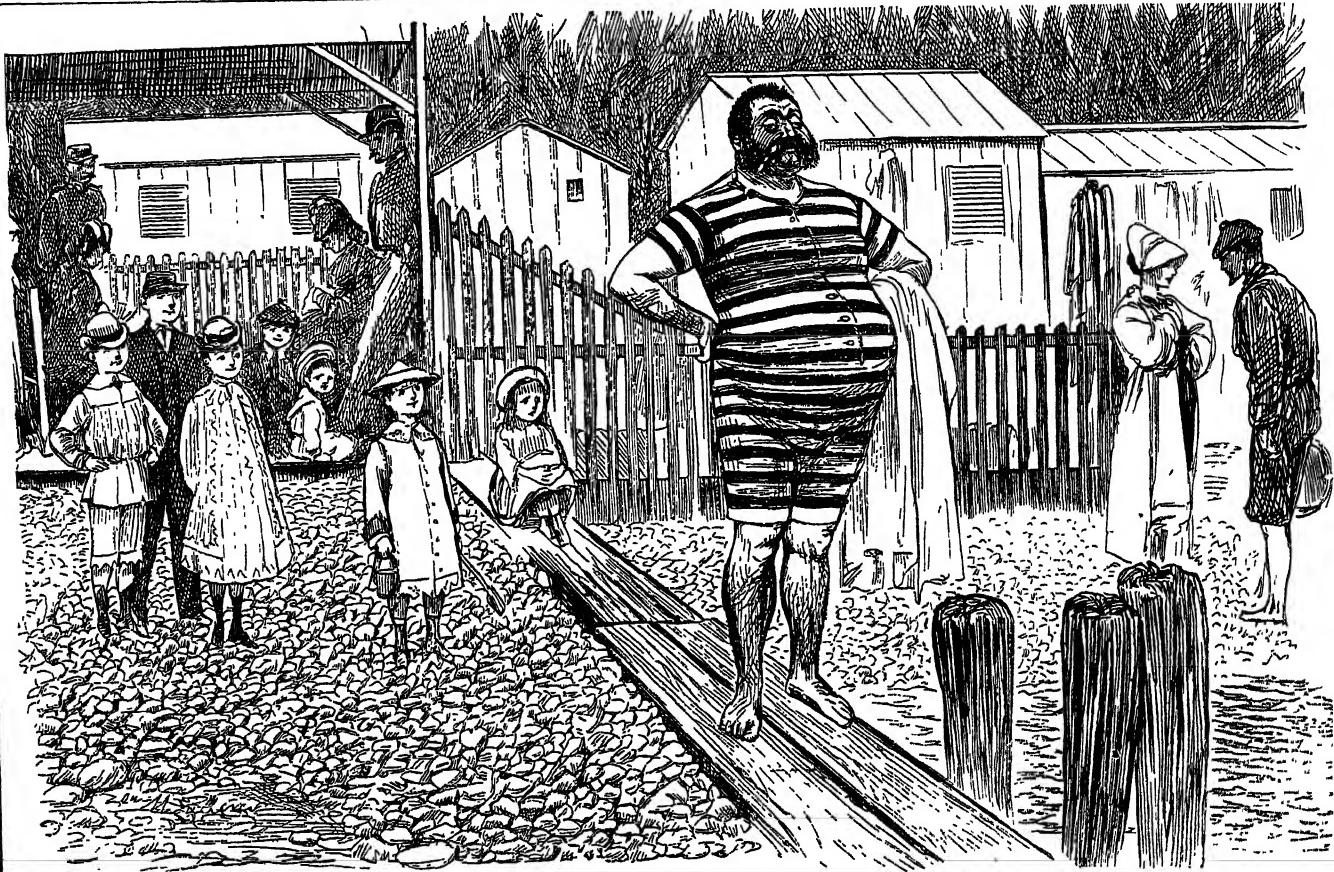
We have now come to a large peat bog, studded with little islets of heather. It's no longer walking, but jumping, with the danger of a peat-bath, and possibly a peat-grave.

I no longer feel cold, but hot, both in mind and body. All of a sudden Keeper cries, "Mark!" as an old cock grouse emerges from his hiding-place, and crows defiance at me. In taking aim, I lose my footing. I believe I hear Bag-carrier laugh as I fall into what I have no doubt will prove a bottomless bog. Thank goodness, I go no further than my knees; but my nerves are shaken: and I boldly tell Keeper I'm going home. He accedes, scornfully, and looks as though he thought the ghost of LORD ROCKET would haunt both of us for ever.

On the way home Dog suddenly makes a dead point, and I stand expectant once more. This time it isn't even a lark, but only a Daddy Long-legs. Yet I had to go up a considerable hill after that Daddy Long-legs. I deserve some champagne. I hope I shall get it.

As I trudge home dead-beat I can't help thinking that if, as MR. RUSKIN says, it is a nobler occupation to try to make wild birds tame than tame birds wild, I at least have done my little to encourage wild grouse to lay aside their timidity of man. However, I forgot my fatigue in the delightful anticipation of talking over my prowess to Mrs. and Miss PRETTYMEN. They know nothing about grouse-shooting, except that it's a very fine thing, and that all who take part in it are very fine fellows.

I deserve some compensation for all I have suffered; to say nothing of the sovereign I shall have to give Keeper, and the half-crown to the boy who has carried the bag. I don't feel either of them has earned his money.



STUDY AT A QUIET FRENCH WATERING-PLACE.

"Now, then, Monsoo, your form is of the manliest beauty, and you are altogether a most attractive object; but you've stood there long enough. So jump in and have done with it!"

A FEW DAYS IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE.

The New Arrivals—Opinions—The Ladies—Etiquette—Re-arrangements—Boodels' Information—Chatting—A Thorough Bore.

BOODELS' great merit is his superlative valuation of his friends. The more recent his acquaintance with them, the more brilliant they are in his eyes—like new furniture or patent leather boots just sent home. When BOODELS makes new friends, he likes them to be sent to his home at once, just as he does with new purchases. Consequently, the BUDDERMERS, whom he first met quite recently at Scarborough, have already arrived, and we have been prepared, by BOODELS' enthusiastic description, to see something exceptionally brilliant. MRS. BUDDERMER—BOODELS always speaks of the lady first, giving you to understand that she has generally been the attraction—"Mrs. BUDDERMER," he says, "is simply the handsomest woman he has ever met. She is so charming, so unaffected, and her dresses are the most expensive things you ever saw, and her taste exquisite!" MR. BUDDERMER (he is not always so enthusiastic, we notice, about the husband) is a very clever man. He is connected, says BOODELS, with several scientific societies, and there's hardly a subject on which he is not thoroughly well informed. "He writes, I believe," BOODELS adds, "for the *Saturday Review* and *The Quarterly*."

"So do I," cries MILBURD, winking at me.

"You!" retorts BOODELS, contemptuously.

"Yes I do," MILBURD returns. "I write for the *Saturday Review*—to the office, whenever I want it, inclosing sixpence-half-penny, and they always send it. Ha! ha! ha! Eh?" Then turning to me, and alluding to BOODELS, "He thought I wrote articles for the paper. Ha! ha! ha!"

"And MRS. BUDDERMER?" I ask, anxious to return to the subject and nip MILBURD's fun in the bud.

"She is his daughter by a first marriage," BOODELS answers. "One of the cleverest and most amusing girls I ever met. There isn't a novel she doesn't read."

"Pretty?" is the natural inquiry from his audience.

"She's very pretty. In fact," he goes on, feeling that he has not said half enough about her, "she is, simply, the prettiest girl I've ever seen, I think. And she's an heiress with about fifty thousand pounds of her own. She dresses magnificently. Such diamonds! But so has MRS. BUDDERMER: they're literally smothered in diamonds."

"What's old BUDDERMER then?" asks MILBURD, who affects to be no respecter of persons. "A money-lender? Eh! Ha! ha! ha! He's old Shixty-per-Shent. Ha! ha! ha!"

BOODELS is thoroughly annoyed with MILBURD.

"They are my guests," says BOODELS, sniffing indignantly; "and, if they're not good enough for you, you can go."

"All right, old boy!" returns MILBURD with the utmost good-humour. "I don't mean anything, you know. I'll get old BUDDERMER to lend me a few thousands, and then marry his daughter in order to pay him back. Ha! ha! ha!"

MILBURD has been asked here expressly because "there never was such a fellow for a country-house as MILBURD for keeping everyone in such good spirits," and not a day—not an evening—has passed, without everyone being on the verge of a row with some one (generally with BOODELS himself), in consequence of MILBURD. MILBURD has a most good-humoured and pleasant knack of setting everyone by the ears, and then retiring, as it were, from the field of battle, occasionally returning, conversationally, to see how the fight's going on, and just joining in, siding first with one side then with another, just to keep the game alive. As for himself, he only says the rudest things in the heartiest manner; and as he hasn't an idea of what delicate consideration means, nobody likes to attempt a repartee with him, because he is sure to reply with something personal and peculiarly objectionable. Again, you can't do much, in the cutting retort line, against a strong young man, whose never-failing repartee is a whack on your back with his big open palm, and a shout of "Hallo! old boy!" in your ear, as though he were calling to you a mile off; and don't you wish he were? He always has "a gallery" with the servants. MILBURD at dinner poses for them, and is stronger in broad farce (in "clowning," the Poet MUMLEY calls it) than in comedy.



“DISPUTED EMPIRE!”



A FACT.—(FREE TRANSLATION.)

Custom-House Officer. "HAS YOUR DOG BEEN VERIFIED?" Brown. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"
 Custom-House Officer. "HAS HE BEEN PASSED BY THE VERIFICATOR, LIKE THE REST OF YOUR
 'BAGAGES'?" Brown. "MY DOG'S NOT A 'BAGAGE'!"
 Custom-House Officer. "HE IS VERY LARGE FOR A DOG! HOW WOULD YOU THAT WE SHOULD KNOW
 IF HE DOES NOT CONTAIN OBJECTS OF CONTRABAND, PARBLEU!"

This evening the presence of the new arrivals causes an alteration in the table arrangement. HAMILIN MUMLEY the Poet, who has been, till now in the Vice-Chair, is deposed to make room for MR. BUDDERMER; "because," says BOODELS (who has his own views of the strictest etiquette) "he is the older man, and you can't put a bachelor at the bottom of the table when there's a married man present."

Somehow we, of the previous established party, are inclined to resent this. We are all older friends of BOODELS than this MR. BUDDERMER, whom he only met last year at Scarborough. "A Jew money-lender, or a swindler, for anything BOODELS knows about him," insists MILBURD.

BOODELS takes an opportunity of informing us, pointedly before MILBURD, that the BUDDERMERS live in the best society; that they are out every night during the season, except when they are giving most splendid parties at their own house; that they have the most beautiful equipage in London; that they go to the PRINCE OF WALES's garden-parties; that there isn't a State Ball to which they are not invited; that privately, without anyone knowing much about it, she (MRS. BUDDERMER) visits the QUEEN at Buckingham Palace, "and is" (BOODELS informs us the more emphatically because he detects MILBURD winking) "constantly at Windsor; not, of course, when anyone's there, but as a private friend. But," BOODELS adds, as though he were afraid of having committed some breach of confidence about his Scarborough acquaintances, "don't talk of it before them."

"No, I should think it would be a sore subject," says MILBURD, giving me a painfully sharp nudge. But BOODELS pays no attention to his remark.

We are all of us oppressed by this greatness being thrust upon us. For my part, when I am dressing for dinner on the first evening of their arrival, I feel inclined to go to bed, and leave the BUDDERMERS to BOODELS.

POGMORE, MUMLEY, and MILBURD are all more or less sulky about it, and agree that the charm of the place will be thoroughly destroyed by this incursion.

Consequently, we are all late for dinner except MILBURD, who, after abusing MR. BUDDERMER as a money-lender, and the whole party as, probably, "swindlers" who have gammoned BOODELS at Scarborough, has dressed rapidly, has been down in the drawing-room a full quarter of an hour before anybody else, has thoroughly ingratiated himself with the new arrivals, and has conciliated BOODELS to such an extent, that I overhear our host in the recess in conversation with Mrs. BUDDERMER, informing her that his old friend MILBURD is the cleverest, Wittiest man he has ever met, that he'll keep you in a roar of laughter, that he is the life and soul of every Country House. "And," he adds, in order to increase his present house value, "he is a most difficult man to get hold of, he's always engaged."

"I think," I hear Mrs. BUDDERMER observe to BOODELS, "I remember meeting him at Brixfield, the DUKE OF STRAWBROOKH's place, two years ago."

"Very likely," says BOODELS, carelessly. Had MILBURD himself told him of his having been in such aristocratic society, BOODELS wouldn't have believed him, but, taking it on Mrs. BUDDERMER's authority, it assumes the greatest importance as a fact, and MILBURD's value has gone up immensely in the market. In future, BOODELS' account of MILBURD will be, "Don't you know him? Oh! he's

a very old friend of mine. He's the wittiest, cleverest fellow you ever met. It's most difficult to get him to come and stay a few days, as he's always with the Prince, or at the DUKE OF STRAWBURY's place, or with some of our greatest swells."

MRS. BUDDERMER is a rather tall, elegant lady. There seems to be a great deal of velvet and glitter about her, also lace. She is the first person you see on entering the room, and the first person who sees you. You recognise her voice as MRS. BUDDERMER's, though you've never heard it before. She is still a handsome woman. Her eyes invite you to come up and talk as an intimate friend at once. MUMLEY is caught. The Composer is caught. I am caught. We are all caught in order, hooked, landed. She is the Trimmer—very much the Trimmer—and we are the Eels. HAMILIN MUMLEY, who came in like a sulky lion, is going on like a silly lamb. POGMORE the Composer, who assumed indifference (everyone comes into the drawing-room in his own peculiar manner, both before and after dinner), is now standing by MRS. BUDDERMER, pointing out the beauties of the garden. I want to take my turn with MRS. BUDDERMER, but MILBURD is with her, and if I go up now, he is sure to say something unpleasant, personal, about myself. He has no tact. BOODELS, however, introduces me, and leaves me. MRS. BUDDERMER acknowledges my presence, but resumes her conversation as if I were a parenthesis in the middle of a sentence. MILBURD ignores me. I feel inclined to walk away, but then I am sure they would laugh at me behind my back. What they are talking about, I haven't the slightest idea. BOODELS should have chosen another moment for introduction.

"I don't think he was always like that," she observes to MILBURD, taking up the thread of their previous conversation which I had interrupted.

"Yes," replies MILBURD, "after her escapade. You see it was a very unpleasant affair." They don't even throw me a hint to catch hold of. It's very awkward to feel "out of it," but I do.

"Of course. But it was her fault making it so public."

"Partly. How did you like the ponies?"

"The creams? Oh, they were very pretty, but they were so slow, and she used really to flog them unmercifully."

"She used. You know what they used to say in the Park? No! Didn't you hear? They used to call them the Whipped Creams."

"The whipped creams!" repeats MRS. BUDDERMER. "Oh, that's very good." Then she laughs. She has beautiful teeth. But while she laughs at MILBURD's wretched nonsense, she's only pretending to laugh. I'm sure—she looks at me as much



"THE WAY WE HAD IN THE ARMY."

Colonel (of the pre-Examination period—to studious Sub). "I SAY, YOUNGSTER, YOU'LL NEVER MAKE A SOLDIER IF YOU DON'T MIND WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT!" Sub (mildly). "I SHOULD BE SORRY TO THINK THAT, SIR!"

Colonel. "I SAW YOU SNEAKING UP THE HIGH STREET YESTERDAY, LOOKING LIKE A METHODIST PARSON IN REDUCED CIRCUMSTANCES!—HOLD UP YOUR HEAD, SIR! BUY A STICK, SIR! SLAP YOUR LEG, SIR! AND STARE AT THE GIRLS AT THE WINDOWS!"

as to say, "Do talk, do join and relieve me, I'm sure I'd much rather talk to you than him, and if you begin perhaps he'll go."

As the Poet and the Composer, early next day, express a very favourable opinion of Mrs. BUDDERMER, I wonder if they felt this *attrait* as well as myself.

"Mr. BOODELS has no Lawn Tennis ground here, has he?" she observes, as a chance to me.

"No, he hasn't. Do you play, Mrs. BUDDERMER?" I ask.

"A little. I began it last year."

"You don't play, do you?" breaks in MILBURD to me, loudly and rudely. He has had his innings; why can't he let me have mine? I feel a presentiment that he intends saying something objectionable so as to make me appear ridiculous before Mrs. BUDDERMER. These are his tactics invariably.

"Not much," I reply, and am going on to talk to Mrs. BUDDERMER on more interesting subjects, when MILBURD laughs loudly, and says—

"You ought to play regularly two hours a day. That would fine you down a bit. Ha! ha! ha!"

If I retorted that "While I was playing Lawn Tennis he ought to go to school and learn manners," he would reply, "Well, you teach me—you're old enough." And I should be obliged to take it all good-temperedly, although if for this sort of thing I could, with moral and physical safety to myself, call MILBURD out into the garden, now, on the spot, and shoot him, I would. I don't mean to say that I feel sanguinary and revengeful, but I should just like to shoot him sufficiently to give him a lesson; and I feel that if everyone could shoot MILBURD whenever he was rudely personal, he would soon be stopped without being destroyed, and Society would be considerably the gainer.

The dinner-gong fortunately sounds at this moment. POGMORE has to escort Miss BUDDERMER, who is small, with light frizzy hair, and a pair of eye-glasses which she is perpetually using. She is a sharp, quick talker, and is far older in manner than her step-mother.

Mr. BUDDERMER is portentous. He is bald. On the strength of

this he is accredited with intellectual superiority. MILBURD says "he is a very clear-headed man," but explains that he alludes to the absence of hair. He has a philosophic beard, and if in classic drapery, would be an excellent model for MR. POYNTER, or MR. ALMA TADEMA. He is opinionated, and argumentative. He reads everything, and apparently learns leading articles off by heart. He is impervious to MILBURD's jokes. He is one of those nuisances who will read the newspaper aloud to you at breakfast. He is down first (that we found out on the morning after his arrival), and seizes the *Times*, leaving only the advertisement portion on the table. He destroys everyone's enjoyment of the news of the day by telling us beforehand, picking out bits here and there, prefacing them with such exclamations as "Dear me!" "Only imagine!" "Bless my soul!" or "That's very remarkable!" or "That's very strange?" "What's very remarkable?" and so forth, when he invariably reads the paragraph aloud in the most impressive manner.

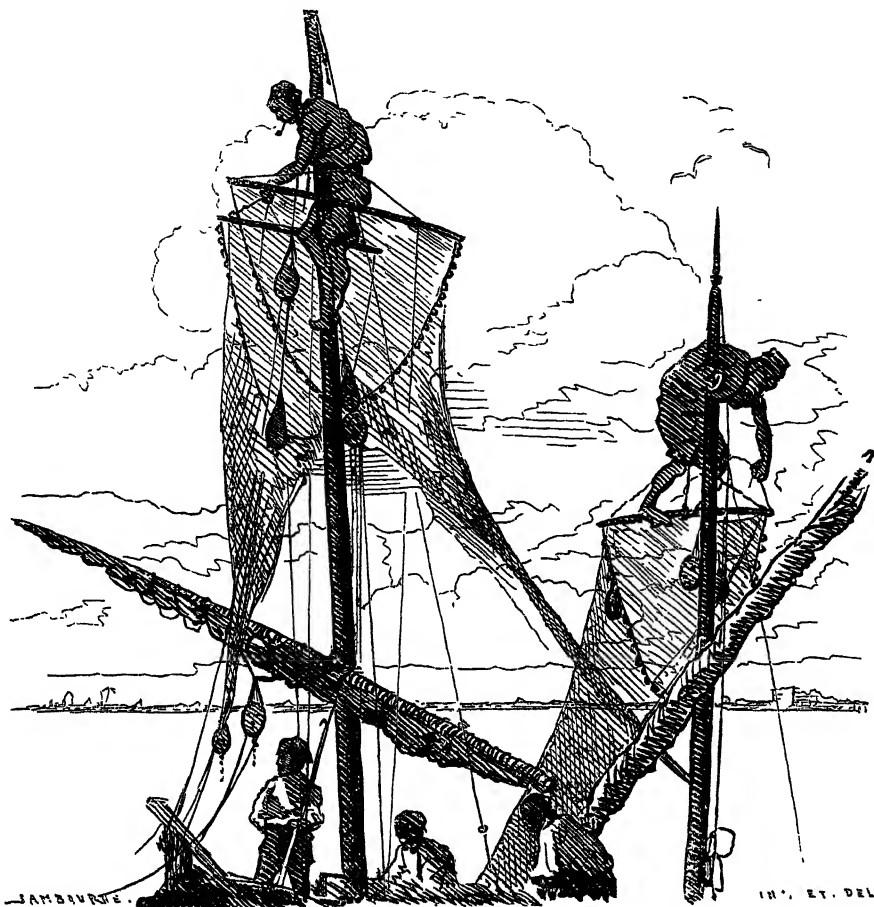
If (as happens after an experience of three mornings) no one takes any notice of him, he begins, "There's a bad accident at Doddlebrook Junction"—and then reads it; or he observes, "I don't think a Magistrate is justified in saying"—then comes the Police News. MILBURD does the state some service at the close of the fourth breakfast by saying, "I wish you'd keep that to yourself! You're so confidential! Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

Mr. BUDDERMER the Bald (the Poet calls him "Baldest the Beautiful") takes the hint and the paper; with which he disappears every morning, and there is the greatest difficulty in finding it again. This is his revenge.

The Bald One is now vice-chairman of the hospitable board at BOODELS.

MARS AND HIS STAFF.

The two newly-discovered satellites of Mars have been christened General Routine and General Red Tape.



HIDEOUS ATROCITY.

AS SEEN BY MCFUSSY AND HIS PARTY IN THE BAY OF ISMID. THE CAIQUE-MEN SAID IT WAS ONLY FISHERMEN, BUT WE KNEW BETTER!

ALARMING INROADS OF THE C. B.

OUR public offices, usually so calm, not to say stagnant, at this season of the year, have been thrown into such commotion through the thoughtlessness of Entomologists in America, and the recklessness of Naturalists at home, that *Mr. Punch* is astonished that the following startling occurrences have not ere this found their way to the daily journals through their Own Correspondents in Whitehall and Somerset House.

On Monday last one of the sorters at the Post-office in St. Martins-le-Grand, named MURPHY, had not returned at night as was his custom, to the bosom of his family. On search being made next morning, the wretched man was discovered in the Parcel Post Department completely covered, from head to foot, with a moving mass of Colorado Beetles, which had escaped during the night from the small card-board receptacles in which they had traversed the ocean in the mail-bags of Cunard and Black Ball Steamers. Nothing was left of the unfortunate MURPHY but his skin.

The Adjutant-General's Office was thrown into consternation on Thursday by the appearance on the wall behind the Adjutant-General's chair of an insect which was speedily identified, by the aid of field-glasses, as a Colorado Beetle of the largest size. The Aide-de-camp present on duty promptly sent an Orderly for a potato, while the Adjutant-General and several Field-officers present took advantage of the high ground offered by an adjacent sideboard to reconnoitre the enemy. Skirmishers were thrown out, on the arrival of the potato, in the persons of the Aide-de-camp and the Orderly, and after a flank movement on the Beetle, the potato was unmasked, and the enemy, making a dash at its favourite fruit, was drawn to an ambuscade represented by the official inkstand. At this moment the sideboard gave way with a crash, and the Adjutant-General and his forces fell back on their rear, where they were when our Correspondent sent off his dispatch. We shall try to report the conclusion of the engagement.

A cleaner in the House of Commons was taken out in a violent fit of hysterics on Friday, brought on by the approach of two Colorado Beetles, from under the Benches where the Obstructive Irish Members used to congregate. The Sergeant-at-Arms was sent for to expel the intruders, but though sliced potatoes have been plentifully scattered about as a bait, no further trace of them has as yet been discovered.

THE OLD STORY.

(*Scientific Version.*)

SCENE—Mount Edgecumbe.

TIME—During the Meeting of the British Association.

PROFESSOR EDWIN BROWN, F.R.S., to DR. ANGELINA JONES, M.D.

At the Professors' Ball to-night
Our orbits crossed; and still
Throbs on my arm of fingers light
The sweet magnetic thrill.

Like twin spheres through ellipses due,
A double constellation,
We moved to rhythmic music true,
In axial rotation.

The blood-corpuscles in my heart
Were stirred to sweetest tones,
As into voice electric start
Pulses of telephones.

We met again, and yet again,
And, unlike gravitation,
The psychic force which made us fain,
Increased by separation.

My senses you the more seduced—
Such Cupid's master malice is—
When to your elements reduced
By chemical analysis.

"To iron in her blood is due"
(I said) "that cheek's rare crimson;
Her silken tresses' golden hue
Means prevalence of brimstone.

"To protoplasm her cells were wrought
From ether's vortex-rings,
While, for her rearing, sunbeams brought
Their wave of golden wings.

"Her feelings may be all resolved
To cerebral attrition;
Mere energy," I said, "evolved
From brain-decomposition."

In vain! With love I glow the more,
The more I analyse you,
Sum up your elemental score,
And but the higher prize you.

Then speak, Automaton divine,
And save me from distraction;
Let our two lives in one combine
By mutual attraction!

* * * * *
Thanks, love; the sun withdraws his light
In cirrhus vapour-masses;
His beam, which noon combines to white,
Through rainbow-glories passes.

Like him our spectrum let's extend
Past visual rays far-shining,
Nor know of love or life an end,
In new force-forms combining!

Too Obvious.

MR. PUNCH hereby gives warning that having already received one hundred paragraphs ringing the changes on the name and feat of *Mr. CAVILL*—to the effect that *CAPTAIN WEBB*'s rival having got out of the water fifty yards from the shore cannot be said to have completed his swim across Channel without *Cavil*,—all future perpetrators of the same will be proceeded against with the utmost rigour of the waste-paper basket.

FOR CANTABS.—"Smith's Prize" for 1877. Appointment as First Lord of the Admiralty.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.

(By Observer HAWFINCH.)



"What, dostn't know what that there is,
For sих folly to 'scape thy lips?
That monster as meaks thee stare is,
Thee Moonealf, the Moon's Eclipse.
There was prawfuts to foowarn thee
If theed'st sense and eyes to look,
Why, didn't thy Almanac larn thee?
Or ca'snt shee rade thy book?"

Says DICK, "I bain't no scollard,
But that there zign in the sky,
Wun't a zoon wi' war be follerd',
Or a fammun or plag bimeby?"
"Yaa, Dick, thee wanted'st swishun,
At Sunday School, 'twas true,
But loor, by sooperstishun
How thee bist ate up too!"

HE zummer day wus ended;
The sky wus clear and bright;
The Moon wus shinun splendid,
Like a cheese o zilveree light.
The zilunce wus unbroken,
Whilst, restun arter tile,
My pipe in pace a smokun,
I zat athurt a stile.

Till that there son o' labour,
Dicc DUMPER, he come by,
And says, "How bisthee, neighbour?"
In aanswer, "Chuff," says I.
"But what look'at thee so glum at—
Like an owl at an air-balloon?"
"I thinks as how there's zummatt
The matter wi' the Moon."

And sure aloft just peepun,
There I zee like what med sim
A gurt brown counter, creepun
Upon the Moon's left rim;
Which sight made DICK to holler,
"Tis like a dragon's snout,
The Moon a gwinn to swaller."
An ignurnt countree lout!

"No faith in zigns dwoan't pleace,
That, what a zign thee'st call,
Is the Earth on the Moon's bright veace,
A vlingun a shade—that's all.
Zigns han't no zignifications,
He's a donkey and Simon Pure
As belaves the ass-severations,
O' ZADKIEL and FRANSUS MOORE."

Zo we watched the Eclipse, like many,
Till the Moon turned copper-brown,
And her veeace looked like a penny,
Instead o' a half-o'-crown.
Then agenst the hour o' closun,—
When the Rising Sun they clear,
And drive us all whoam to dozun,—
We went for our drops o' beer.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN AT A BALLET.

SIR.—A Ballet! a very pet of a Ballet! I haven't seen such a thing for years. Do you remember what Boz said to Cox as a reason for his not having seen the Rosjesmans, a popular exhibition when that old farce was new. "No, sir, I haven't seen them. My wife wouldn't let me." Of course, this was not the reason for my not having witnessed a ballet for years, but still I thought I could not better improve the occasion offered by the fact of Your Representative's Representative, his *alter ego* (or his other eye), being at the sea-side, than by dropping in at 10 P.M., a most convenient hour, at the Alhambra, in order to see Mr. THOMPSON's *Yolande*, to which I had alluded in my letter last week. Let me at once say that Mr. JACOB's music is light, graceful, and, where necessary, dramatic; and that Mr. CALCOTT's scenery, specially the Japanese Scene, with cascade of real water, is most picturesque. The costumes again, specially the Japanese, are thoroughly novel, and the combination of colour grouped on the stage is as effective as anything hitherto produced at this place.

"Story, God bless you," a ballet generally seems to say, like the needy Knife-grinder, "I have none to tell you;" but this is not so with Mr. THOMPSON's *Yolande*. The novelty in the *Yolande* is the fact of there being a story, though not a very strong or long one, told in pantomime by four principal characters, of whom Mlle. GILLETT does far more than mere posing, posturing, and dancing. She acts, and her fall, after the capitally fought duel with M. A. JOSSET, in the first scene, had it been in a melodrama, would have electrified the house. The interest of the story ceases, unfortunately, with the first Scene, which, as I have hinted, is a little drama in itself.

I see by the programme that this "*Romantic Ballet and Action*" was "*invented and designed*" by MR. ALFRED THOMPSON, while the dances were the work of Mons. A. BEETRAND, of the Grand Opéra, Paris. Clearly, then, the Author of the Ballet invents the actions which are to translate his story to the Public. How does he do it? Does he go through it in his own study? Does he try all the

TRUTH IN A HOLY WELL.

PERSONS about to proceed on pilgrimages to such sacred places as Lourdes and La Salette should meditate on the following illustration of

"RELIGIOUS MANIA.—Two young girls in a fit of religious enthusiasm have drowned themselves in the Holy Well at Marpingen, in Rhenish Prussia. The miraculous power of the well—a recent Ultramontane discovery—gave rise a short time ago to painful disclosures, which necessitated the interference of the police."

So that whether or no the well at Marpingen has the power of curing, it certainly has that of killing. Like all wells which are deep enough, it occasionally drowns people—and no wonder. If it had only refused to drown those religious enthusiasts, the two young girls who jumped into it in a paroxysm of their disorder—what a miracle that would have been for the Ultramontanes! Miraculous wells in general, we would prettily suggest, are different from the well wherein Truth lies.

DRY GRAZING GROUND.

ACCORDING to the *Meat and Provision Trades' Review*, CONSUL PERCEVAL, at Port Said, invited to report on the cattle that could be supplied to England from his district, returned LORD DERBY the following answer:

"My Lord.—With reference to the Foreign Office Circular of the 19th ult., I have the honour to inform your Lordship that, the whole of my district being desert, there are no sheep or cattle thereon."

What was the Foreign Office thinking of to request information respecting the amount of animal food obtainable from the desert about Port Said? Anyone must have known it would supply nothing, in the beef or mutton way, except in the form of the venerable pun, "The sand-wich you find there."

EX-NILO.—The Nile refuses to rise as usual. No doubt MR. STANLEY has succeeded in turning off the upper waters into another channel. The D. T. will in due time inform us.

business, all the "action" of the scene by himself to himself, and "not say nothing to nobody." I am deeply interested.

I should like to write a ballet. *Enter Antonio*. Antonio strokes his face three times to indicate — What? I don't know. Who knows? I can imagine actions for love (which would be breach of promise cases, and others in the Court of Lord PENZANCE), also for hunger, and despair; but what does a ballet-dancer mean by stroking her own face with her right hand, unless she wishes to convey the idea that the person she is in love with has (or has not) a beard? Why does she impudently point to her right toe? Why does she spread out both her hands and shake her head at the public, and then run away? Why do lovers in ballets always have a little game with a rose or a bouquet, the gentleman dancer offering it and withdrawing it, and the lady running away, under his arm, to the other side of the stage? Where did this originate? Is it the custom of any country whatever? If so, where? And aren't they tired of it by this time?

Yolande, it is true, has this hide-and-seek bouquet dance in it, but otherwise it is novel and original, and it is a step—or rather steps—in the right direction, that is, in the direction of a ballet of interest as well as a ballet of action. But if I am asked to write a ballet "of action," I should consult a solicitor, a dancing solicitor, of course.

Hoping that the Alhambra Company generally will appreciate the interest of *Yolande*, and recommending the stayers in town to see it, I remain ever

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

A propos Acrostic.

P ARNELL.
O 'DONNELL.
N OLAN.
G RAY.
O 'GORMAN.

BIGGAR is omitted in deference to the Anthropoid's feelings.

PROTECTION V. RESTORATION.



If walls had mouths as well as ears, "Save us from my friends" might be the cry of many an ancient building. Next to wanton Destruction, their most deadly enemy has been wilful Restoration—the Restoration that consists in pulling down all that testifies to the time between the original erection of the building and the present day. Old buildings interest most of us, as a rule, more through their associations than their architecture. And even reproduction of the original architecture is, in most cases, felt to be dearly purchased by removal of the association-pegs.

We read the history of Church or Castle in its incongruities—the Early English body grafted on the Romanesque head, and supported on one Decorated and one Debased lower-extremity. Old Time looked in on us through those Flamboyant eye-holes in a Norman face, and winked at his own revenges in the shape of Jacobean doorways

or Queen-Anne woodwork on Gothic walls. And what if, as WORDSWORTH says, "A Juggler's balls old Time about him toss?" There was life in even the wildest of the old Boy's vagaries, and he never jumped over a style without leaving you something to learn, if only in the measurement of his footprints.

But your scientific restorer won't stand by any of old Time's nonsense. He shuts him in the stocks of style, and denies him the right of even making his mark, much less leaving his record on those old erections, which from "dead," walls he made living by his hand-writing.

At last Restoration has gone such lengths in destruction of all traces of the past in our Cathedrals and Churches that those who love to question the past, and take an interest in its record, have been roused to protest, by forming a society for "the Protection of Ancient Buildings," not against old Time, but his enemy, the new Trim. This Society numbers, among its members, many of our most distinguished artists, and lovers of Art, and has for its Secretary one of our foremost poets.

Here is their explanation of the need which has brought such a Society into being:—

"No doubt," they say, "within the last fifty years a new interest, almost like another sense, has arisen in ancient buildings; and they have become the subject of one of the most interesting of studies, and of an enthusiasm religious, historical, artistic, which is one of the undoubted gains of our time: yet we think, that if the present treatment of them be continued, our descendants will find them useless for study and chilling to enthusiasm. We think that those last fifty years of knowledge and attention have done more for their destruction than all the foregoing centuries of revolution, violence, and contempt."

"For Architecture, long decaying, died out, as a popular art at least, just as the knowledge of mediæval art was born. So that the civilised world of the nineteenth century has no style of its own amidst its wide knowledge of the styles of other centuries. From this lack and this gain arose in men's minds the strange idea of the Restoration of ancient buildings; a strange and a most fatal idea, which by its very name implies that it is possible to strip from a building this, that, and the other part of its history—of its life that is, and then to stay the hand at some arbitrary point, and leave it still historical, living, and even as it once was."

Most people who have shivered under the chill struck by some brand-new and intensely old building fresh from the hand of the Restorer, must have felt the sense of emptiness which follows the removal of alterations, every one of which was alive with the spirit of the time in which it was made, and the substitution of the modern antiquity due to the Restorer's more or less genius guided by his more or less knowledge.

The Society do not hesitate to say,

"Of all the Restorations yet undertaken the worst have meant the reckless stripping a building of some of its most interesting material features; while the best have their exact analogy in the Restoration of an old picture, where the partly perished work of the ancient craftmaster has been made neat and smooth by the tricky hand of some unoriginal and thoughtless hack of to-day."

Not that the Society would let time and weather work their will on venerable walls. They call upon those who have to deal with them

— "to put Protection in the place of Restoration, to stave off decay by

daily care, to prop a perilous wall or mend a leaky roof by such means as are obviously meant for support or covering, and show no pretence of other art, and otherwise to resist all tampering with either the fabric or ornament of the building as it stands; if it has become inconvenient for its present use, to raise another building rather than alter or enlarge the old one; in fine, to treat our ancient buildings as monuments of a bygone art, created by bygone manners, that modern art cannot meddle with without destroying."

And they conclude, as *Punch* concludes with them,

"Thus, and thus only, shall we escape the reproach of our learning being turned into a snare to us; thus, and thus only, can we protect our ancient buildings, and hand them down instructive and venerable to those that come after us."

A MENAGERIE ON THE MOVE.

A Protest from a Timid T. G.

"A CURIOUS FRIGHT.—The Chatham and Dover Railway Company has, through its Continental Manager, Captain GODBOLD, arranged to deliver at the Alexandra Palace, within twenty-four hours of its collection in Paris, the caravan of Nubian animals now being exhibited at the Jardin d'Acclimation in that city. The collection, which includes seventeen racing dromedaries, eight giraffes, three rhinoceros, five elephants, buffaloes, and goats, hunting dogs and ostriches, will be transported under the care of the fourteen Nubian hunters who captured the animals."

BLESS my bones! What next, I wonder! Surely this must be a lark.

Dessay this 'ere sort o' thing was very well in Noah's Ark, Where the beasts was on behaviour—leastways, I should hope they were,—

But the Zoo a-going by rail! It's jest enough to raise one's hair.

Never liked them Iron-Roads, Sir! too much row and risk for me. But this notion simply is the horridest I ever see. Wasn't busts and spills and smashes dangers quite enough, but what

They must add the chance of being crunched or swallowed to the lot?

Well boxed up? Oh, don't tell me! Why jest suppose there came a smash;

All the beasts as wasn't killed for liberty 'ud make a dash. Whereupon—oh! g-r-r-r! it's gruesome. What a very lively go, Bolting down a ten-mile cutting followed by a buffalo!

Special train? Oh, very likely. But there's others on the line, And this Jamrach lot might chance to be in front or rear of mine. I confess my very marrer chills at picturing me or MARY Faced by a Rhinoceros or hunted by a Dromedary.

Nubian hunters too. How nice! Great thick-lipped darkies, I suppose, Nearly na—; leastways, with little in the way of Christian clothes.

Almost worse than t' other warmints; don't like Ostriges and such, But a bare black Nimrod brandishing his spear,—oh Moses! it's too much!

I don't ride by rail no more if this 'ere sort o' thing prevails: I should always be a looking out for claws and teeth and tails. Couldn't take my forty winks but I'd expect to wake and see A tiger hooking MARY off, a sarpint making eyes at me.

Dissent and Disestablishment.

THE Ritualistic extravagances in All Hallow's, Southwark, alleged to have been introduced by the Rev. G. W. BERKELEY, Vicar of the District, are denounced in an address to the BISHOP OF ROCHESTER voted the other night at a public meeting, in a report of which it is related of MR. BERKELEY that:

"His preaching included the necessity of Disestablishment, the Real Presence, Purgatory, and Prayers for the Dead."

The necessity of Disestablishment is an addition to Roman doctrine, apparently of Mr. BERKELEY's own. Ritualistic persons do not generally preach it. But Disestablishment, although not a point of those Clerical Dissenters' preaching, is, if they are permitted to persist in their fooleries, very likely to be the result of their practice.

Unseasonable and Seasonable.

Hot Politician (who wants to have an argument, stopping a friend just as he is getting into a cab). I say, are you for the Turks?

Sporting Friend (with gun-case). Blow the Turks! I'm for the Moors! [Drives off to Euston Square.]



"FROGGY WOULD A-WOOING GO!"

A FEW DAYS IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE.

The Dinner with the New Arrivals—The Vice-Chair—The First Topic—Dinner Cantata—A Suggestion—Prelude—Finish of First Movement—Notes on the Weather—Some of our Excitements—The Brusher—Plunging in—An Awkward Prospect.

AT dinner on this first evening with our new arrivals, the BUDDERMERS, the order of conversation is as follows.—First, the weather, by way of prelude (as I subsequently suggest to POGMORE the Composet, who might do worse than write a Cantata in Eight Courses, and a Dessert, entitled *Dinner*,—to my mind a most expansive idea), led off by BUDDERMER in the vice-chair, looking as wise as he is bald. In his gravest and most philosophic manner, after having settled himself on his seat and arranged his napkin to his liking, BUDDERMER, with the air of a man of science intensely interested in the probable forthcoming solution of a problem which has been apparently disturbing his rest for days, puts this question to the Poet—

"What sort of weather have you been having here lately?"

In breathless suspense, and in strained silence, only broken by the Butler handing the soup, we await MUMLEY's reply. We, as

it were, hang on the Poet's lips. We are all (I feel sure) trying to recall what sort of weather it has been during the last three days at Boodels, just as boys in a class, dreading individually lest the question put by the master to number one should be passed on to them, scrub up their wits to try with all their might and main to remember the right answer. We are all becoming mentally confused as to whether it was or was not fine on Monday last, and are inexplicably relieved when MUMLEY, with greater presence of mind, than could have been expected of a Poet in such an ordinary affair, deliberately replies—

"Well, it has not been much to boast of."

Whereupon the strings of our tongues being loosened, we shake our heads, the strings of our heads are at the same time loosened also, and declare that MUMLEY is right, and that the weather has not been much to boast of. Then BUDDERMER, in the vice-chair, being a man of vast conversational resources, seizes the opportunity to tell us what sort of weather he had (from his account you would think that Providence had arranged the weather for his special annoyance) when he was in Wales this time last year; which reminiscence gives the cue for Mrs. BUDDERME to observe to BOODEL, "You know Wales, of course, Mr. Boodels?" and BOODEL, whose thoughts have been far from the subject of conversation, having been engaged



NO MISTAKE, THIS TIME.

Lodger. "DEAR ME, MRS. CRIBBLES, YOUR CAT'S BEEN AT THIS MUTTON AGAIN!"

Landlady. "OH NO, MUM, IT CAN'T BE THE CAT. MY 'USBAND SAYS HE BELIEVES IT'S THE COLLERLARDA BEETLE!"

in calculating whether the fish would go all round or not, and whether he hadn't been helping too plentifully, replies, "Yes—Wales. Oh yes, charming"—sending off a plateful—"beautiful,"—sending off another—"I mean I didn't like it at all—to SPURLING, the Butler), eh? one too many?—oh, that's all right."—and he takes the extra plate himself, rejoicing. Then there is a pause. Everybody wondering to themselves what everybody else would like to talk about.

POGMORE the Composer finding the silence oppressive, comes out with, "So you didn't like Wales, eh, BOODELS?"

But the Butler is whispering something in his master's ear, and there being nothing in POGMORE's observation calling for immediate attention, no one takes any notice of it, except MILBURD, who looks up at him pitifully, touches his forehead, and then resumes his eating, whereas POGMORE looks angry, colours up, is just going to say something sharp, but thinking better of it, dashes in again at a remaining bit of fish, and we relapse into silence.

Murmurings of "No, thank you," and "Thank you, yes," to the Butler's assistant (a hireling) going the rounds with sherry, set us talking again.

Mrs. BUDDEMER leads off with a note of admiration—"What a very pretty place you have here, Mr. BOODELS!"

BOODELS, pleased, admits, diffidently, that it is a pretty place. His smile of satisfaction expresses, "Yes, Nature and myself have done it. 'Nature and Boodels' is the firm."

Mrs. BUDDEMER continues, "And at the end of your garden I think I saw a considerable piece of water. Is it a river?"

"No," BOODELS explains, "it's not a river. It's fed from the river. It's a pond."

I know, and we, the *habitues*, all know the remark that is sure to come from some one of the new arrivals. We eye one another as much as to say "You'll see," and are silent.

It comes gravely and oracularly from BUDDEMER the Wise in the vice-chair, or in the Wise-chair, at the end of the table.

"There ought to be a lot of fish in your Pond, BOODELS."

This makes BUDDEMER one of us; he has made the remark, and we can now talk to him in a brotherly spirit.

This observation about "fish in the Pond," is the key to the freedom of Boodels. We are all down on BUDDEMER the Bald at once. We tell him

of the Trimmer and its marvels; we recount wonderful stories of the Eel that must be seen to be appreciated, and which has never been properly appreciated, in consequence of never having been seen. BUDDEMER bites; even he, the stoic, the grave, the bald, the wise, even he becomes excited, and, but for the decencies of society, he would rush from the table down to the Pond, and set the Trimmer. The Pond certainly has a marvellous attraction. If, one day, from that Pond should arise a Nix (which does not mean a Nothing, but a sort of German freshwater Mermaid), who should captivate a visitor, perhaps BUDDEMER the Bald, and descend with him, fascinated, to the bottom of the Pond, never to return, or to return only once, when there would be such a row with Mrs. BUDDEMER (who would naturally want to know what had become of him lately) as would either send him back posthaste to the Nix, or keep him terrified on land until the Nix came to fetch him—and then—oh, what a scene!—to be described hereafter appropriately on the piano by the Composer, and celebrated in verse by the Poet. But this is romance.

Then Mrs. BUDDEMER winds up this new movement in the dinner cantata with,

"I hope it will be fine enough for us to go out after dinner, and walk down to the Pond."

And Miss BUDDEMER, who is shy and blushing and jerky, and who hasn't spoken as yet, but who has been looking about her through her little eye-glasses like a frightened fawn, or as a frightened fawn would if it had eye-glasses and were disturbed while feeding, even she observes nervously to me, "Yes, I should like to walk down to the Pond."

BOODELS is afraid that it's not warm enough for *al fresco* amusements after dinner.

While they are discussing this, and going over the old subject of the Trimmer and the Eel, in which, BUDDEMER, who gives out that he is a fisherman, evinces an immense interest—[By the way, all wise-looking, grave, bald men profess themselves fishermen; they disappear at certain seasons of the year in order to keep up the illusion, generally returning very much sunburnt, and with fierce-looking imitation insects of unnatural patterns, more calculated to frighten the fish into fits than catch them, complicated tackle, nasty awkward hooks, brown baskets and straps—but no fish]—while they are discussing these important piscatorial matters, and while Miss BUDDEMER, the nervously near-sighted, and myself are privately and separately determining what we shall begin to talk about to one another, I will just enter a few notes *a propos* of that most important subject in a Country-House, viz., the Weather.

I often see in the paper a heading, "The Weather and the Crops." At Boodels we have no crops, but plenty of weather.

Our first excitement in the day has invariably been, and will ever be, to go down to the Pond and see what the Trimmer has done in the night; for the Trimmer, being a disappointed, rakish kind of fishing apparatus, does nothing all day, in consequence of having been "out all night." The Trimmer, apparently, while out all night, generally shows signs of having got into bad company, as it has invariably been robbed of its bait, and presents itself to our eyes, under a very careless and untidy aspect. But that the bait has been taken by fish, proves incontestably that there must be fish in the Pond to take it. If what the old proverb says about the sea is true, viz., "There are as good fish in it as ever came out of it," then how excellent must the fish in BOODELS' Pond be that have never come out of it at all!

But the visit to the Pond is not our host's first excitement. No, *his* is the state of the weather. Before he enters the breakfast room, he stops before the glass in the hall, and taps it sharply; sometimes frowningly, sometimes smilingly, sometimes with an air of hopeless resignation. Then we, in the breakfast-room, inquire after the glass, more as a matter of politeness, as one might inquire after the health of BOODELS' grandmother or other relative, than from any confidence in the meteorological soundness of the barometer. And BOODELS replies reservedly that "it's going up," or "going down," or that "it hasn't moved," or he looks suspiciously at MILBURD, and wants to know "if anyone's been touching the glass," which implies either that something awful in storms is being threatened on an evidently fine day, or that the index marks "set fair,"

when the rain is coming down in torrents. MILBURD, in an injured tone, assures BOODELS that he wouldn't think of doing such a stupid thing, and BOODELS sits down to his egg and toast with a very incredulous air.

The next excitement for BOODELS (after a fierce tirade against BUDDERMER for having disappeared with the *Times*, the *Telegraph*, and two amusing local papers, with which literature in his hand, and in his pockets, we generally, after a hot pursuit, run him to earth in a small secluded arbour, at the end of the kitchen-garden) is again in connection with the weather. He retires to the Library, and locks himself in. When he re-appears, it is with a Weather Chart, which is a piece of paper, scored all over with musical lines, over which runs a zigzag kind of continuous crotchet, indicating (according to BOODELS) what direction the wind has been taking since yesterday morning. We then walk out, and look up at the weather-cock, which is a perfect genius of eccentricity. I make my own private annotations and remarks. They are as follows:—

BAROMETER.	WEATHERCOCK.	ACTUAL WEATHER.
Fair.	N. and N.W., then suddenly S., then S.E., but chiefly N. and N.W.	Rain; dull and muggy.
Rain.	E. N.E. Round again to S.W. Round again to N.E. Generally eccentric, but chiefly E.	Hot. Our best summer day. Lovely sunset. Hardly any breeze to speak of where we are, but then the Weather-cock is some forty feet above us.
Stormy.	N., N.E., N.W. Pretty steady to-day; probably tired of its eccentricity yesterday.	Sun shining; very hot; scarcely any air. First appearance of wasps; birds singing; insects humming; flies on Pond; fish leaping out to catch them. Trimmer unmoved.
Fine.	The Arrow going round and round, then stopping, then wagging convulsively, then round again quickly, like the needle on a game of chance making the circle of black and red.	Steady downpour of rain, so that you can hardly see through it.

Evidently, as regards the Barometer and the Weather-cock, two of a trade never agree.

The climate at Boodels is remarkable. When it is hot, it is intolerably hot. The atmosphere, laden with scents of flowers, is so heavy, that the visitors stretch out their hands to push it away from them, and make a hole in it for breathing through; after this effort they lie on the grass and gasp for breath, like so many freshly-caught fish on the bank of a stream. They drag themselves to the Pond, in the hope of a breeze. But the Pond on such a day appears to have become too lazy even to ripple, and is stagnant. A scum has collected on the surface, and there is most decidedly an odour, an unpleasant odour. BOODELS, on this being hinted to him, resents it as a cruel aspersion on his Pond, intended to take away its character. He says,

"If there is a smell" (and he doesn't smell it, he says), "it is only vegetable, not animal, matter; and decayed vegetable matter in a Pond is, as every chemist will tell you," he adds emphatically, "rather beneficial to health than not."

His guests say,

"Oh, indeed! Is it?"

But they avoid the Pond on these peculiarly beneficial days.

If it's so remarkably healthy, BOODELS might make a good thing by turning his house into a Pond-Cure Establishment during the summer.

When it's not oppressively hot at Boodels in July and August, it is so warm and humid, that the subject of conversation is the value of certain mineral waters considered as medicines for torpid livers and bilious headaches. The male guests try to rouse themselves, and go for walks (there are no games at Boodels—BOODELS not playing any himself), and the female guests (we are divided like an opera chorus) pass their day in "lying down," taking tea in their rooms, and reading novels. Fortunately MILBURD has discovered a friend of his near at hand at whose house is a billiard-table. BOODELS is glad to hear of it, and informs his guests of other people in the neighbourhood who have lawn-tennis grounds and bowling-greens, and who will be only too pleased to see them.

Further Notes.—I remark that the morning in this country-house (and in most country-houses that I've visited) commences with the sound of laborious pumping, as if a wing of the house were on fire and the engines had suddenly arrived. Even the pump, suffering from the climate at Boodels, has become congested, and endures

agonies every morning. Its last hydraulic groan is a sigh of relief, when its tortures are at an end.

A little later, I see the result of all this pumping in my bath, where the water is of a light-brown colour with little bits of stick in it, like weak cold tea with a sediment. And about this water there is a bushy sort of smell, which clings to my sponge for days after, and is highly suggestive of the Pond on one of those "scummy" days, which BOODELS declares are so highly salubrious.

If the Eel were to appear in my bath one morning I should not be surprised.

These are all subjects of conversation with which I can amuse Miss BUDDERMER, as a stranger to the place, at dinner. With one exception already recorded, she has not as yet spoken, but has been sitting very upright, very forward, on her chair (not being otherwise in the least "forward,") and has been occasionally glancing out of the nearer eye, nervously, sideways at me, and simpering.

"Simpering" is the word. Till now, often as I have heard the expression, I have never realised its meaning. Miss BUDDERMER simpers. When not glancing sideways, nor simpering, nor eating, she is engaged in making jerky furtive investigations into what everybody is doing all round the table, and into all corners of the room through her eye-glass. When she uses this, she pockers up her eyes so closely as almost to close them. She "squinnies" through them; that is the word. She squinnies and simpers. I am wondering what topic will interest her, when, as a preparatory note to the key in which I am going to pitch my conversation, I cough. This startles her, she drops her glasses, blushes, regards me askance, blushes more, and then simpers foolishly, as though I had intended something rather *risqué* by my cough. Evidently to prevent misconception I must begin. I dash in with "Are you fond of the country, Miss BUDDERMER?" at which she blushes more than ever. In fact her face is suffused with blushes. If any observant stranger were to look at us two, now, at this moment, he could not avoid coming to the very natural conclusion that I was a villain of the deepest dye, who had, in a low tone, uttered something horribly rude, which has mortally wounded her maiden modesty, and that she is on the point of flying from her ill-mannered persecutor by quitting the table. The latter effect would come from her sitting so far forward, and so rigidly upright. I almost feel inclined to apologise, and to whisper, "Pardon me if I have unintentionally offended you, but I only said, 'Are you fond of the country?'"

I am pausing for a reply, but I can't help thinking that if BOODELS has asked as one of the guests, a girl who is bent on misuderstanding everything, and taking offence at nothing, we shall have a nice time of it. I should call her The Blusher. If I were a conquering hero like the late Iron Duke, this could be a new historical picture for the Boodels Gallery, recording my introduction to Miss BUDDERMER, as "The Meeting of WELLINGTON and BLUSHER."

She is catching the Speaker's eye; mine, sideways.

PILGRIMAGES FOR THE PEOPLE.



A BRITISH house, in which a tragedy off the stage, that is to say a murder or suicide, has been enacted, becomes the object of Pilgrimages, such as in other lands are made to sacred shrines and fountains. It is well that the owner or occupier of such a house should know how to turn the notoriety of his property or abode to account. Here, with only nominal variations, is quoted from a contemporary some account of business done one day last week at a residence invested with that sort of notoriety:

SALE AT THE NUNNERY, BELHAM.—The recollections of the Bradshaw case have this week been revived in connection with the sale by auction of the other effects, together with the furniture, plate, pictures, wines, and library, which commenced yesterday, and will extend over to-day and tomorrow. The announcement of the sale has been the means of causing a very large number of persons to visit The Nunnery during the last three days. The particulars stated that the contents of the mansion would be on view on Monday and Tuesday, upon production of a catalogue, the charge for which was one shilling, and that each catalogue would only admit one person."

Of course this arrangement was intended merely to exclude in-

trusive cads, with whom gratuitous admission would have crammed the house, and crowded the premises, to their damage. But mark the effect of it:—

"On Monday the number of persons who went over the several apartments in the mansion was upwards of 700, notwithstanding that the weather was very unfavourable; whilst on Tuesday nearly 1,300 visited the place, great numbers of whom came in vehicles, which lined the road almost the whole of the day between the Tavistock Hotel, Belham, and Pootng Common, which The Nunnery immediately overlooks. Some idea of the interest and curiosity manifested in the sale may be inferred from the fact that the sum of £17 was taken on Tuesday for catalogues at the entrance alone, independently of those who arrived with it in their possession."

The sale, therefore, of the catalogue merely, must have realised what we, as well as Mr. BARNUM and his countrymen, might call a considerable sum. But the catalogue cost a little to get it up.

"The catalogue, which contains 733 lots as those to be sold, has a photograph of The Nunnery on the cover."

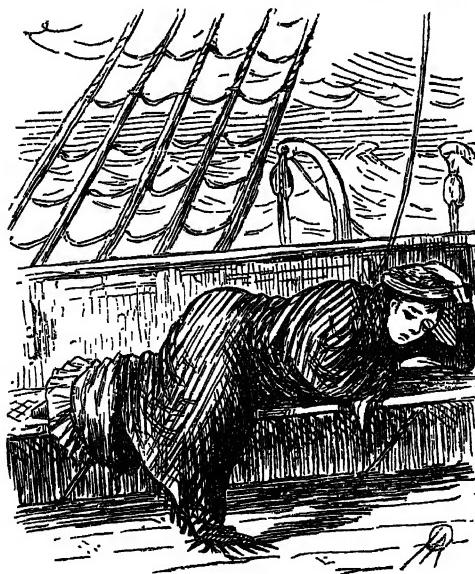
Now the expense of art, paper, and print, might have been saved by the simple expedient of a turnstile, with attendants to take money at the door. The pilgrims were attracted to The Nunnery by its tragic interest, and would have readily paid a shilling merely to be let in. The strength of that interest may be inferred from the statement that:—

"The sale took place on the first-floor landing, immediately adjoining the room in which the unfortunate Mr. BRADSHAW died. Most of the articles realised prices far beyond their value, and it was manifest that a desire to possess something belonging to the place prompted the biddings."

Only think how much money any person in possession of a house like The Nunnery, wherein a "tragedy" draws above a year after it is over, might make by rendering it a show place; throwing it open daily, or on certain days, according to convenience, as long as it might continue to attract pilgrims; for, of course, the name of such a house could not be perpetual, like that of SHAKSPEARE's for instance. It could not much outlast living memory. But it would remain a source of income for a long time; and in some cases this might make up for a difficulty in letting or selling it which might be experienced in a superstitious neighbourhood. A collection of razors, knives, daggers, pistols, bludgeons, boots, clogs, and other weapons, instrumental to the enactment of reporters' "tragedies," together with bits of rope, or any more easily procurable relics of great criminals; also a skull or two perhaps, and a real skeleton in a cupboard, to be seen within, might prolong, whilst intensifying, the magnetic attraction which a dwelling of that kind has for a sympathetic portion of the British Public.

HOW TO WELCOME THE FOREIGNER.

A FOLKESTONE BURLESQUE.



SCENE—

The Steamboat Stage at Boulogne. Enthusiastic Foreigner taking leave of his friends. Passengers hurrying from the Paris train to the Folkestone boat. General confusion. French maladictions and English oaths freely paid out by the Sailors belonging to the two nationalities.

Enthusiastic Foreigner. Good-bye, my friends. I go to England, to the land of freedom, to re-

realise my dream. I brave the terrible sea. Good-bye—pray for me. Encouraging Friend. Adieu, ALPHONSE. The sea is not so terrible. Look, it scarcely washes over the head of the Pier.

[The friends bid one another farewell with French effusion. Steamboat Official. Now you Sir, look sharp on board if you mean to go and don't keep blocking up the gangway.

[Enthusiastic Foreigner hears English spoken for the first time, and is hurried on board. He waves his hand to his friends, and then tries to find a seat. He at last obtains a place near the funnel.

Burly Englishman. Hi! I say. That seat is mine. Very sorry to trouble you, but—

[Enthusiastic Foreigner rises, apologises, and settles himself in another part of the boat.

Accomplished Englishwoman. Pardon, Mossoo, may set seat ay reservay pore les darmes—voo comprenny?

Enthusiastic Foreigner (raising his hat). Pardon, Madame. [Is hunted from pillar to post, until he finds a place near the engines.

The Steamer starts; passes by the excellent Café on the Pier, gives a plunge, a stagger, and then performs a series of the most brilliant acrobatic feats. The Passengers, their rugs and stools, are shuffled well together. The scene is too painful for further description.

First Fiend in Human Form (approaching Enthusiastic Foreigner). Like my coat to put over your knees, Sir?

Enthusiastic Foreigner (faintly). Go away!

First Fiend in Human Form. Oh, yer'd better 'ave it. (Throws a wet mackintosh over Enthusiastic Foreigner's prostrate form.)

Second Friend in Human Form (approaching Enthusiastic Foreigner). Now then, Sir, what's your class?

Enthusiastic Foreigner (more faintly). Go away!

Second Friend in Human Form. Not until I've seen your ticket. Now, then, get it out!

Enthusiastic Foreigner (after a long and vague search in all his pockets). 'Ere it is. You are a miserable—

[Is overcome with emotion.

Third Fiend in Human Form. By yer leave!

[Pulls an immense rope towards Enthusiastic Foreigner, who retreats slowly and painfully.

Enthusiastic Foreigner (with tears in his voice). Stewar'!

Fourth Fiend in Human Form. Coming, Sir!

[Hurries off to another part of the Boat.

Enthusiastic Foreigner (addressing Official in Gold-banded Cap). Is it soon that we arrive?

Official in Gold-banded Cap. Why, bless you, we've only just left Boolong!

Enthusiastic Foreigner (thirsting for consolation). But the sea will calm himself soon?

Official in Gold-banded Cap. Why, it ain't begun yet! You wait till we get past Cape Greeny, and then you'll see a little dusty weather.

[For a couple of hours the Steamboat continues its antics. At the end of that time the Boat has arrived at Folkestone with a cargo of Passengers more dead than alive.

First Fiend in Human Form (approaching Enthusiastic Foreigner). Now, Sir—if you please!

[Takes away his coat, and displays outspread palm.

Enthusiastic Foreigner (in a dying voice). Go away!

First Fiend in Human Form. Now then, I say, none of this! I want to be remembered. What you please, Mossoo. Arjong!—Money!

Enthusiastic Foreigner (feeling his tormentor). Go away! Ven shall we arrive ourselves?

First Fiend in Human Form. Oh, we have arrived. Now then, Sir, you must get up. We want this place.

[Shouts to his comrades. General confusion.

Enthusiastic Foreigner (trying to overcome his weakness). At last I leave Purgatory for Paradise! I am in England—the land of the free!—the land of hospitality!—the land which treats every man as a welcome guest, a much-loved brother! Ah, BRITANNIA, kind Mother, I greet thee!

[Gives up his ticket wearily and feebly, and lands.

First Thorough English Gentleman. Oh, look 'ere, BILL, ain't he yaller?

Second Thorough English Gentleman. Ain't it prime, ARRY? Allo, Mossoo, 'ow are you?

First Cad. Great fun! Had a bad passage, Sir?

Second Cad. Like a little mutton fat, Sir?

Chorus of Thorough English Gentlemen and Cads. Yah! Been sick, eh? Woa, Emma! 'Ow pale yer are! Yah! yah! yah!

Enthusiastic Foreigner (not quite so enthusiastic). And this is English hospitality! [Gazes in astonishment as the Scene closes in.

FOUR BOOKS WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE.

Macaulay as a Poet. By the Rev. ROBERT MONTGOMERY. Johnson's Life of Boswell. Ossian's Macpherson, and Mrs. Pepys' Diary.



A DIFFERENT-THING.

Paterfamilias. "ULLO, SMYTHE! IS THAT YOU? HOW ARE YOU, OLD FELLOW? HOW MUCH BETTER THEY MANAGE THESE THINGS IN FRANCE, EH? SO' JOLLY FOR A FELLOW TO BE ABLE TO BATHE WITH HIS OWN FAMILY, YOU KNOW!"
Captain Smythe (wistfully). "HAW—YES—OR ANOTHER FELLOW'S FAMILY, YOU KNOW."

MORE HOLIDAY TASKS.

EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.—To write the history of the PIGOTT family.

EARL OF DERBY.—To reconcile the various telegrams, letters, narratives, &c., relating to the War.

MR. GATHORNE HARDY.—To pay visits to the "retired" Generals.

MR. CROSS.—To study the proceedings at Bow Street every Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.

MR. W. H. SMITH.—To construct and sail little model vessels.

DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON.—To study Entomology, particularly the *Coleoptera*.

LOD JOHN MANNERS.—To collect postage-stamps.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.—To frame new and stringent Rules and Orders of Parliament.

FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS.—To inspect all the various sites proposed for CLEOPATRA's Needle.

EARL GRANVILLE.—To deliver more speeches of the Bradford type.

MR. LOWE.—To make the tour of England and Wales (on a bicycle), and gather opinions on the question of County Franchise.

MR. BRIGHT.—To read the principal speeches of the principal Tories during the last thirty years.

MR. GLADSTONE.—To divide his time between correspondence, contributions to periodical literature, tree-felling, and the delivery of addresses to politico-social audiences from the terrace at Hawarden. In any intervals of leisure, to watch the Colorado Beetle, keep an eye on CLEOPATRA's Needle, and perfect the Telephone.

THE BISHOPS.—To confess to one another the mistakes they have committed in their mis-treatment of Romanising Ritualism.

THE IRISH OBSTRUCTIVE M.P.'S.—To emigrate.

MR. WHALLEY.—To do penance in a white sheet on a market-day at Peterborough.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR.—To grow strong again.

THE LORD MAYOR.—To collect half a million of money for the Indian Famine Relief Fund.

MARSHAL PRESIDENT MACMAHON.—To avoid what TALLEYRAND considered worse than crimes.

THE GOVERNORS OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.—To move the School into the country.

HERR WAGNER.—To compose a new Opera, sparkling with popular airs.

MR. RUSKIN.—To cultivate a farm by spade-husbandry.

MR. THOMS.—To find a genuine Centenarian.

THE COLORADO BEETLE.—To cease to be a bugbear.

FOLKS AT FOLKSTONE.—To mend their manners.

MANAGING MAMMAS.—To pursue their "Autumn Manœuvres."

MR. PUNCH'S SPORTING FRIENDS AND ADMIRERS.—To despatch hampers of Game (*C. p.*) to 85, Fleet Street.

MR. PUNCH.—To keep his eyes and ears wide open.

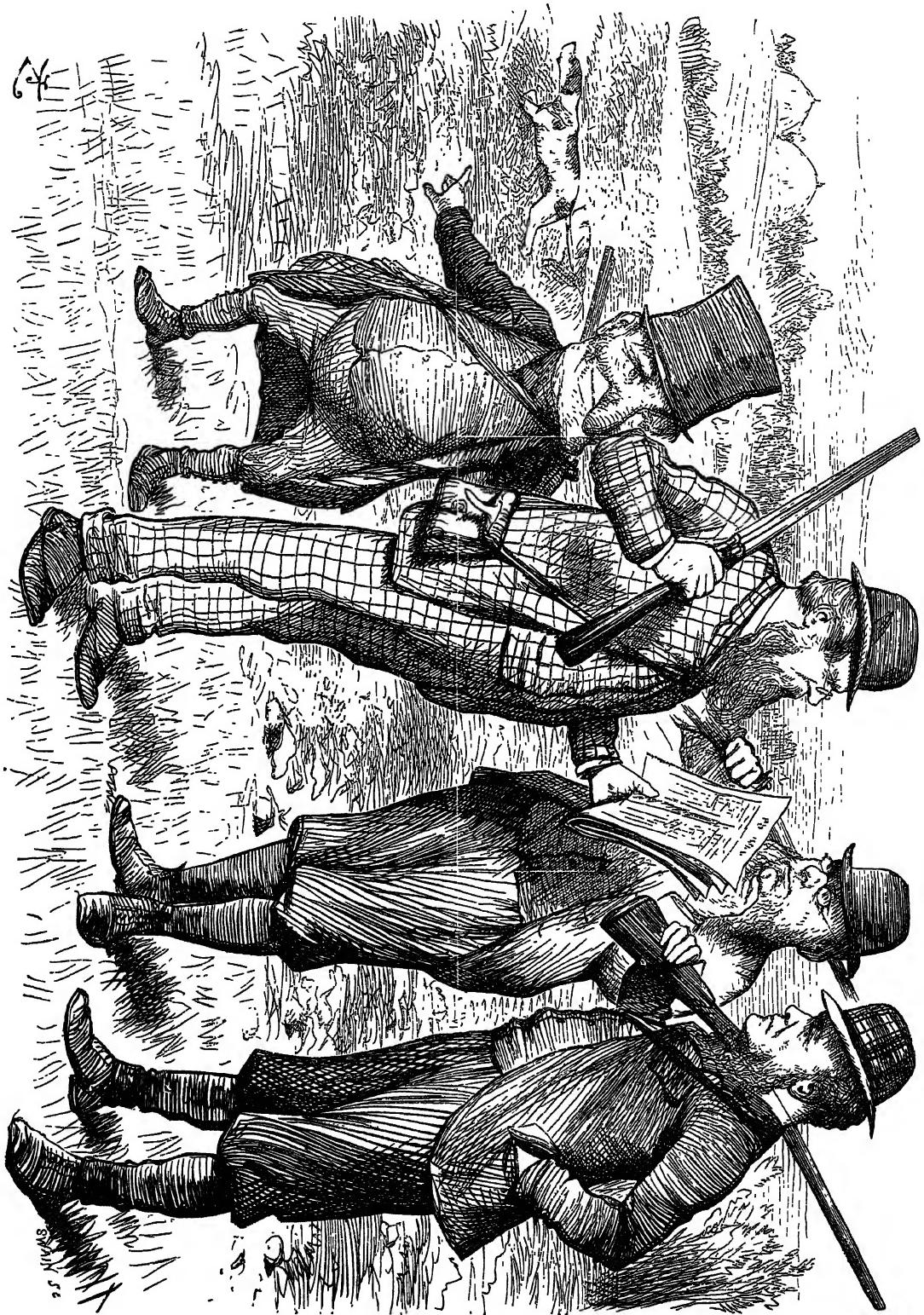
A NATION THAT PAYS.

By no means let an odious comparison be suggested by a statistical paragraph in the *Times* respecting

"CONSCIENCE MONEY."—The amount remitted to the Chancellor of the Exchequer as "Conscience Money" in the year ended March 31 was £14,823 4s. 3d., and to the Postmaster-General in Ireland £12, making £14,835 4s. 3d."

Of the Conscience Money remitted to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, a fully proportionate amount perhaps came from Ireland. But suppose the sum received by the Irish Postmaster-General to have been the sum total remitted. Then, of course, that small sum is all that was due; and £12 of Conscience Money was the utmost of the arrears that had burdened Ireland's conscience. The smaller of the above two sums, in comparison with the greater, represents the comparative conscientiousness and punctuality of Irishmen and Englishmen in paying their taxes; and let nobody imagine for a moment that the ratio subsisting between the English and Irish conscience is as 14,823 odd to 12.

"ARS CELARE ARTEM."—The art shown in hiding the missing Gainsborough.



ST. PARTRIDGE'S AND ST. STEPHEN'S.

KEEPER. "I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT YOU HAD HAD ENOUGH OF POLITICS. SEE IF YOU CAN'T DO BETTER WITH THE BIRDS THAN THE BILLS."

QUESTIONS FOR TRAVELLERS.

(In Switzerland.)

TAKING TICKETS.



What will become of our luggage if it is registered to one place and we booked to another?

Is it so very princely, foolish, and English, to travel by the fast train which contains only first-class carriages?

Are foreign bagmen so attractive that it is advisable to meet them on the common ground of a second-class carriage?

EN ROUTE.

Is it worth while to take a *coupé lit*?

Are English refreshment rooms so very inferior to foreign buffets? Is it better to spend "ten minutes of arrest" in dealing with a sandwich, or in attempting to get through a tough *table d'hôte* dinner?

Is it better to be haughty or urbane with the officers of the Customs?

Is it wiser to push your "*bagages*" forward, or should you hold them back?

If you see an official with a headgear that looks like the forage-cap of a Field-Marshal on half pay, may you, without offence, tip him like a railway guard?

AMONGST THE MOUNTAINS.

After all, cannot the finest scenery be viewed better from the lowest valley than the loftiest mountain?

After you attain fifteen stone can climbing be so very beneficial to the health?

Had you not better wait until you have got advice upon the subject from your doctor in London?

Is it worth while to get up in the middle of the night to see the sun rise?

Can you not imagine the effect in bed?

Is it worth residing a week amidst the clouds in a mountain hotel when you can get very much the same enjoyment out of a November in London?

After all, is it not the most satisfactory way of "doing" the Swiss mountains to sit in a shop whilst your alpenstock is being branded with the regulation "peaks, passes, and glaciers"?

IN THE TOWNS.

Can you quite appreciate the change of air, with "BASS'S Pale Ale" and "personally conducted" Tourists everywhere?

Do you come to Switzerland to purchase the most largely advertised "English goods"?

After you have bought a few watches, a dozen musical boxes, and a score or so of Swiss châlets, do you want any more?

SHALL we take a circular ticket carrying us everywhere, over everything, in all sorts of conveyances?

If we do, shall we not find that the route we have selected is the very one that omits the places we most wish to visit?

Shall we not consequently be haunted with the regret that wherever we may be going, we would far sooner go somewhere else?

If we branch off our route (as settled by circular ticket) shall we ever branch on to it again?

Will the Continental Bradshaw be of the [least] use to us?

Shall we be able to ask our way of the hotel-keepers, and will they not rather send us on to their friends in remote districts than help us in our difficulties?

After awhile, do not intensely blue lakes, white peaks, dark pines, monotonous wood-carvings, and artificial chamois horns grow a trifle monotonous?

Is it an advantage to meet the SMITHS at Berne, the BROWNS at Interlachen, the JONESES at Geneva, and the ROBINSONS at Lucerne?

Even in your character of a Lover of the Beautiful, the Novel, and the Picturesque, do you not find the hour devoted to the *table d'hôte* the pleasantest of the four-and-twenty?

PACKING UP.

Do you not think that Luggage was invented by some patriot to keep travellers at home?

Is it altogether wise to leave the packing to your wife?

Can this question be fairly considered after you have exhausted your strength and patience in sitting upon the boxes, in the effort to get them "to."

Did the Saints ever use strong language about luggage? And would they have been held excusable had they done so?

Is it not probable that under their vow of poverty was included the obligation to travel without luggage?

Is it better to put your wife's things in first, or your own?

After all, is it not the simplest mode to throw everything in and then to jump on the lot?

Is it not wise to retire to rest and defer packing, under all circumstances, till to-morrow morning?

BY PRIVATE TELEPHONE.

(A Dialogue of the Day-after-To-morrow.)

INTERLOCUTORS.

ANGELINA (out of Town for the Season).

EDWIN (in populous City pent).

Angelina. I've read the last page of the latest Miss BRADDON,

I've strummed the piano until I am tired;
I've sung—to myself—the last song you went mad on,
I've done up my hair in the way you admired;
And still it is raining, a down-pour quite steady,
The sky won't oblige with the least bit of blue.
I'm bored beyond bearing; and so, my dear EDDY,
My thoughts and my telephone straight turn to you.

Edwin. En dernier resort, dear?

Angelina. Now do not be spiteful;
I'm really too tired to be talked to like that.

Edwin. Well, the chance of a chat is supremely delightful.

Angelina. That's very much nicer. Pray what are you at
In your den at this moment?

Edwin. Inquisitive darling!

How needless a question! I'm talking to you.

Angelina. Now don't be evasive; and, if you get snarling,
I'll shut up the tube, and go—flirting.

Edwin. Pray do.

Is the firree at hand? (*Pausa longa.*)

Angelina (timidly). Are you there, Mr. HAUGHTY?

Edwin (coolly). O yes! Was just off for a turn in the Park.

Angelina. No, don't; and I promise I'll not be so naughty.

Edwin. 'Tis I was a brute!

[Sounds of a somewhat inarticulately labial character are conveyed through the instrument.]

Angelina (after an interval). You were pleased to remark?—

Edwin. That if some clever hand could contrive an invention

By which lips might meet through—

Angelina. You think so? Assure you 'twas not my intention.

Edwin. But there, it is much that your voice may be heard

In my den in the Temple, though you are at Dover.

Now what would LEANDER have thought of this scheme?

Angelina. Disdained it, of course. Ah! that youth was a lover.

Miss HERO most lucky!

[Wafts a telephonic sigh from Dover to the Temple.]

Edwin (fortissimo). Why Styx's own stream

Should not keep me from you, if—

Angelina. Ah! if! That's a barrier

Far worse than the Channel—to CAVILL or WEBB.

Edwin. Do you think 'tis from choice that in town I'm a tarrier?

'Tis fate, and the burden of "JINKS versus JEEB."

Angelina. Oh! is that what you're doing? Poor fellow!

Edwin. Your pity, Conveyed through long leagues in mellifluous tones,

Brings balm to this prisoner pent in the City.

Angelina. The weather is clearing; that handsome Dr JONES

With his drag's at the door. We are going out driving.

Edwin. That JONES is a —

Angelina. Hush! Telephonic abuse

Is an insult to science.



WET AND DRY.

Careful Wife. "ARE YOU VERY WET, DEAR?"

Ardent Angler (turning up his flask). "No; DRY AS A LIME-KILN—HAVEN'T HAD A DROP THESE TWO HOURS!"

Edwin.

To be with you.

Angelina.

Yes; but it's all of no use.
His whiskers are wonders, his piebalds are pretty,
He dines like a Crack of the Four-in-hand Club,
But still he is a—well, what you said, though Miss Etty
Esteems him a Crichton!

Edwin.

Oh, yes! there's the rub.
These pets of God Plutus, who, like to the lilies
Toil not, their heads void as their coffers are crammed,
Have always the pull.

Angelina.

Oh, you biggest of sillies!
If I thought that your sulks, Sir, were other than shammed
I'd—

Edwin.

What?

Angelina.

Tootle nonsense in accents so tender.

But this is a telephone, Sir, not a flute.

Edwin.

All sounds sent by you must be sweet—like their sender.

Angelina.

Now if you get mandrin I swear I'll be mute.

Edwin.

I shall come by express at 2.20 to-morrow.

Angelina.

You will? I'm so glad. But be sure that you do.

And now I must dress for our drive—to my sorrow.

Be sure all the time I'll be thinking of you.

TEA AND COFFEE POTHOUSES.

It is gratifying to the friend of Temperance, but also of Freedom—therefore the enemy of Restriction—to note and applaud efforts for the prevention and cure of dipsomania by voluntary means. Amongst these may be commended "Public-houses without Alcohol"—not that alcohol, pure and simple, is ever sold in any public-house, but only alcohol and water, usually strong of the water. Say then, perhaps, rather, Public-houses without Spirituous Liquors. Such public-houses are *bond fide* coffee-houses, where *bond fide* travellers, and others, can be served with tea and coffee, but nothing stronger. At a Meeting held the other day in JOHN POUND'S Memorial

School-room at Portsmouth, in order to the establishment of that sort of substitutes for ginshops and alehouses, Mr. COWPER TEMPLE—forward as usual in good and sensible works—made, according to a local paper, a speech "in favour of Workmen's Institutes and Refreshment Rooms, expressing his opinion that this was just the way to help the working classes to elevate themselves." Ycs. To elevate themselves not as they are helped by Mr. BUNG; elevation of spirits followed by depression moral and physical, amounting too commonly to a degree of prostration as low as the gutter.

In connection with this subject it may be remarked that some of the medical papers have been urging that, since there is no reason why taverns should be exclusively devoted to the sale of intoxicating drinks, their proprietors should undertake to sell milk. A particularly good suggestion. Milk proper would probably have a larger sale than at any rate milk punch among the working classes, and might even be preferred by many of them to Cream of the Valley. Whilst the public good requires that drunkards should be kept away from the public-house, wherein they indulge in that cream, and its congeners, to excess, the liberty of the subject demands that public-houses shall not be shut in the faces of the sober public. Milk, the produce of the dairy, and not in any measure of the cow with the iron tail, is naturally just the very thing whereby to wean topers from intoxicating liquors.

Trafalgar Square Improvement.

THERE is no accounting for tastes, and especially the taste which contemplates a position in front of St. Stephen's as the fittest place for Cleopatra's Needle. To that very peculiar taste, however, a more suitable situation might surely have been expected to command itself in "the finest site in Europe." Imagine the Egyptian monolith set up alongside of the pillar which commemorates the Hero of Trafalgar—and the Nile. There would be congruity for you; with the additional advantage of a charming comparison between the Obelisk of Cleopatra and Nelson's Column.



A SLIGHT "MALONGTONGDEW."

Angelina. "THERE ARE TO BE ILLUMINATIONS AND FIREWORKS, AND THEY'RE TO FINISH UP WITH AN 'OMBRASMONG GÉNÉRAL.' WHAT CAN THAT BE?"

Edwin. "WELL, 'OMBRASSER' MEANS TO 'KISS'; SO I SUPPOSE IT MEANS A KIND OF A SORT OF A GENERAL KISSING ALL ROUND."

Angelina. "HORRID IDEA! I WON'T GO NEAR THE PLACE, AND I'M SURE YOU SHAN'T, EDWIN!"

[Our readers, who know French better than E. and A., are aware that embrasement, with only one "s," has a totally different meaning.

THE LATE ECLIPSE.

MR. PUNCH has received the following letter from a Correspondent, who desires that it may be inserted. He cannot publish it, however, without remarking that, judging from its contents, it may possibly have been intended for the columns of one of his contemporaries.

To the Editor.

SIR.—It is with great regret that I have delayed so long in addressing this letter to you, as I feel that science will suffer through the oversight. Immediately after the Eclipse I wrote out a long telegram, which was duly despatched to the Post-office. Will you believe it, Sir—that it was returned, with the remark that its meaning was unintelligible? Lord JOHN MANNERS should see to this. However, I have preserved my notes, which I now forward to you. I may preface them by stating that, to be in good time, we dined at six o'clock, and finished our coffee at eight precisely.

8.10.—Looked out for the penumbra. Could not see it. The moon seemed to be rather unsteady, and staggered about between the chimney-pots.

8.20.—The moon still unsteady. Penumbra nowhere. As the air was chilly, we thought we had better take a little hot brandy-and-water.

8.40.—After our third glass we again looked at the moon. It was very vague indeed—in fact it was most difficult to define its shape.

PAST AND PRESENT;

Or, Detraction Made Easy.

HERE's to the Past! 'Tis safe to praise
The ghosts of vanished glories,
To laud the lights of other days,
Old Whigs or ancient Tories;
To vaunt the men of earlier times,
The *belles* of other seasons,
The sweetness of forgotten rhymes,
The power of dead men's reasons.

Dead dames than ours were *not* more fair,
Nor buried heroes stronger.
But then they share this virtue rare—
They stop the way no longer.
It nothing costs to feign regret
At glory's waning crescent,
And optimistically set
The Past against the Present.

But here's a still astuter plan—
Pet dodge of the detractor:
Take the to-day of some great man—
Wit, Statesman, Artist, Actor—
Which, with a dolorous display
Of half indignant sorrow,
Compare with his bright yesterday
And ominous to-morrow.

"Alas!" you sigh, with tear in eye,
"That such a reputation
Should ruined be so recklessly,
And court humiliation!"
And then you pull a solemn face,
And shake a boding nodde
At one who *is* his time's disgrace,
And *was* its pride and model.

To mourn the wit once wont to shine,
Now robbed of all its glitter;
The eloquence, of old divine,
Now blatant, bald, and bitter:
That's the sly game by which a name
Is blurred 'neath slander's haze,
Which once, you groan, was voiced by
Fame,
And theme of all men's praises.

There never was a present time
When *present* praise you granted;
But snowy robes show up your slime,
And contrast's all that's wanted.
Detraction knows no daintier toil,
No trick more safe and pleasant,
Than brightening Glory's past to spoil
The splendour of its present.

The penumbra seemed to be dodging behind the trees. No amount of whistling would make it show itself.

9.—Fourth glass of brandy-and-water. Moon still vague.

9.40.—Shadows on the moons (there were two of them by this time) were distinctly visible. The first moon seemed to be blue with dark brown spots—the second pink.

10.—Stars all over the place, and six moons of various shapes.

10.30.—Ninth glass of brandy-and-water. We were perfectly charmed with the eclipse. The moons (now straw-coloured) danced a quadrille for our amusement. So far as we could make out, Venus, Neptune, and Mars, were mixed up with the penumbra.

10.40.—End of the eclipse. After we had taken our tenth glass of brandy-and-water we could see nothing.

There, Sir, is my Diary. In its original form it was less intelligible, as it was written at moments of great excitement. However, I have touched it up and yet preserved its original air of truthfulness. I cannot conclude my letter without declaring the late total eclipse to be one of the most extraordinary things I have ever seen in my life.

Yours obediently,

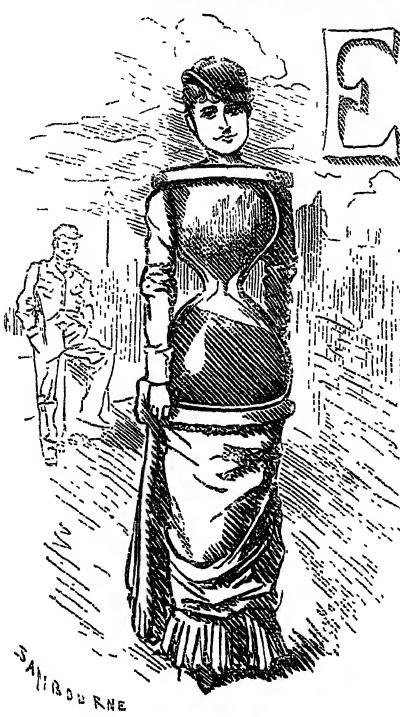
ONE WHO ADMires ASTRONOMY.

The Hermit's Retreat, Coniac, France.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

APPOINT a Smith our Admiralty-Chief?
Why not—seeing iron-clads oft come to grief?

BARS TO WEDLOCK.



EXCELLENT MR. PUNCH,
I AM a young
man, and I am a
younger son: and liv-
ing chiefly on my
wits, I enjoy, it must
be owned, a somewhat
modest income. Small
as it is, however, I
sigh for some fair one
to share it; but, alas!
I sadly fear my sigh-
ing is in vain, while
mutton chops are sold
at fourteen pence a
pound, and house-rents
are so high that
I am forced to live in
lodgings.

Besides, young La-
dies now-a-days are
nurtured in such
luxury that a dinner
and a drawing-room
are their least of vital
necessaries. Half the
girls I know could
not exist without a
carriage; and their
life would be a misery
if they married with-
out the prospect of a
lady's maid, a lap-
dog, and a mansion in
Belgravia. Consider,
too, the wondrous rai-

ment they now wear, and the wondrous sums their loving fathers
have to pay for it. I doubt if my whole income would find my
wife in pin-money, and I would wager that my year's expenses in
cigars would be enormously exceeded by the cost of her new bonnets.

How dear a wife must be to the adorer of her charms may readily
be guessed by glancing at the fashion-books. Not merely her cos-
tumes, but her jewels and gimcrackery, seem daily to increase in
value and variety. For instance, see this notice of a châtelaine
made lately for a Swellness of the Period, from whose "silver belt
there dangle a full dozen of fine nicknacks such as these:—

"Scent-bottle, memorandum-book, card-case, manifold knife with instru-
ments, dog-whistle, silver flask and cup, dressing-comb, mirror with locket,
elegant purse, small telescope, glove-loop, pedometer, chased silver revolver,
cartridge-case, and egg-shaped box containing powder and puff."

If a Lady wants to make a little noise in the world, she cannot
well do better than decorate herself with such a portable museum.
What a cheerful companion she would be in a sick room, with all
her toys and gimcracks jingle-jangling about her! With gongs in
her fingers and bells on her toes, she would hardly make more
music when moving in society.

Some of the things catalogued are rather masculine than feminine
in their general utility, and Ladies carrying such weapons as a
knife and a revolver might be suitably provided also with a cork-
screw and cigar-case. I am not by nature nervous, or of a timid
temperament, or I might tremble at the notion of marrying a
person with a pistol at her belt, and formidably armed besides with a
powder-box and (puff) ball. But I own I should be frightened at
the prospect of maintaining a wife begirt with scent-bottles, and
drinking-cups, and nicknacks in chased silver, all betokening
luxurious and listless ways of life. Better to live simple and in
solitude and in Spartan-like simplicity (with now and then a cosy
little dinner at one's Club) than run the risk of being dragged by
your wife's châtelaine, and her costliness concomitant, into the
clutches of the Jews, and the whitewash of the Court.

In this belief believe me yours most fixedly,

Greek Street, Friday.

EPAMINONDAS BROWN.

A Doubtful Gain.

MINE hosts of the Schweizerhofs at Lucerne, Schaffhausen, and
Zurich have agreed to strike out *bougies* as well as *service* in the
bill, "merely making a small addition to the charge for *logement*."
It will be the first "small addition" we ever heard of in any of these
excellent establishments, where, in our travelling tours, the bills had
a way of taking to themselves wings and soaring up to heights of
compound addition, to which our sweating purse toiled after them
in vain.

MANUALE DEL VIAGGIATORE.

REVISED EDITION.

(Specially designed for the Use of the British Tourist in Italy.)

ON GETTING UP.

You have called me very early.
It cannot be more than half-past two in the morning.
Why cannot I have some shaving-water?
Is that a Brigadier sitting on the dressing-table?
He has taken my purse.
He has also taken my hair-brush, my false collars, my penknife,
my Bradshaw, my dress-boots, my sticking-plaster, and my cheque-
book.

It is very cold.
I would rather not go out into the street with the Brigadier.
Where is my hat?

ON A COUNTRY ROAD.

These stones are very hard.
I have on my thin slippers.
The Brigadier has on his stout top-boots.
This road must be seventeen miles long.
Where is a four-wheeler?
Here is a thunderstorm.
The Brigadier has the umbrella.
I would rather have the umbrella than the handcuffs.

AT BREAKFAST-TIME.

We have walked thirty-two miles since sun-rise.
I should like some breakfast.
This hotel has windows like Newgate.
Show me to the *salle-a-manger*.
Is not this the coal-celllar?
I should like good coffee, hot rolls, fresh butter, fried fish, ham
and eggs, cold meat, pigeon-pie, and muffins.
Why is the Brigadier laughing?
There is a water-rat in the corner.
Here is the dry bread and cracked pitcher.
The Brigadier is fond of practical joking.

ON GOING TO BED.

Can I not have a four-poster and a warming-pan?
They will give me neither a pillow, nor a feather-bed, nor a mat-
tress, nor a counterpane, nor a hammock, nor a wash-hand-stand,
nor an easy-chair, nor a foot-stool, nor a boot-jack, nor a ther-
mometer, nor an explanation!
Here is my rheumatism.
Where is a night-light?
This place is full of spiders, and earwigs, and beetles, and lizards,
and blue bottles, and scorpions.
I cannot sleep comfortably on the floor of the coal-celllar.

BEFORE A MAGISTRATE.

The Gaoler is as incorrigible as the Brigadier.
The Prisoners' Dock is most uncomfortable.
I would rather receive back my purse, my hair-brush, my false
collars, my penknife, my Bradshaw, my dress-boots, my sticking-
plaster, and my cheque-book, than return again to the coal-celllar.
Italian Tourists in England do not walk on the treadmill at Bow
Street.
The Magistrate is blundering dreadfully.
I would rather write a letter to the *Times* than trust to the blun-
dering Magistrate.
Who is to reimburse me for this outrage?
Which is the way to the English Consul?
Here is the Brigadier with the thumbscrew.
Is nobody going to assist a Traveller in distress?
Will no one take off these handcuffs?
Where is the British Lion?

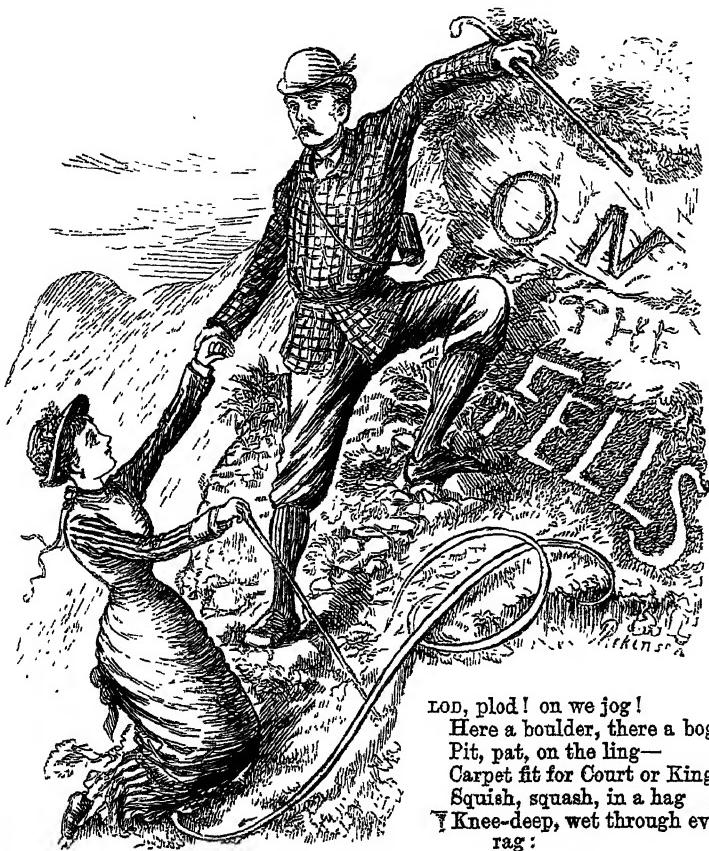
Deadly-Lively.

THE Liverpool *Daily Post* is an English newspaper; but it
contains, *mutatis mutandis*, the following advertisement:

PATRICK M'GARRY, DECEASED.—TO PRINTERS.—IF
PATRICK M'GARRY, who some short time since left Leicester, and, it is
believed, came to Dublin or Liverpool, will communicate with the undersigned,
he will hear of something to his advantage.

FAT and TIM, St. Andrew Street, Dublin.

Save for the nationality of the advertisers, as deducible from their
address, they might be imagined to be believers in spirit-rapping.
But the citation of a dead man to communicate with the living is no
evidence at all at all that an insane superstition has extended its
stultifying influence over the minds of Irishmen.



Lon, plod! on we jog!
Here a boulder, there a bog!
Pit, pat, on the ling—
Carpet fit for Court or King:
Squish, squash, in a hag
Knee-deep, wet through ev'ry rag:

Flip, flop through the brake—
Sun our backs will surely bake!
Scrunch, scraunch, over shale—
Big stones flying down the dale:
Slip, slap—down we fall
From a boulder like a wall:

Crick, crack—there we go!
Something's given way I know!
Piff, puff!—winded, quite!—
Here's a shady ghyll in sight.
Jump, bump—down we sit.
Let us—stop—and rest—a bit!

A WARNING TO THE PUBLIC.

(From the Riding Representative to the Editor, for himself and his partner Pig; a most important statement.)

SIR,

SILENCE gives consent; so, as I do not consent, I cannot hold my tongue. "Break, break, my heart, for I won't hold my tongue," as that vacillating young man Hamlet would have said if the Divine WILLIAMS had given him the pluck of a Bumble Bee. Sir, in the *Daily Telegraph* for September 6th, I find in a letter from an estimable Correspondent, writing from ESKI-DJUMA—(I don't believe in the place a bit—for don't I know every step of the country? Have I left a stone of the road unturned? No—and I do not find Eski-djuma on my map, though there is Wickski-djuma and Mountain-djuma—but no, matter—perhaps the names have been changed for the worse since I left)—in Bulgaria, the following paragraph:—

"Outside the khan to which I have already alluded, I noticed a wonderful daub, put there with the view of ornamenting the wall. From the subject, the artist must have been a Bulgarian, and as it was very characteristic, I take leave to describe it. First of all was a gigantic building in bright blue, supposed to be a tank house; next was a blue locomotive; then one carriage of the same hue, and after it a yellow one; on each of these a yellow lion was perched in what seemed to me a most uncomfortable position. Looking out of the windows of the carriages were to be seen some very curious animals, who were gazing at a Turkish officer who, hanging by his neck to the branch of a tree with red leaves and blue trunk, had as executioner a Bulgar, who stood underneath in ecstacies at the fate of the Moalem. *Alongside the Bulgar was a pig, also blue, laughing gleefully at the expiring Turk.* I should add that the Bulgar had one arm round the trunk of the tree, while with the other he was seemingly beckoning to more Bulgars to 'come on' and see the fun."

Observe, Sir, the details; one of which, about the Pig, I have italicised; for it is this *Porous Ridens* that is the very sign manual and warrant of my picture. For that this is my picture, only shamefully altered, I will swear before any three Magistrates in any three of the best shires of England. I painted it, Sir, with a view, i.e., I painted the view with the prospect, or the prospect with the view, (whichever you like, *mon petit cheri*) of exhibiting it at Hawarden,

and making a pretty good hatful. But of course I had not painted a Turk hanging and a Bulgarian laughing; no, it was *vice versa*.

But, to my tale. One evening, when crossing the trackless desert (a very difficult job after dinner, with the snow twenty feet deep at every step), I suddenly missed the picture which I had been carrying under my arm. I searched every hole and corner. I charged the Pig with having taken it to his Uncle's (Song—"My Uncle's in the Snow?"—homely ballad for Christmas time), and popped it as one of his "*pignora cara*," or "dear pledges;" but HERR GRÜNTZ swore by the tomb of his grandmother, and by his own honourable character as having come of a littry stock, that such an idea had never for one second entered into his Hog's head. I believed him then; but now—alas! my confidence in him is shaken. I found him rolling on the floor, and regularly splitting his sides of bacon over the above paragraph in the *D. T.* In fact, had I not been acquainted with his abstemious habits, I should have thought him under the influence of *D. T.* But, no, he was as sober as a judge—it would be invidous to say which judge, so I leave the particular example to the imagination of your readers. Sternly, I took the paper from under his snout.

Then I read the description.

No, Sir, the artist was not a Bulgarian; 'twas I! Alone I did it! But who stole the picture? And who substituted a Turkish Officer for my hanging Bulgarian gentleman, and turned my unhung Turk in ecstacies, into a Bulgarian? *Mutato nomine fabula narratur—D. T.* How could I have shown this at Hawarden? Let the Correspondent explain. Let him send me the picture, carriage paid, and I will undertake, *at my own expense*, to wash off the overdaub, and discover, below, the original beauties of the Old Master, as the affectionate Pig now calls me. I had intended to style this work of art, "The Hanging Committee," and may do so still. The Pig laughing is a wonderful likeness, only I didn't paint him "blue;" the thief who stole him is guilty of this vandalism, this atrocious atrocity. Everyone knows the *Blue Boar* as an old English ale-house sign. Is this a clue to the identity of the thief? Now mark, Sir, how very nearly the truth came out. Here is the conclusion of this most estimable Correspondent's account, the italics being mine, and merely lent for the occasion:—

"Now this was a direct insult to the Turks, especially as the Pig in their eyes is very unclean, and I said as much to an old Bulgar, who seemed to be watching me very anxiously, upon which he said the man hanging on the tree was not a Turk, and tried to turn the conversation. If some Turkish zaptieh or soldier with an artistic eye were to pass by the khan, the ancient Bulgar would probably feel rather sore next day."

Who was the Bulgar old man who was "watching so anxiously?" Is there not guilt in his anxiety? How did he know the hanging man was not a Turk? Of course in the original, in my design, he was not a Turk, and the old man knew it. Just send that Bulgar old man over here, and I'll show him what it is to have *an eye for colour*. I'll colour it for him, the Bulgar old dog!

However, I only write to warn the public in case Mr. BARNUM should turn up with it, at the Egyptian Hall, in the course of next month, and advertise "*The Miss'n Picture*."

I remain, Sir, yours most Picturesquely,
THE AUTHOR OF "*THE RIDE TO KHIVA.*"

"De Mortuis," &c.

THE Times quotes M. VEUILLOT on THIERS in the *Univers*, as follows:—

"He is a celebrity for the moment; he was busier than anybody, but about nothing, bringing down everything to his own level. This is a poor way of filling a coffin. He had not time to know himself; God did not leave him time to die. Now see him, perhaps, among those who wish they had never lived."

A delicate suggestion of a possibility. No one can say that M. VEUILLOT presumes to judge. See the difference between a reticent Ultramontane and an outspoken Ranter.

TOOTH AND TAIT.

MR. TOOTH wishes to hear the living voice of the English Church. Hasn't he a *Tête Parlante*?



"THE LITTLE REMINDER"; OR A STOP-WATCH ON THE PORTE.

A FEW DAYS IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE.

The Dinner Party at Boodels—Aristocratic Anecdotes—Trump Cards—The Blusher—The Game Played Out—A New Topic—The Grampus.

THE dinner progresses. Mrs. BUDDERMER regales Boodels with tales of the aristocracy. I am able to catch a few words here and there. She has, I notice, the art of ascertaining, first of all, whether her listener knows anything at all about the subject on which she wishes to talk, and then the amount of her information and gracious confidences is in inverse proportion to the extent of the other's knowledge.

When Mrs. BUDDERMER is perfectly sure that her audience is utterly unacquainted with the people and the style of life that form the staple of her conversation, then *their* ignorance is *her* bliss, and she pretends to assume that they *do* know as much as she does (which is probably true), so as to secure their interest, and their vote afterwards, when she is absent.

"We couldn't," she imparts in confidence to Boodels, "we couldn't, you know, go to Lady MOUNTGARRET's this season—dear old thing! You know how eccentric she is."

Boodels bows affirmatively, though I am convinced he is as profoundly ignorant of who or what the lady in question is, as I am myself, or, perhaps, as Mrs. BUDDERMER is, who is perfectly happy to receive her information about the aristocracy, at fourth hand, from dapper little Captain HANGRON, who frequently favours them with his company at dinner, and from old Lady TATTLE, who dines out on her title every night of her life, and whose anecdotes of high Society are the delight and glory of the BUDDERMERS' select circle at Bayswater.

"She has," continues Mrs. BUDDERMER, still speaking of Lady MOUNTGARRET, inclining herself slightly towards Boodels to impress him with the notion that this is for his ear alone—"she has such very odd people about her now, you know, ever since poor Lord DUMMELIN made that fearful *faux pas*, which everyone was talking about the whole season,—weren't you dreadfully astonished when you heard of it?" she asks Boodels.



THE HOPE OF THE FAMILY.

Adjutant (Bachelor). "Now, McALISTER, YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THAT SOLDIERS ARE NOT TO CARRY BUNDLES IN THE STREETS!"

BOODELS doesn't like to admit, point blank, that he is so utterly out of the world as not even to have heard a whisper of what "everyone has been talking about the whole season." So he replies, with some diffidence—

"The fact is, Mrs. BUDDERMEER, I live so much in the country that I am not in the way of hearing all these scandals." Here he thinks, he has shown sufficient humility, and accordingly retrieves his character by adding, "But I recollect having heard something about the affair you mention."

If BOODELS means that he recollects having just this minute heard of it, for the first time, from Mrs. BUDDERMEER, he has given us what might be termed a colourable imitation of the truth; but if he intends to convey the idea that he had been, at some time or other during the season, informed of all the details of the lamentable scandal in question, it is, to say the least of it, a *suggestion falsi* for the sake of humouring Mrs. BUDDERMEER, keeping up his own reputation "as a man who could go into the best society in the land if he would only take the trouble to step out," and also with a view to assisting the conversation.

"I don't know what Society's coming to, I'm sure!" exclaims Mrs. BUDDERMEER, throwing up her eyes and wringing her hands in elegant despair, "as dear old TATT—Lady TATTTEL you know"—BOODELS bows and nods, and steals a glance at his guests as much as to say; "Yes, yes, Lady TATTTEL, old TATT of course. I know what she's talking about—bless you, I'm acquainted with all these swells, only I don't mention 'em before such fellows as you and MILBURD." "Well," continues Mrs. BUDDERMEER, "dear old TATT who was dining with us the other day, when that naughty old man who knows everything he shouldn't—Lord BAXTAYRES, you know, I mean him, of course, everybody knows dear old BAXY, as we call him." BOODELS nods affirmatively, and Mrs. BUDDERMEER proceeds with her account of some terrific scandal, in which the highest personages in the kingdom are implicated. We listen, we all listen, we can't help it, breathlessly. Even MILBURD is awed. Then, strange to say, everyone gradually joins in the conversation with an anecdote of some person of quality, with whom he (the speaker) is on the most familiar terms, and of whom, up to this moment, when the opportunity for producing him as though he were a trump card only to be played at a right moment has arrived, he has been totally oblivious.

BUNDEMER the Bald plays into his wife's hands by pretending to deprecate her mentioning what he hints she had heard only in confidence, whereupon Mrs. BUDDERMEER retorts that surely they are now among friends who probably have heard most of the details (of whatever scandal they may be talking about at the moment), and she protests she thinks it better to state the facts, than to

allow a false impression to get abroad. BUDDERMEER shrugs his shoulders, elevates his eyebrows, and gravely strokes his beard, in the character of a Philosopher who, like a Stylites on a pillar, could afford to look down on these mundane absurdities and give them their proper value.

Miss BUDDERMEER becomes more and more nervous. In trying to keep up an under-current of conversation, so as to avoid the aristocratic whirlpool into which everyone is being drawn, I ask her, "I suppose you've been engaged every night during the season?" whereat she blushes so deeply, that it quite pains me, and I feel bound to explain that what I meant was, "Have you been out to parties every night?" To which she replies, simpering, "Yes." Then with her profile towards me she regards me timidly out of one eye, (this is a wonderful movement of hers, and suggests a mixture of shyness and slyness), and with a little nervous titter asks, "Are you fond of dancing?" Then she looks away from me as if she'd said something, oh so bold and so dreadful, that once more I am quite pained, and I wait for her profile to come round to me again in order to give this one-sided view of her my reply. For a second she raises her glasses, looks at everybody comprehensively, but wonderingly, as if astonished to find them all still there since she last looked for them, and then as if startled by my cough, by which I had intended to attract her attention, she drops the glasses as though she'd been shot (she is perpetually acting the suddenly stricken deer), and the simpering profile is again timidly listening to my reply, which, as my lips for this especial conversational purpose only, are for falsehood framed, is to the effect "that I'm very fond of dancing; but it depends on my partner."

Whereat she blushes so nervously and looks so abashed, that a casual observer would swear I had just proposed to her. MILBURD, from the opposite side, breaks off in the middle of the general conversation about the Aristocracy to say to me, "Oh! you sly dog! I'm looking at you!" which makes me blush in my turn, and brings us (my partner and myself) into the stream of conversation for safety.

By this time the game of the Aristocratic Anecdote has progressed wonderfully; every one is doing his best to score. BOODELS has played a Baronet, which has been trumped by a Literary Lord produced by HAMILIN MUMLEY the Poet. POGMORE then led a Roman Prince of great musical reputation who had once dined with him, and who knew the whole truth about what had happened at the celebrated gambling club in the Harz Mountains when LADY EMMA came to grief,—"The origin," puts in MILBURD, "of the new slang about *'Woe, Emma!'*" (But MILBURD is passed over as though he had not spoken, and he has to content himself with winking at me and laughing; but I owe him one, and pretend not to notice him, as though he had said something too vulgar to be tolerated for a moment. As a rule, it is dangerous to trifle with MILBURD, as you never know how he will retort, but now it can be done with safety, as I am with a respectable majority.) And when POGMORE has finished this marvellous story in which Royal personages from all countries figure, there is a short pause for breath, and I with some diffidence play a Duke whom I had once met quite pleasantly and agreeably at somebody's Club one evening, and who wouldn't shake hands with me when I came across him again in the Lobby of the Opera, and I had to explain to him who I was, and why I wanted to shake hands with him. I then mentally swore a terrible oath that I would never speak to a Duke again—unless a Duke first spoke to me. However he is conversationally useful now, and, so to speak, I lug in the Duke by the heels. I play my trump thus:—

"I remember having heard something about what you've just told us," this to POGMORE, who is pleased at any corroboration, "from the Duke of Dulwich, with whom I was supping"—I choose "supping" as suggestive of the snug and familiar terms I would have them suppose me to be on with his Grace—"the other evening. The Duke—he's a capital fellow, old DULWICH, you know"—I say, addressing myself directly to BOODELS, whom I at once implicate in the swindle; "you met him with me at Boulogne, and we all went to the fair together, and did the roundabouts." BOODELS mutters something vaguely in the affirmative, and forthwith plays into my hands as an accomplice.

"Well," says MILBURD, loudly, when the audience is gradually recovering itself after this *douche* of Duke, "Well, I don't think,"—he is speaking in a serious tone, most unusual with him,—"you're right—at least, not from what the Duke said to me." I look up. What does he mean? Does he know the Duke—*really*? "He always says what he really means to me," continues MILBURD, "as I've known him for years. His son, EARLWOOD, was at Eton with me. And whenever I have a spare week in September, I run down to Colney Castle for the shooting. It's the jolliest house to stay at anywhere—except, perhaps, Sandringham."

No, no! this is going too far. The BUDDERMERS are gasping. Old BUDDERMEER is staring reverently at MILBURD, as though he were meditating going down on his knees and worshipping him. BOODELS is taken aback, though, in consequence of what Mrs. BUDDERMEER has said before dinner about having met MILBURD at Lord BRIKFIELD'S, he is not absolutely incredulous. MUMLEY is bothered, and POGMORE would rather believe than not. I won't. I say, boldly, "You've not been to Sandringham."

Which seems to shock everybody, specially, to my astonishment, BOODELS, who asks severely, "Why not?" adding, "If MILBURD knew the Prince, he would be compelled to accept his invitation. Besides, I recollect some years ago"—and here comes out the real secret of BOODELS backing up MILBURD. He has a romantic, but an old story, (which I have never believed, and which I am convinced, he invented), about his meeting the QUEEN somewhere in the Home Park by accident, about his being introduced to the Princess MARY of Cambridge, about his requesting them to take their pick out of a pottle of strawberries, which he was eating all by himself under a tree, and how they laughed, and how he laughed, and how they invited him to the Castle, and how some of the Royal children had subsequently recognised him, merely from her Gracious Majesty's description, and how they had nodded to him out of a private box, and so forth, which being quite the trump card, wins the game, finishes it, and *nous revurons à nos moutons*, though the mutton having vanished, we are now at the chickens.

We all feel that our powers of invention and faculties of credulity have been exposed for the last half hour to too severe a strain. "By one consent," as the Old Hundredth has it, we drop the conversation, and HAMLIN MUMLEY seeing that there is a chance for

him to air his opinions on English Poets, leads up to what he himself is going to say, by artfully asking BUDDERMEER the Bald if he has read SWINBURNE'S new prose book?

HAMLIN MUMLEY the Poet little knows the man whom he has singled out as fittest to hold the stirrup for him (MUMLEY) to mount his Pegasus,

Miss BUDDERMEER, blushing and all profile, says aside to me, "Mr. MUMLEY has just given Papa what he likes to talk about." I am all attention.

BUDDERMEER the Bald pulls himself together, clears his throat, arranges his napkin, strokes his beard, and commences.

"SWINBURNE, as a writer of prose—" Here the Butler begs pardon, and sets before him a couple of chickens to carve. BUDDERMEER nods at the chickens, and commences:

"SWINBURNE, as a writer of prose, is perhaps as perfect a master—"

Here he suddenly starts and dashes his right hand upwards towards his bald head, as if about to brush off an irritating fly. It isn't a fly, however, that has disturbed him, but the hireling waiter who has a grampus-like habit of breathing heavily on you through his nose, which must be peculiarly refreshing on the top of BUDDERMEER's head.

"SWINBURNE is, I was saying, as perfect a master—"

"Ook or champagne, Sir?" inquires the hireling Grampus confidentially in his ear, as if this inquiry must be entirely between themselves and go no further.

"Ook," replies BUDDERMEER, unconsciously imitating the un-educated Grampus; then correcting himself, he substitutes "No; champagne please." Then, as the Waiter pours out the wine, he resumes, "—a perfect master of the English—Eh, what is it?" This, rather irritably, to the Butler, who is at his left elbow.

"Mrs. BUDDERMEER will trouble you, Sir."

From BUDDERMEER'S face, at this moment you can gather that Mrs. BUDDERMEER does trouble him considerably. He wrinkles his forehead, unwrinkles it, then takes up the carving knife and fork, and just as MUMLEY thinks he sees a chance for what he is burning to say, BUDDERMEER takes up the thread of his discourse while commencing to carve the chickens.

HOW TO SPEND A HAPPY DAY.

(At Ramstone, Folkesgate, and Elsewhere.)



Eight o'clock.—Wake early, with the shout of "shr-r-rimps" in your ears.

Nine.—Be regaled with the music (?) of a German band attempting to get through the overture to *Zampa* with a clarinet, a cornet, and a trombone, all more or less beginners.

Ten.—Breakfast. Weak tea, stale eggs, and sea-salt bacon.

Eleven.—Off to the sands for a bathe. Machine full of sand, sea-dirty, and towels wet.

Twelve.—All the fun of the fair. Donkey-drivers, "comic" songs, and general vulgarity.

One.—Lunch. Sawdust sandwich and lodging-house sherry.

Two.—Rain. The only books in the house, Bradshaw and the second volume of *Only a Daisy*, by the authoress of *A Crushed Heart*.

Three.—More rain, with a dash of thunder and lightning.

Four.—Fine weather. Walk on the Pier in company with 'ARRY, 'ENRY, 'UGH, and 'UMPHREY.

Five.—Arrival of the Steamboat. 'ARRY, 'ENRY, 'UGH, and 'UMPHREY particularly facetious.

Six.—Dinner. Feeble soup, cold fish, and underdone mutton.

Seven.—Amusements of the evening. Town band dreadfully noisy and awfully out of tune. The *élite* of Clapham and Lower Tooting promenading on the Esplanade. 'ARRY, 'ENRY, 'UGH, and 'UMPHREY smoking and laughing in close proximity.

Eight.—The pleasantest hour of the whole day—devoted to taking the train for the Metropolis and returning to London.

NATURALISTS AND NOODLES.

If the "bug that fear'd us all"—some of us, perhaps, rather overmuch—the "potato-bug," does not get imported, to the destruction of our "Irish wall-fruit," it will not be for want of fools. We are now in the dead season; but there is no reason to doubt the following scrap of news respecting live

"COLORADO BEETLES."—Yesterday morning a letter containing about a score of Colorado Beetles was found in the mail-bag at the Edinburgh General Post-Office. The beetles were put into a bottle of spirits of wine, and sent to the authorities in London."

The voracity of the Colorado Beetle may have been exaggerated. Our climate and soil may kill it. Perhaps the rocks will eat up its *larvae*. But it can hardly fail to be introduced into our potato-fields and garden-beds by the agency of an ass, or asses, such as the one whose donkeyhood is exemplified in the foregoing note. If living Colorado Beetles continue to be sent about by simpletons, and one of them does not sooner or later escape, it will be a miracle. People who not only keep them to study, but post them to others, mostly of their own class, may call themselves naturalists, but common sense calls them "naturals."

Fortunately the vermin, in the above instance, fell into wiser hands than those of the captors by whom, a few days previously, a potato-bug, taken alive in similar circumstances, was consigned in that condition to the Privy Council. Spirits of wine are the sort of surroundings in which alone Colorado Beetles should be preserved. Keep them in spirits, and as to fear for your potatoes on their account, keep up your own. Those conditions may be hard lines for the *Doryphora decemlineata*, but they will prevent the grub of that pestilent insect from playing Old Gooseberry with the potatoes.

A RECOMMENDATION.—The Ritualists' Mission—Sub-mission.

SEA-SIDE VIEWS.



back. Confound the children, scraping up the wet sand and smelling seaweeds! It must be time for them to go to bed or to lessons or something. Wherever you sit there is sure to be a draught, and such heaps of old women you can't put your legs up on the seat. Hang it all, there isn't a young girl in the place, let alone pretty ones.

Young Brown (waiting for a Commission). Awfully dull. Quite too excessively detestable. Not a fellow to talk to, you know, who knows anything about the Leger, or draw-poker, or modern education, you know. Can't get introduced to Lady Tom PEEPER. Nobody to do it. Wish my moustache would curl. Pull it all day, you know, but it won't come. Lady Tom smiled, on the Parade to-day. Got very red, but I shall smile too-morrow. A man must do something in this dreadful place.

Major Brown (Heavies). Not half bad kind of diggings. Quite in clover. Found LYDIA here—I mean Lady Tom PEEPER. Horribly satirical woman, though. Keeps one up to the mark. I shall have to read up to keep pace with her. I shouldn't like to be chaffed by her. Better friend than enemy. Poor Tom PEEPER! he must have a bad time of it! Can't say "Bo" to a gosling. And she knows it. That's why he never comes down here. Coast clear. Fancy she's rather sweet on me. By Jove! we had a forty-mile-an-hour-express flirtation before her marriage! Must take care what I'm about now. Mustn't have a collision with Tom—good old man, after all, if he is a fool. Take this note round, CHARLES, to the same place.

Mrs. Robinson (Materfamilias). Scarcely room to swing a cot, for baby. Thank goodness, all the children are on the beach. I hope MARY ANN won't let out to the other nurses that Totty had the scarlet fever. He's quite well now, poor little man, and no one will be any the worse for it. Horrid! of course. No, it is not a Colorado Beetle, ROBINSON. They infest the curtains; we did not bring them with us in our trunks. Do go out and buy some insect-powder, instead of looking stupid behind that nasty cigar. Oh, and get some soap and some tooth-powder, and order Baby's tonic, and JANE's iron—mind, sesqui-sulphate of iron (I suppose I must find the prescription), and a box of—what's that stuff for sore throats? And do hire a perambulator with a hood. And we have no dessert for to-morrow—you know, or you ought to know, it's Sunday. Some fruit, and what you like. Oh! and don't forget some biscuits for the dog. What has become of Tiny? Tiny! Tiny! I know he did not go with the children. I daresay he has eaten something horrid, and is dying under a chair. Dear! dear! who would be mother of a family with such a careless, thoughtless, quite too utterly selfish husband as you are. Of course you never remembered to-day was my birthday. I ought never to have been born. A bracelet or a pair of ear-rings—or, by the way, I saw a lovely châtelaine on the Parade. You might find enough to give me one pleasure since our wedding.

Robinson (Paterfamilias). I like the sea-side, I do. When will it be over?

Quip and Compliment.

ADDRESSING the late Conservative Meeting at Manchester, Mr. ALGERNON EGERTON, M.P., Secretary to the Admiralty, said of the Government, that

"They had been taunted with having a 'policy of sewage,' but the fact

was there was nothing more important than a policy which paid attention to sanitary matters."

But who taunted them, if not some Members of their own Party? A policy of sewage necessitates an extensive employment of scavengers. Therefore it is eminently a Liberal policy. At continual war with vested interests in dirt, a policy of sewage intends especially to effect a Sweeping Reform.

"MOVING ON."

(By the Undecided Traveller.)

THE Question before me is "Where shall I go?"

And it causes me much agitation,
As to which plan is "*meilleur*," and what "*comme il faut*."
Let me glance at the whole situation.

I've a great mind to—Have I? I would that I had!

Why, I haven't the faintest of notion!

If I could but decide—oh, I should just be glad!

Shall I travel by land, or by ocean?

I think I should like—but—I'm sure I don't know

If I should. No; I'm sure that I shouldn't.

But, I might, after all, if I met So-and-so.

Still—I don't think he could. No; he couldn't!

By the way, what's to-day? It's the third—no! the fourth!

Will that give me the time that I reckoned?

I could go by the South—or, why not by the North?

Ah! I ought to have gone on the second!

Yet, it doesn't much matter. The air here is good,

And they give us most excellent diet;

And to map out my journey I'm not in the mood;

So, I think, I will simply keep quiet.

And I won't pack my things. I'll remain where I am.

As to leaving, I needn't give warning.

All fancies for moving, begone as ye came!

After all—I could go in the morning!!

TOMNODDIES' TREASURES.

INSTANCING the large prices given for cancelled stamps, rare in the market, the *Times* printed a paragraph headed "Fools and their Money." A member of the firm of Messrs. PALMER & Co., of Adelphi House, writes in reply to the leading journal a letter wherein he says—

"That they did give extravagant prices we are ready to allow, and so did we on purchasing the valuable collection you noticed for £800, but we hope you will not on that account class us as 'fools'; for, after all, we only collect stamps as others collect old china and out-of-the-way specimens of antiquity."

If these gentlemen simply did that, they would be even as those others who throw away their money. But they explain themselves:

"It may be a mania, and perhaps is, but were you to look over the collection we have just purchased to break up for sale, I almost think you would pardon the mania from the interest you would feel in the sight of it."

Buying rubbishy stamps to keep is one thing; breaking them up for sale quite another. The results of that proceeding will no doubt demonstrate that Messrs. PALMER indeed are no fools. But that proof will be only additional evidence that stamp-collectors pure and simple belong to a class of persons proverbially ready to part with their money. Except at dealers' rooms, on sale to simpletons, the only fit place for a collection of such curiosities that one can fancy would be a cabinet in a Colney Hatch Museum.

A Quiet Place.

THE subjoined advertisement in the *Sussex Express* will to most minds probably appear not altogether unintelligible. One can half understand it:—

A LADY wishes to find a good COOK, who is Deaf and Dumb, if any one will be kind enough to inform her where one is to be found.—Address, &c.

For what reason is it possible to imagine that anybody should wish to get a deaf Cook? Cooks are too often deaf to remonstrance. But the advantage of having a dumb servant, who could not gossip, and would obey orders without talking, is too obvious.

A WORD FOR THE PUBLICAN.—He is a host in himself.



A LINGUISTIC OPPORTUNITY.

Mamma } Maman } (together). { "LOOK, MAUD, THERE'S A NICE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL,—GO AND PLAY WITH HER, AND MIND YOU SPEAK
NOTHING BUT FRENCH!"
"TIENS, MADELEINE, VOILÀ UNE PETITE ANGLAISE QUI ME PARAIT BIEN GENTILLE; VA DONG JOUER AVRO
ELLE, ET SURTOUIT PARLE ANGLAIS TOUT LE TEMPS!"

Louis Adolphe Thiers.

BORN, APRIL 16, 1797. DIED, SEPTEMBER 3, 1877.

"Madame, votre illustre mari a vécu!"—*Words of M. BARTHE, in announcing to Madame THIERS the death of her husband.*

TURNED with the true French grace! and yet perchance
Bearing an import wider than he thought
Who so declared that strenuous fight outfought,
And THIERS a memory to mourning France.
The dead had lived indeed; a varied life

Of toil and eager strife;
Had played the Student's and the Statesman's part
On the world's busiest stage. That death-stilled heart
Had beaten high to its last pulse with hope,
True patriot heat, and courage prompt to cope

With France's foes wherever found,
Without her borders or within their bound.
And now, when wisdom calm and temperate zeal
So well might serve the menaced Commonweal,
The patriot passes, and the sage is still;

Mute as the midnight Sentinel slain upon the hill.

But he has lived; and such a life should leave
A legacy of wisdom to his land;
Should bid her sheath above his tomb the brand
Of civil discord, and essay to weave,

Into one close-knit coil,
The chords long strained by party feud and broil.
A patriot to the core, he loved fair France
Before his best-loved theories. Every thought
Was still her power and glory to enhance;

For these he wrote and fought

Through all his fourscore years of strife and toil.
To wreath her brow with bay, to free her soil
From alien feet, to set her proud and fair
Before the nations, was his constant care.
Monarchy loving much, he loved yet more
The realm, whoe'er its badge of headship wore;
And, waiving self, was willing to abide
That rule which Frenchmen would the least divide.
Will Frenchmen learn at their lost leader's grave

The lesson of his life,
Whose watchful wisdom oft availed to save
The State from wreck in days with dangers rife?
That were the truest tribute to his glory

Who "freed the territory."
Howe'er that be, no longer now he dwells
Amidst his books, his flowers, and his gazelles;
No more that long familiar face and form
Shall draw the general glance; no more his name
Shall sound as Safety's watchword in the storm;
No more that keen clear voice shall tumult tame.
THIERS has lived! Lives he indeed no more?
Nay, Frenchmen, let true patriot counsels prove
That in the Nation's memory and its love

"Petit Bonhomme vit encore!"

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

In order to facilitate promotion in the Army, the preference in selecting for commissions will, in future, be given to gentlemen of a retiring disposition.

A BALLAD is advertised with the title "*Dear England!*" We all know that our country is expensive, but really there is no occasion to set the fact to music.



“THE BROKEN LINK.”

A NOTE OF WARNING.



EARING in mind the approaching arrival in this country of that celebrated Monument of Antiquity, the Egyptian Obelisk, known as "Cleopatra's Needle," *Mr. Punch* desires to give timely and distinct notice to all those persons whom a long and bitter experience forewarns him are already meditating to overwhelm him with their playful contributions, that it is his inflexible determination to exclude from his columns all and singular of the following (amongst a host of others) essays and attempts at wit and humour:—

Any abuse and maltreatment of the common adjective needless.
Any allusion to Egyptian Hall.

Any suggestion to *Mr. Punch* to give an eye to the Needle.

Any such words and phrases (having evident reference to the Needle)—as point, pointed, pointless, coming to the point, the point of the joke, the point in question, the thread of the story, threading a way through the crowd, &c.

Any jests founded on "the Needles."

Any opinions to the effect that there is not a pin to choose between the various sites proposed, but that perhaps, on the whole, Threadneedle Street would be the most proper place.

Any indication of a design to drag in the Commissioners of Sewers.

Any such intricate reference to the country from which the Needle comes as is implied in the hope that it will meet with its deserts in its new home.

Any suggestion that it ought to be protected from the weather, the climate, the street boys, &c.—obviously only put forth as an artful device for introducing a Needle-case.

Any proposition that if there are engineering difficulties about the transport of the Needle, a number of the best sewing machines should be employed.

Any expressions of disappointment at the size or appearance of the Needle, finding vent in the terse criticism that it is only "So-so," or perhaps reviving the ancient vulgarism that it is "All my Eye."

Should his intending Correspondents feel that they must unburden themselves to some sympathetic soul, *Mr. Punch* would suggest to them to pass him over for this once, and to communicate instead, with the Authors of the next Christmas Pantomimes and Burlesques.

A YARN OR A FACT?

VULGAR CREDULITY will jump, and Vulgar INcredulity laugh, at an announcement which has appeared in the papers respecting—

"THE GREAT SEA SERPENT.—With a view of encouraging a closer observation than has hitherto been afforded of any sea-monster which may appear from time to time, the authorities at the Admiralty have permitted the publication in *Land and Water* of the official reports forwarded to them by the Officers of Her Majesty's Yacht *Osborne*, in reference to the sea-monster seen off Cape Vito in June last."

Here, however, we see that reports of the appearance of something surmised at least to be possibly the Sea Serpent have actually been sent to the Admiralty by Naval Officers. Sailors now report to their employers as matter-of-fact that which they would once have recommended any narrator to tell to the Marines.

PHRASES FOR THE PHILOSOPHIC.

"STRONG language," very truly remarked Mr. GLADSTONE the other day to some gentlemen from Tyldesley and Bedford Leigh, "is not necessarily violent language," and a little later, on giving vent to an expression of opinion somewhat emphatically, he added, "that is strong language, but it is not violent language, because it is exactly measured to the circumstances to which it applies."

No better definition of the legitimate scope and limit of strong language could possibly be given, but as there is not unfrequently some difficulty experienced by the most self-restrained in "exactly measuring" their words "to the circumstances to which they apply," the following neat little ready-made phrases, as likely to be in common request, may perhaps be found useful to the beginner:—

On Putting on a Pair of Tight Boots.

"Really these boots are extremely uncomfortable, though, no doubt, my bootmaker is an excellent and worthy man, who works conscientiously and laboriously for the benefit of his wife and large family, still I should like to make him walk fifty-five miles and back in these boots, and I am disposed to let him recover their cost from me, if he can, through the County Court."

On having to take an Unattractive Dowager to Dinner.

"I admit aged people are a necessity, but why cannot an old woman, who must be seventy if she is a day, dine at home? I like the SKIFFINGTONS, but why do they arrange their table so unwisely, placing that talkative fool with a heavy moustache near to CONNY TRAVERS? Really, it would serve the SKIFFINGTONS right were the floor to open suddenly and swallow us up, dinner and all. I wish it would."

On being run over by a Bicycle.

"Exercise is a wholesome and enjoyable thing, and nothing is prettier in its way than a bevy of bicycles going at full speed along a smooth road. I think I might have belonged to a Club myself had I not been knocked down and seriously injured on the ankle, to say nothing of damage to my hat and coat with mud by this rather mismanaged machine in which I am now entangled in the gutter. I have no personal quarrel with the owner, but were he to be put upon his trial for murder at the Old Bailey, I should receive the news with considerable satisfaction."

On having the Gate shut in your Face as you just Miss a Train at one of the Metropolitan Stations.

"Punctuality is, without a question, the soul of business, and nothing can be more commendable than the unswerving precision with which that ticket-inspector has just slammed the barrier he guards in my pathway. Still, he has left me shut in this gloomy passage to watch the progress of the departing train, and his indifference to my position is so unamiable that I have half a mind to report him up-stairs, in the hope that he may be dismissed by his superiors and ruined. At any rate, I regret that he did not jam his finger severely with his violence."

On Meeting an Obstructive on a Staircase.

"This is not at all an uninteresting adventure, for nothing in its way can be more instructive than the firmness and perseverance which, notwithstanding all argument and entreaty, often block the public way, to the serious inconvenience of others. Still, as it is my wish and intention to go up-stairs, I consider that I shall act wisely in throwing this man, without further ado, over the balusters."

On arriving from one of the Channel Boats at Folkestone after a Rough Passage.

"It is extremely pleasant, after the disagreeable experiences that have been furnished me by the last two hours and a half that I have spent on this steamboat, to meet with a crowd of one's fellow-countrymen who are evidently not only in the best of spirits, but deeply interested in one's condition. At the same time, in the absence of any local policeman or other official to take them all into custody as fugitives and vagabonds, I should immensely like, had I only the strength to wield it, to be let loose among them with a large horse-whip."

On Reading another Holiday Speech of Mr. Gladstone.

"Well, this is very admirable in its way, and full of excellent copy-book headings and fine old platitudes. But, as I make it a rule to get through the whole of the *Times* daily, I wish that not quite so many people would insist on having a speech two columns in length whenever they happen to come in sight of the terrace at Hawarden."

ARTICLED CLERKS.

THE CLERGY should be distinguished as "Thirty-Nine-Articled Clerks."



RURAL SIMPLICITY.

"BEEN TO SCHOOL, LITTLE LASSIE?"

"AYE, SIR."

"GOOD GIRL—THERE'S A PENNY FOR YOU."

"THANK YOU, SIR. I'LL HAE TO BE STEPPIN'—BUT AWM GAUN TO SKEULL I' THE MORNIN'—WULL YE BE THIS WAY I' THE EFTERNEUN ?!"

WHAT IT MAY COME TO.

WILLIAM SIKES was again brought up on Tuesday before the Magistrate at Bow Street charged with stealing a handkerchief.

Mr. HODGES prosecuted, instructed by the Treasury, and the prisoner was defended by Mr. MONTGOMERY, Mr. WIGGINS, and Mr. WILKINSON. The Bench was crowded with Dukes, and several Bishops found places at the table usually reserved for solicitors.

The first witness called was CHARLES BATES, alias "the Artful Dodger," who is now undergoing a term of imprisonment at Milbank. The witness wore the usual convict's garb; his hair was parted down the centre, and he appeared to be a person of remarkable intelligence and some education.

He deposed as follows, examined by Mr. HODGES:—Knew the prisoner perfectly well. He was called "the Brain Spiller." (*Laughter*.) Supposed he was called that because he broke skulls. (*Roars of laughter*.) He saw the prisoner take the handkerchief. There was no doubt about the matter.

Cross-examined by Mr. MONTGOMERY: He was eighteen years old. He had been in prison on and off for several years. He had been charged with robbing his mother, stealing from his father, and attempting to defraud his grandmother. He had also been charged with forging the names of seven-and-twenty different people. He supposed some of the charges were true. (*Laughter*.) He knew that he had been convicted on all of them. (*Roars of laughter*.)

Mr. MONTGOMERY. Now, Sir, answer me this question. Do you think a convict's word is to be believed before that of an honest man?

Bates (*indignantly*). That is a most improper question, and I appeal to the Court. (*Applause*.) Let me tell my learned friend that an honest heart may beat under a prison waistcoat, and long hair does not always mean business aptitude, national honour, and hard-working integrity. (*Loud applause*.)

Mr. MONTGOMERY (with great warmth). You must not call me your learned friend.

Bates. I retract the "learned." (*Roars of laughter*.)

Cross-examination continued: I have been tried for murder. I got off on an *alibi*. It was certainly rather crooked. (*Shouts of laughter, in which the Bench and Bar joined heartily*.) My maternal aunt did not like me before her death. I suppose she objected to me because I put some poison in her tea. (*Laughter*.) She found me out the first time, but the poison found her out the second. (*Roars of laughter*.) The money was paid by the Insurance Company. I had insured her life for £500. The prisoner had none of the proceeds.

Cross-examined by Mr. WIGGINS: The handkerchief I saw the prisoner take was a cotton one. That I will swear. It was not made of Indian straw. Of that I am certain.

Cross-examined by Mr. LOUIS GEORGE: Until I was sent to prison I was an innocent little boy. My parents took great pains with me. I was their hope and pride. I have always regarded the prisoner with feelings of affection. In my opinion he is a most respectable person, and is quite incapable of stealing a handkerchief.

Re-examined by Mr. HODGES: I am quite sure the prisoner took the pocket-handkerchief. I saw him take it. The theft occurred in the broad daylight. There could be no doubt about it.

Mr. HODGES then informed the Magistrate that although this was a preliminary inquiry it would be necessary for the Crown to call forty-two more witnesses. He was sorry to say that the case might take up some time, and therefore he would suggest that arrangements should be promptly made to allow for the Christmas, the Easter and the Midsummer holidays.

The Magistrate, after expressing an opinion that no time had been wasted, promised to consider the matter during the adjournment, and remanded the prisoner (for the forty-second time) until Thursday.



GOOD FORM.

(You may speak to anyone in France, even to a bold Gendarme—if you are only decently polite.)

"I IMPLORE YOUR PARDON FOR HAVING DERANGED YOU, MISTER THE GENDARME, BUT MIGHT I DARE TO ASK YOU TO HAVE THE GOODNESS TO DO ME THE HONOUR TO INDICATE TO ME THE WAY FOR TO RENDER MYSELF TO THE STREET OF THE CROSS OF THE LITTLE-FIELDS?"

GIVEN TO CHANGE.

ANNOUNCEMENTS from time to time appear in the papers, on the part of the Metropolitan Board of Works, enumerating changes lately made by those Authorities in Street Nomenclature. Several alterations were reported in a recent paragraph. For some of these there may be reasons known to the Board. For instance:—

"The suggestions before the Board include . . . a letter from the Vestry of Lewisham, inclosing a memorial from inhabitants of Jew's Walk, Upper Sydenham, requesting that the title of 'The Grove' may be substituted for that name."

"The Grove" is a name which many people think genteeler than Jew's Walk, and to ancient readers of the *Gentleman's Magazine* may suggest pleasant memories of "SYLVANUS URBAN"; though what is called "The Grove" in a suburban district, is not generally a *rus in urbe*, but rather the sort of thing meant by Dr. JOHNSON, when he said, "Sir, a grove of chimneys is better than a grove of trees." And those on whom the rates are levied which enable the Board of Works to effect improvements, pay their money, and may reasonably ask to be let take their choice. Some inhabitants, on the other hand, seem to acquiesce in queer names for their quarters. Accordingly we are told that—

"No alteration will be made in the name of Hocumpcum Lane, Newington."

Hocumpcum Lane may have a derivation. Perhaps it was formerly the residence of some famous wizard. The Board of Works do well, perhaps, to let it alone. May it not happen that, in giving streets and other places new names, and therefore residents new addresses, they now and then do ill? The number of letters which, in consequence of those changes, are delayed or fail to reach their destination, will perhaps be stated in some future return by the Postmaster-General.

AN UNPLEASANT CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

A Protest by a Person of Quality.

"The yolk of a fowl's egg is equal in bulk to about three million mammalian eggs! . . . At any rate, no one can possibly urge any objection on the score that the Address lacks personal interest. In fact, the President has presented to his audience a page out of their own history, and has traced the successive stages through which we have all passed in our early embryonic development. Each member of the British Association, however noble his social lineage, and whatever noise he may make in the world now, can thus carry back the history of his existence to that feeble spark of life which manifested itself in the merest speck of animal-jelly."—*The Athenaeum on PROFESSOR THOMSON'S Plymouth Address.*

"PERSONAL Intwest?" What awcious wot! THOMSON's Addwess, a heap of twivialities—I should have wather called a howwid lot

Of wude, unintewesting personalities! This sort of thing is weally quite impwopah, And on all gentlemanly nerves must jar. It's time that somebody should put a stoppah "On pushing pedigreees so pwecious far Into the wealms of Chaos and Old Night." (A neat quotation that! I hope it's wight.) Some ancestwy is one of the essentials Of ewevey person wanked above a Cad;

But this pwepestewous fad For gwubbing among embwyos for ewedentials Of lengthy lineage is most disgusting, And wight-down wevolutionawy too;

For, if there's any twusting These stowies—though I don't believe them twue— Who's to discwiminate 'twixt Cad and Swell? He Who's in the purple born has little pull Over the Snob, with empty purse or full, If both date back to a mere speck of jelly! Ape-pawtentage was bad enough, but now Levelling Science deals a bittever blow, And has the howwid impudence to tell us We spwing fwom something wum called a *Vitellus*— (Which is the way in which these learned folk Speak of that portion of an egg called "yolk"). And that an *Ovum* infinitely small

Is origin of all.

Gad! Things are coming to a pwetty pass, When Men of Science, in this doosed queer age, Link ultimate pwtoplasm and the peerwage, The stawbewy leaves and the first "mulbewy-mass," The latter being their widiculous term For something prior to the *blastoderm*— Fwom which, thwough pwocesses I cannot follow— Of which the vewy names beat High-Dutch hollow— They trace, without the least weserve or mystewy, The most unpleasant pages of man's histowy; And then they pwate of "personal intwest!"

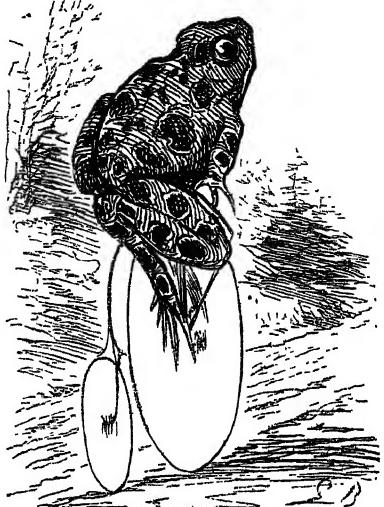
I weally must pwotest.

I feel no intwest in such wevelations. The *ovum* is a *cell* complete?—oh yes, No doubt—(though I should spell it with an *S*)— But what's the use of putting the gwdادات 'Twixt "mewoblastic ova," and—say Me, In such a lot of beastly cwackjaw words— (Which often sound like sweawing)—I can't see. And if the—haw!—Vitelluses of birds (Or should it be *Vitelli*?)

Are equal to three millions of our own, What odds, since peers or poultwy, all have gwown From that owginal speck of animal jelly? Back to the Conquewor's far enough to twace Any man's pedigree, and if indeed Those pwecious Plymouth Pwyers should succeed In pwoving—to Society's disgwace— The Common Ancestor of fowls and man To be the *cell* of SCHLEIDEN or of SCHWANN, 'Twere better, who with pwopah pwide could doubt it? To say no moah about it!

VULGARIAN ATROCITIES.—*Mr. Punch* is ashamed to say that he has received by post several puns, of which the point consisted in the consonance of the noun-substantive "tears" with the name of the recently deceased French Statesman—mispronounced.

LETTERS FOR THE DEAD SEASON.



THE following communications have been sent to 85, Fleet Street; but *Mr. Punch* cannot help thinking that (with the exception of the last) they all must have been intended for the columns of some of his contemporaries.

To the Editor.

SIR,—I think it right to send you an account of "the last dodge" of the swell mob, for the protection of your readers. Yesterday I left my house at ten, and at eleven a respectably-dressed man called upon my wife and informed her that I had told him that I wished all the furniture removed immediately. Suspecting nothing, my wife permitted the thief to fill some half dozen large vans with all the furniture in the house, and the wine in the cellars. He even took the contents of our wardrobes. When I returned in the evening I found the house quite empty. As this man may be repeating this disgraceful and heartless trick in other places, I trust my warning is not inopportune.

Yours sincerely,
ONE WHO IS NOW ON HIS GUARD.

Kensal Green, North Kensington.

To the Editor.

SIR,—When I walked in my garden this morning I heard the note of the cuckoo. I have had a long consultation with all my neighbours, and they consider the occurrence most wonderful, considering the time of the year. Under these circumstances I think it my duty to report the matter to you.

Yours faithfully,
Dormouse Lodge, Muddleborough. A. NOODLE.

To the Editor.

SIR,—The other day on landing from the steamboat at the Westminster Pier (we had had a very wet passage from Charing Cross) a young fellow of twelve years old or so (it would be affection to describe him as a gentleman) shouted out to me, "Ain't yer cold?" I am told that passengers are frequently subjected to insults as gross as this on the Thames.

Surely, Sir, this should not be permitted. It is simply disgraceful that a quiet, middle-aged, and corpulent traveller should have his feelings outraged on landing after a ten minutes' passage.

Yours indignantly,
Junior Wanderers' Club. PENNY STEAMBOAT.

To the Editor.

SIR,—The other evening, at about eleven o'clock, on leaving the hospitable board of my friend Mr. BACKUS, I felt so severe a shock that I was thrown off my feet on to the pavement. Another of the guests found the road so insecure that he had to hold on to a lamp-post; whilst a third had to seek protection in the station-house, whither he was conducted by two constables. Considering that we all three felt the shocks, is not this strong evidence that an earthquake must have occurred?

Yours respectfully,
Hebe Cottage, Dringkington. F. VON DRUNK.

To the Editor.

SIR,—There are many stories told of the exorbitant bills charged at Continental inns, but I think the following account, furnished by one of our English hotel-keepers, will throw everything else into the shade:—

	s. d.
Bed ..	2 6
Dinner ..	3 6
Whiskey..	4 0
Attendance ..	0 6
<hr/>	
	10 6

There, Sir! The dinner, miserably served, consisted of soup, fish, entrées, and a bird (a very small one). The bed-room was

actually on the second floor. The price charged for the whiskey, however, was not unreasonable.

Yours protestingly,
Bawbeeborough. MACSTINGY OF THAT ILK.

To the Editor.

SIR,—If it is not too late to send you an additional particular about the recent total eclipse, may I be permitted to say that the moon seemed at one time to be copper-coloured.

Yours obediently,

The Observatory, Sleepington. T. HARDY SLOWBOY.

To the Editor.

SIR,—In your impression of yesterday's date I find that a person called "A. SMITH" was convicted of stealing a pocket-handkerchief. It is only in justice to my own respectability and to the satisfaction of my friends that I request you kindly to say that I was not the "A. SMITH" in question. I sign this with my initials to prove to you that my name is not quite the same as that of the thief already alluded to.

A. S. S.

22, Lavender Water Grove, Lower Tooting.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,

I think it only right to tell you that I have already seen an enormous gooseberry (weighing a ton and a half), and have been caught in a shower of frogs. I hear that the great Sea Serpent has been frequently observed, and is shortly expected off the Isle of Wight, and that the oldest inhabitant of Cheyne Walk, Chelsea (aged one hundred and three), is at the river side catching daily a large quantity of salmon. Trusting that these facts will save you the trouble of wading through a vast quantity of correspondence,

I remain, sincerely yours,

A RETIRED PENNY-A-LINER.

To Mr. Punch, 85, Fleet Street.

GREASY.

HERE is a chance for a Cook:—

WANTED, an Earnest Christian Woman as COOK, not under twenty-five. One who has been in the habit of meeting with Brethren preferred. Apply, &c.

The place offered as above, in the *Exeter and Plymouth Gazette*, is evidently a situation in a "serious family" of the Plymouth Brethren persuasion. For a Cook in any other the habit of meeting with Plymouth Brethren would be deemed a decidedly objectionable antecedent. The rule would be, on the contrary, "No Plymouth Brethren allowed." No doubt the Advertiser trusts that a Sister of the Plymouth Brethren, answering for herself to the description of "an earnest Christian Woman" would never sell dripping, or otherwise embezzle kitchen-stuff, dressed or raw, or cheat by collusion with tradesmen, or in any other way, but would always, to the very best of her ability, do her employer's dinner, and never her employer.

Address to Correspondents.

ALL you to *Punch* that contributions send,
Keep copies of your articles at home.
Then, if he tear your manuscript or sketch,
He tears but paper; does not tear your wit,
Your satire, humour, fancy, fun, or bosh
His space exceeding. Whose were the more pains,
Yours to transcribe your writings, each, or his
To send you letters all? Be that as 't may,
Dear friends, take notice for the thousandth time:—
Rejected articles *Punch* never does,
And never did, and can't, and won't return.

Fast and Slow.

How imbecile 'and silly seem all the stale, hackneyed, worn-out popular slang sayings of other days! "There you go with your eye out!" "What a shocking bad hat!" "How are you off for soap?" "Flare up, and join the Union!" "How's your mother?" "How's your poor feet?" What stupidity affecting sharpness betrays itself in these obsolete impertinences! In respect of fun, and point, and cleverness, what a difference there is between all those and the sparkling exclamation with which the lively lower orders now continually salute each other and their superiors—"Whoa, EMMA!"

THE SATELLITES OF MARS.—Why, Ias, to be sure!



A MODEL MAIDEN.

O FASCINATING DAUGHTER OF GAUL! CLEVER AND BRIGHT,
PRETTY SHOD, AND NEATLY CAPPED—BONNE, GRISSETTE, HOUSE-
MAID, OR MARKET-WOMAN—WHATEVER BE THY HUMBLE RANK, WHO
WOULD NOT LOSE HIS HEART TO THEE!

THE COMPLETE TELEGRAM-WRITER.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL has recently remonstrated with the senders of telegrams *à propos* of their extravagance in the use of words. His Lordship asserts that the cause of the comparative failure of this branch of the postal service (speaking of it as a commercial speculation), can be traced to the thoughtless verbosity of the public. If every one who sends a telegram would make his message as concise as possible, and would moreover cut out every unnecessary word, a deficit would very soon be changed into a handsome surplus. Always ready to assist in any undertaking of a national character, *Mr. Punch* begs to furnish his readers with a few model telegrams.

Specimen No. 1.

A very distinguished Statesman has been in the habit of welcoming excursionists to his grounds, and there regaling them with tree-felling and speechification. He receives a long and flowery letter from a representative of a band of his admirers, begging him to receive a deputation at his country seat, to see him cut some timber and to hear him make a speech. The letter also asks for his opinion upon a number of subjects. Here follows the proper reply:

From GLADSTONE to A. NOODLE, Bunkumborough.

*Can't. Trees and Speeches cut for the Season. For opinions
see pamphlets.*

Specimen No. 2.

A Young Poet has long been in love with a beautiful girl. The beautiful girl has smiled upon his suit. All is settled; the day is fixed, and the ring is purchased. At the last moment the young Poet discovers that a rival has been paying his addresses to the lady of his heart, and that those addresses have not been regarded with sufficient disfavour by his soul's idol. Instead of writing a long and bitter letter full of taunts and reproaches, he sends the following telegram, which reveals his knowledge, frees his bride, and hints at suicide:—

From SHAKSPEARE SMITH, Battersea Bridge, to FLORIE, Rose Cottage, Tooting.

Know all. You may marry BROWN. Just going to jump.

Specimen No. 3.

In a moment of madness a number of Voters have elected a most unpleasant person to be their representative in Parliament. On regaining their senses, they deeply regret their folly, and desire to escape from the consequences. In various manners they attempt to convey to their Member that they wish him to resign. Instead of writing a long defence of his conduct, he telegraphs as follows:—

From KENEALY, London, to Electors, Stoke.

Won't. You must learn to love me.

Specimen No. 4.

A body of Philanthropists are getting up a fund for some benevolent purpose. They have made it a rule to publish no names, but merely the amounts subscribed. They address a charitable person, whose signature appears in every subscription list, and request him to forward a donation. The charitable person, instead of sending a long letter full of excuses, telegraphs as follows:—

From CRESUS, City, to Good Samaritans, Cashbankington.

No. Hate anything anonymous.

Specimen No. 5.

Two Theologians have had a long and courteous correspondence upon some doctrinal point. After about the thirtieth letter, one of the Theologians suggests that the other may have been able to adopt the views he avows on account of some slight defect in his mental organisation. He makes this suggestion in the most guarded and friendly language, and awaits a reply. Instead of writing, the other Theologian immediately dispatches the following telegram:—

From SPURGEON MANNING to NEWMAN COLENZO.

Coming by the next train to punch your head.

Specimen No. 6.

A Minister has long enjoyed a reputation for great cleverness. He has moreover shown a strong objection to the restraints of Parliament. On several occasions this Minister had taken advantage of the House being up, to act with considerable recklessness. Parliament is not sitting at a time when the greatest caution is absolutely necessary for the proper manipulation of foreign affairs. The Wisest Man in the whole world sends the following telegram to the most cunning:—

From PUNCH, Town, to BEACONSFIELD, Country.

No larks. I've got my eye on you.

Having furnished the above models, *Mr. Punch* leaves the matter in the hands of his readers. He once more reminds them that the hope of the Post-Office Telegraph Department rests upon the Public's forbearance. If the bacon is to be saved, it must be saved by *pauca verba*.

JOLLY PAUPERS.

At Bow Street, the other day, an alleged lunatic having been brought up for examination, previous to an order for his committal, if necessary, to a Lunatic Asylum,—

"The Surgeon from St. Giles's Workhouse said that Noxus had been under his observation in the Infirmary for some days, but neither he nor the Warder in charge of him could see any signs of madness in his conduct. He ate well, he slept well, and he drank well."

Did he? Then what a very exceptional Workhouse Infirmary St. Giles's must be! So perhaps is his Workhouse altogether—Guardians, Relieving Officer, dietary and all. Whoever before heard of any Workhouse in any part of which anybody ate well, slept well, and drank well, except in the Matron's apartment, or perhaps the Committee Room? Beggars, and, as such, paupers, cannot be choosers, especially of their domicile, but if an unfortunate person who had seen better days could select his asylum, and were asked to name it, the statement above-quoted might induce him to say, "Command me to St. Giles's Workhouse."



CLEAR THE COURSE!
OR, HOW TO TREAT THE FOLKESTONE CAD.

SACERDOTALISTS AND SECEDEERS.

THE principal ratepayers of Cuddesdon, Oxon, headed by two Churchwardens, have written the Vicar, the Rev. Canon Furze, a letter requesting him to refrain from inviting the Rev. E. F. WILLIS, the Vice-Principal of Cuddesdon College, or any other Member of the "Society of the Holy Cross," to officiate any more in the church of that parish. The Vicar of Cuddesdon replies to them in many words, reducible to two, the *ex officio* form of refusal peculiar to another Vicar, of loftier pretensions than even those of the highest Anglican parson—"non possumus." First on the list of signatures to the Cuddesdon ratepayers' letter of objection to confederates with the *Priest in Absolution*, stands the name of JOHN CHILLINGWORTH. Is this JOHN a descendant of that WILLIAM who, having persuaded himself of Popery, did not pretend to play the Popish Priest, but honestly and consistently went over to Rome, and, after having had a little experience there, came back again, and vindicated the "Religion of Protestants"? A Chillingworth appears to be in

his place as Churchwarden of a Protestant parish, and, in that capacity, taking the lead of parishioners protesting against the sham sacerdotalism of pseudo-Roman Father Confessors.

Not that our friends the Ritualists are not Protestants also, just as much as CHILLINGWORTH the Controversialist or CHILLINGWORTH the Churchwarden. The Bishop of EXETER considers them ultra-Protestants. Referring to them, in a reply to a letter from the Mayor of Plymouth, he says:—

"It should never be forgotten that the position assumed by such men is in reality based on the exaggeration of the Protestant principle of private judgment."

They will submit neither to Rome nor Canterbury. Each has hitherto been his own Pope and his own Archbishop. However, according to the *Whitehall Review*, a considerable number of them, clergy and laity, are now organising a Church of their own; an opposition Church of England, under the denomination of "The Order of the Corporate Reunion." These are consistent pseudo-Papistical Protestants. Nobody can complain of seceders for conscience' sake. If Ritualists will only get out of the National Church into a Church of their own, they will be entitled to play at Roman Catholics as much as they please, and nobody will have any more right to blame or ridicule them than anybody has to censure or make fun of the Irvingites or the Sandemanians. Do the laymen of the "Order of the Corporate Reunion" include any members of the lower classes? If so, they might get up amongst them, as an invitation to Ritualists in general, the cry of "Flare up and join the Order!"

LINES TO LORD DUNDREARY.

(On the Moons of Mars.)

Poets talk of silvery light
In their verses on the Moon.

Is the radiant Orb of Light
Made of silver, like a spoon?

Such as that wherewith the blest
In their mouths, 'tis said, are born.
Wooden spoons beat the rest;
Mimic metal, iron, horn.

Other spoons there are, to wit;
Biped Spoons, that mooning go:
In the "hollow muscle" hit
By the winged Urchin's bow.

Mars has got more moons than we,
Two to one, a sign on high,
If it could suspended be,
Like mine Uncle's in the sky.

Mars is but Earth's fifth in size:
How then is 't his moons are two?
It seems to Reason's purblind eyes
One, a smaller one, would do.

A reason—one can understand
Why Venus should have sundry moons,
'Neath which fond lovers, hand in hand,
Might wander—sentimental "Spoons."

If Mars's moons the mind affect,
And slates in Reason's roof unfix,
Than Earth, a fellow might expect,
Mars would have twice more lunatics.

Now, haply, on a battle-plain
In Mars, if lunar influence works,
Lie twice as many maimed and slain
As all yon Russians or yon Turks.



EX FUMO DARE LUCEM.

At the Smoking Tub. "H.M.S. Twizzler."

Irish Naval Surgeon (on the Wrongs of his Profession). "BEDAD! THIN IT'S JUST THIS—THEY'RE THRYIN' TO GET US AS CHAPE AS THEY CAN—AND THEY CANNT DO UT!"

CADS IN KENT.

THERE is generally something in what the divine WILLIAMS says, or makes his characters say. In the Second Part of *Henry the Fourth* a personage remarks that—

"Kent, in the Commentaries CÆSAR writ,
I term'd the civil'st place of all this isle."

The suggestion that Kent might still retain the character given it by CÆSAR, follows. Perhaps the Kentish people still excel in civility, as a rule. But the reception given to passengers arriving from Boulogne appears to prove the folk, or a portion of the folk, of Folkestone an exception. Can it be that they are distinguished by their deficiency in this respect from the inhabitants of Dover? It is truly said that civility costs nothing. The converse also is true, and it is possible to lose by rudeness. Unfortunately, too, it is possible to make others lose. Hotel-keepers and tradesmen are interested in a question which concerns travellers, and may have a material interest in determining choice of route. Is it impossible that a public meeting could be held at Folkestone to take measures for deterring the Cads of that town from brutal behaviour?

LATEST THUNDER FROM THE VATICAN.

OH, my gracious, Mr. Punch, do just look at this!

"Bishop O'CONNELL, of California, has announced to his congregations that, according to instructions received from Rome, no Roman Catholic can participate in round dances, under pain of mortal sin."

Goodness! Only fancy being wicked if one waltzes! How thankful one should be that one is not a Roman Catholic, at least if one is fond of "participating in round dances!" If such instructions come to London, as well as California, I guess the Cardinal will not make many converts here next season, at least among young Ladies, like,

Yours, truly,
ANGELINA.

P.S. What a lovely phrase for a Gentleman to use!—"May I have the pleasure of participating in a round dance with you?"

In Memoriam.

WAR's horror at its worst, the seeds of change
Darkly at work for Nations, Churches, Kings,
What is there in an old man's death so strange
To give it rank among eventful things?

Nor King is he, nor President, nor Pope;
He holds no sword of strength, nor keys of power;
Hangs on his life nor world-wide fear nor hope;
If, he was e'er "The Man," long past his Hour.

Yet but one Statesman's exit, and no King's,
Could give such theme for thought, and tongue, and
pen,
As this small eighty-years-old bourgeois's brings
The lightest hearts, and quickest wits, of men.

France, save the fraction that flings filth for flowers,
Utters one voice of sorrowing regret
O'er him who gave her his long manhood's powers,
Whom Death, at eighty, found her soldier yet,

Unbowed beneath the burden of fourscore,
Donning his armour for the self-same fight
In which, a stripling, erst the flag he bore
Of Might enthroned in Power, with Law-based Right.

What wonder France should sorrow so for him
Who scorned what she scorns, held what she holds
dear;
Whose quick sense saw no truth, while it was dim,
Content to rest in half-truth, while 'twas clear.

The sharpest-shaping, keenest-biting wit
That kept alive the memory of VOLTAIRE;
Most French of Frenchmen, apt with phrase to fit
The unspoke sentiment that filled the air,

So giving it the concrete life that moulds
A Party's purpose, People's mood, to Act;
Finding, at need, the wanted word that holds
A Nation's fancy, till it turns to fact.

Against such gifts, what was it that his pen
At times postponed harsh truth to happy phrase?
If, when he ministered as chief of men,
The Statesman grasped at times the meaner praise

Of winning cleverly, than on the square?
The Jury he appealed to were his peers;
His history was their legend, written fair;
His spice of false won for his truth their ears.'

Nor only France he glassed, in fleck and flaw;
From youth he was the soldier-sworn of Right
Set in the adamantine bounds of Law,
For that was first, would have been last, to fight.

And therefore France, once more upon the verge
Of that sad war 'tis still her fate to wage,
Twixt Might with Power, Right with but Law to urge,
Took him for champion even in his age.

Prone as she is good service to forget,
And fickle in her favour, as they say,
Still in her heart she bore the man who set
Weakness aside, and cast old age away,

Posting the world to raise her up a friend;
Then, harder task, subdued his wrath and shame,
His conquered country's interest to defend,
And melt her conquerors to milder frame.

Who, when concession's utmost boon was wrung,
Despaired not of his country, stricken low,
Beaten and bleeding, but her nerves re-strung
In tune to his, weak wailing to forego,

With hardness to endure, War's debt to pay,
And Peace's work with heart and hope set to,
To earn the ransom she had wealth to pay,
And envy of her conquerors thereto.

For this she mourns him—lays upon his bier,
Tribute of common grief, the Civic Crown;
And holds this little Bourgeois, henceforth, dear,
Among her Great Ones to the dead gone down.

A FEW DAYS IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE.

*The Philosopher—The Funny Man—A Nuisance—Excitements—
The Commencement of a Modern Symposium—An Entirely
New Character.*



THE Poet HAMLIN MUMLEY has no chance against BUDDERMEER the Bald at Dinner, when the latter has commenced on one of his pet subjects, "the Prose of Modern Poets" handicapped as he is, too, by having to carve the fowls. Poor MUMLEY, who has let himself in for it, out of a desire to ventilate his own opinions, is compelled to listen, and though he makes a few bold attempts to insert the thin edge of his conversational wedge between the jointings of a chicken, yet they are eminently unsuccessful, as BUDDERMEER has one eye fixed on him, and is down on him, at once, with the continuation of a suspended sentence, which it would have been the height of rudeness on MUMLEY's part to interrupt.

As BUDDERMEER's views (which he has lately adopted from some magazine or critical review) are diametrically opposed to MUMLEY's, the latter is actually writhing at being

forced out of mere politeness to hold his tongue, while BUDDERMEER flows on with what MUMLEY characterises very strongly afterwards, and in confidence, as "dash'd nonsense."

"He was talking," growls MUMLEY, "dash'd nonsense about Poet's prose."

"Yes," I reply, "as you couldn't have your say, we had all the prose and none of the cons."

Nobody laughs very much at this; certainly not so much as it deserves, and MILBURD doesn't laugh at all. He pretends to be looking away and thinking of something else, and he, rudely (rudely to my mind, because I should have liked the present company to have discussed whether a better thing than this of mine about prose and cons had ever been attributed to SHEEDAN, SWIFT, or SIDNEY SMITH), changes the subject by abruptly inquiring of BOODELS, "Is there much game about here?"

If MILBURD himself had uttered this *jeu de mot* (or this *bon mot*) whatever it may be, perhaps a little or both, say a *bon jeu de mot* of mine, he would have roared with laughter, himself, first of all, have dug two persons in the ribs, and asked them "if they saw it, eh?" then have explained it, laughing heartily all the while, to two more, and finally taken me (probably) by the arm, walked me into the recess of the window, and have repeated the joke, pointing out to me how really good it was, and how it didn't lose by repetition. And yet, when he hears a joke, a *really* good one, a witticism in fact from anyone else, specially from an intimate friend (I believe he detests all his intimate friends) he perversely *won't* see anything in it; or, if forced to give it his attention by reason of being asked by some one, a stranger of course, whether that (whatever it was) of So-and-so's wasn't very good, he either pretends that he hasn't heard it, or that he has heard it before, when it was first said, *originally*, and so much better by somebody else; and if the *jeu de mot* is absolutely and undeniably new, MILBURD will wink at the perpetrator and say, "Hallo! here we are again! Joe Miller: page three hundred and two, number six thousand and eighty-four in the books!" Unfortunately MILBURD having a reputation as an authority, the company will, one after another, observe, "Indeed! I did not know it was old;" then, "I fancy I've heard something like it before," and finally everybody will actually arrive at remembering it distinctly, being led thereto by MILBURD. The consequence is that the unhappy person who has said this genuine witticism, which would have been like a thing of beauty and a joy for ever in any society where MILBURD wasn't present, will be henceforth looked down upon as that most unpardonable of all social impostors, the man who sets himself up for a humorist above his fellows, and struts in plumes of borrowed wit.

MILBURD, as I have intimated, has been asked by BOODELS because he is popularly supposed to have such an inexhaustible flow of spirits, and in a Country-House "keeps the whole thing going"—but it strikes me that he "keeps *himself* going" by shutting up every one else in the most brutally loud manner, roaring and laughing, while he morally treads on your toes and gags you. In fact, if one has a good thing to say for the appreciation of the company, the best way (happy thought this) is to tell it to MILBURD alone first, secure his approbation and "Hall Mark," as it were, then to lead up to it at dinner, and get MILBURD to tell it, when one can seize the opportunity of correcting him in details. It is dangerous to try this more than once, as even in such a case MILBURD will betray his trust, and when you (who told him the story) say, "MILBURD, tell them what I was telling you this afternoon—you'll do it better than I shall," he will reply, "Well, no one could do it worse, because I really did not see the point of it." "But," you retort, "you laughed!" "I laughed," he will return, coolly, "because I thought it was a practical joke of yours to mystify me. I didn't think it was a story at all." This induces every one to cry out, "Oh, do tell it!" When, if you comply, MILBURD will interrupt, pretending to elucidate the gist of the story by means of cross-questioning, or he will undertake to tell the joke himself *as you told it to him*, and thus make it intensely stupid by carefully omitting the point and the *raison d'être* of the jest.

MILBURD may, we all, I believe, gradually agree, be "the life and soul of a Country-House," but it must be when there is nobody there but himself.

We have two new excitements now besides the Trimmer, which is set daily by somebody, and watched with the usual sad interest from the bank by everybody. Capital opportunity for joke here—interest from the Bank—which would have set an ordinary company in a roar if MILBURD hadn't been present. In his absence somebody would have said it, and we should all have enjoyed the harmless pleasantries; but now, no one dares to joke; we wait for his (MILBURD's) jokes as the professional side-splitter, and, if he is silent, we are gloomy. And this is one of the effects of BOODELS having asked a man down here who is "so full of spirits, who will keep everybody going, and be the life and soul of the party." ("Keep everybody going wrong," I think to myself.) And FOGMORE the Composer, who resents MILBURD's constantly recurring chaff about the Oratorio of *The Ark*, and in whom I confide, agrees with me.

One of the two new excitements, alluded to above, a Hare which comes out on the front lawn at breakfast-time and takes its meals in a painfully disturbed state of mind. Any sound at any distance disturbs that Hare. He nibbles, and runs away, and hides himself among the bushes. Presently, out he comes again very cautiously, as if he were trespassing, looks round, erects his ears, sits bolt upright like his toy counterpart that plays a drum with his fore-paws, decides that it's all right, and nibbles again. His action suggests the idea of his being uncertain about the arrival of some train (behind the laurel bushes) by which he has to go; this uncertainty weighs on his mind, and causes him to just take a nibble, then run off to see if the train has come in, then return, listen with ears erect to be quite sure that he doesn't hear a bell, or a whistle, and, then having satisfied himself of this, he squats down again and nibbles hurriedly.

We watch him from the window.

"I say, BOODELS," roars MILBURD, "I came down here for fresh air, and there's the same hare here every morning! Ha! ha! ha! Eh, do you see, old boy? Eh?" this to BUDDERMEER, who is on the point of giving us an extract from the Newspaper. BUDDERMEER not liking to be dug in the ribs, says, with a sort of grunt, "Yes, I see—hare—very good!" when MILBURD repeats it to everybody, still laughing loudly himself. Once, and once only, BUDDERMEER the Bald, emboldened, perhaps, by some more than ordinarily strong tea at breakfast, comes out of his stronghold (being ordinarily entombed behind *Saturday Reviews* and Literary and Scientific Journals), to attack MILBURD. Expecting the support of the company, BUDDERMEER looks up from his *Times*, and says, "Mr. MILBURD, you shouldn't laugh at your own wit!"

"It would be a precious long time before I had the chance of laughing at any of *yours*," is MILBURD's rough and ready retort—a retort which explodes in a tremendous ha! ha! ha!

BUDDERMEER elevates his eyebrows and looks round on the company as if for assistance, but, meeting with only a frown and a reprobating shake of the head from his wife, he succumbs, and revenges himself on society generally by waiting until everyone is engaged in conversation at the breakfast-table, when he walks off with all the newspapers, and cannot be found anywhere for the rest of the morning.

On this occasion even BOODELS is compelled to remonstrate with the bald philosopher when he turns up again at dinner, smiling blandly as if utterly unconscious of the wrong he has done to us.

One of BOODELS' strong points is the social gathering in the smoking-room in the evening. With our present party—a Composer, a Poet a Funny Man, a Philosopher and myself (as a link in the conversa-

tion—the Linkman)—we ought, he says, to enjoy a real symposium. Ladies are admitted if they like to come, and to stop there as long as they care to remain.

Hitherto before the Ladies and the philosophic BUDDERMEER had appeared, we have lounged silently, yawned (much to BOODELS' disgust), and dropped off to bed one by one, professing a regard for health and early hours in the country. Now, however, there is a chance for some really intellectual conversation, and for two evenings we have discussed poetry, music, and literature, with MUMBLEY, POGMORE and BUDDERMEER as chief debaters. Long after Miss BUDDERMEER has retired, Mrs. BUDDERMEER settles down in an arm-chair, and is soon absorbed in a novel. She generally closes volume the third (her average is a novel a day) sharply, and saying to her husband, "Well, don't sit up all night talking," wishes the company good night and leaves us.

To-night MILBURD, who has gone out after dinner to play billiards with a friend, has received permission from BOODELS to bring his friend back with him. Being a neighbour recently arrived, BOODELS is delighted to make his acquaintance. MILBURD has told us that we shall all like DICK CALTOP immensely, "as he knows everybody, and something of everything that's going on."

At half-past nine we are in the smoking-room, and as it were "prepared to receive a stranger," when MILBURD enters introducing "my friend, MR. CALTOP." We smile, patronisingly, as though the new arrival were a highly privileged individual about to be introduced to a most exclusive circle.

MILBURD in a free and easy manner introduces us to him, not him to us.

Mr. DICK CALTOP (about twenty-seven at most), not in the least overawed either by BOODELS, or BUDDERMEER the Bald, or by the presence of ladies, nods familiarly all round, and, taking a pipe and a pouch out of the pocket of a very sporting-looking coat, remarks pleasantly,

"I see you don't mind a little bit o' baccy. Quite right: 'they all do it.' After you, Sir," to POGMORE, "with the light," and seats himself on the sofa, as though he had known us all for years.

"Rather rough on you," he says in a tone of good-humoured apology to BOODELS, "turning up at this time; but JEMMY," indicating MILBURD, "said I must; and Mother didn't say I musn't," here he winks at BUDDERMEER, who tries to smile. "When he told me there was B. and S. on the tappy, I said, 'Right you are; that's good enough for me: I'm on.' And then once more he winks at us all round, gives a knowing shake of the head, and lights his pipe.

BUDDERMEER frowns and strokes his beard with Oriental gravity. He has looked forward to a literary, scientific, and philosophic evening; so have I. I want to hear POGMORE on music, MUMBLEY on poetry, and BOODELS on astronomy, orchids, and the Mealy Bug. And we have admitted among us the uncongenial element of a modern slang young man.

Miss BUDDERMEER looks frightened. Mrs. BUDDERMEER resumes Volume Two of her Novel. BUDDERMEER ignores the new arrival, and sententiously addresses MUMBLEY to this effect: "I suppose you have carefully read RUSKIN's last article in the—" when Mr. DICK CALTOP inquires of BOODELS, with an air of deep interest, "How are you off for rats here?"

And the evening has fairly commenced.

MIRTH AT MANCHESTER.



INCIDENTALLY to the opening of a magnificent edifice, there was some good fun going on last week at Manchester. Several high jokes appeared in the local papers. Here, by way of specimen, is one from the *Manchester Courier*:

THE TOWN HALL BALL.—To be Sold, cheap, an Old DRESS SUIT and Pair of Boots; also, Pair of Kid Gloves, only cleaned twice, and Tie to match. This is a rare opportunity for Councillors and their friends who purpose attending the Ball. Or a Ticket will be taken in Exchange.

And here another from the *Manchester Guardian*:

M. BROWN regrets that he is unable to supply any more of the Council with his Dress Suits, as he cannot divide three among 666 applicants.

And here, from the last-named journal, is some explanation of these and a lot of similarly satirical announcements:

THE OPENING OF THE NEW TOWN HALL.—On the reading of the minutes of the General Purposes Committee, the Mayor said he had been asked whether it was necessary for Ladies and Gentlemen to come to the reception and ball next week in evening dress. If people would look at the card they had received they would find it said evening dress, and he doubted whether any one would be admitted if they were not in evening dress."

The necessity of evening dress for admittance to a ball is supposed to have hitherto gone without talk in every centre of civilisation, Manchester, of course, not excepted. But—

"Mr. P. GOLDSCHMIDT said the question was more important than at first appeared, because, if people had no evening dress, it ought to be known that they would not be admitted, for it would be very hard to exclude them if they came in ordinary dress."

And Mr. Alderman BENNETT having said he hoped it would be distinctly understood that parties presenting themselves in anything but full evening dress, would not be permitted to enter the building—

"Mr. ASQUITH pointed out that there was no such intimation on the tickets as the Mayor had spoken of. He believed that half the tickets would be returned if evening dress was enforced."

Whereupon—

"Mr. C. WALKER said that, for instance, one Gentleman to whom he had given a ticket had asked if it was necessary to come in evening dress. On

being told that it was, this Gentleman replied that he had an evening suit, but it was some years old and much too small for him. As a new suit would cost him £5 or £6, he had to decline the ticket."

Balls are expensive things for poor or penurious Gentlemen. But the ball contemplated by the Manchester City Council appears to have been one of an extraordinary character—

"Mr. HARWOOD asked how it was that no ticket had been sent to a representative of the Primitive Methodist body. A name was on the list, but the ticket had not been sent.

"Mr. Alderman CURTIS said Mr. HARWOOD was mistaken. A ticket had been sent to a Gentleman connected with the Primitive Methodists."

The Primitive Methodists are hardly a class of persons that, out of the Manchester Municipality, would be imagined by any one to wish themselves represented at a ball. The Jumpers might, however, if any survive; likewise the Shakers, whose devotions include dancing. And the Baptists, some of them, might be willing to set an example by dancing "Spurgeon Quadrilles." Resuming debate after discussion—

"Mr. HILLION thought that if the rule about evening dress was enforced, it would lead to a large traffic in the sale of tickets.

"Mr. SCHOFIELD hoped that no one would be admitted who was not in evening dress.

"Mr. GRIFFIN thought the sense of the Council ought to be taken on the question. (*No.*)"

The sense of the Council may, to some eyes, seem to have been but partial. The MAYOR and Mr. BENNETT, however, will, perhaps, be generally allowed to have shown some. So probably will the debaters last quoted, and the concluding speaker—

"Mr. Alderman LAMB thought that Gentlemen who were not in evening dress should be admitted, but they would certainly be considered as black sheep. (*Laughter.*)"

Only black sheep is hardly the comparison for Gentlemen in morning costume, whether Shepherd's plaid, or fustian, or flannel jackets, or waistcoats and shirt sleeves, and trousers hitched up with a string under the knee. Physically at least, the resemblance is on the side of Gentlemen in evening dress, who, to go to a ball in regulation attire, have put themselves into decent mourning.

A propos de bottes. Unless dress-boots were insisted on at a Manchester Town Hall Ball, some Gentlemen would, perhaps, attend it in iron-bound anklejacks, or clogs; which might be dangerous.

THERSITES AT A TOMB.

THERSITES voiding gall upon the grave
Of a dead chief whom rival hosts respected,
Had surely sickened e'en the foulest slave
Whose breath the glad Greek breezes e'er infected.

To-day Thersites, dancing on a tomb,
Might bring the blush to cheeks of graveyard ghouls,
Whilst generous Gallic hearts are steeped in gloom,
Thersites safely snaps, securely howls.

The Venal Bully and the vengeful Scribe
God's acre now befoul, sans shame or fear.
That precinct should be shut 'gainst all their tribe;
Is it not Writ, "Dogs not admitted here?"



A PATRIOTIC BRITON.

Gigantic Frenchman (forgetting his native "Politesse" in his admiration of ROBINSON's Mastiff). "AH! SAPRISTI! ON PEUT BIEN LE DIRE, 'L'ANGLETERRE EST LE PAYS DES CHIENS ET DES CHEVAUX!'"

Robinson, U.Y.C., (still more gigantic, and with a Wife and Family to match). "AY DAY HOMS! AY DAY FAMS! AY DAY JOLLY PETTYONGFONGS! WEE, MOSSOO!!"

FOR INDIA!

JOHN BULL, *loguitur* (holding the Mansion House Subscription List, and addressing Lord BEACONSFIELD and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE)—

À LIBERAL list! and Charity need not shame
To sum her gift, though some who use her name
May mouth too loudly, cloaking 'neath her cause
Mere party heat and fussy self-applause.
But she stands blameless—almoner of all.
Before the claims which on her coffers fall,
The purse of Fortunatus well might fail,
The touch of Midas prove of small avail.
Here is *her* tribute to a giant need,
Which makes all lesser claims loom small, indeed,
A people's rescue from the gaping maw
Of imminent Famine! 'Tis a task to awe
That freed Prometheus, Conquering Human Love.
An arduous enterprise, that soars above
Charity's stretch, for alien needs may share
Her generous doles—but *this is my affair!*
A true Imperial interest, as I hold,
That well may tithe my Treasury's garnered gold.
The net of Charity, though broadly cast,
Misses the millions, and the draught at last
Is slight and insufficient; great and small
Should share this task—the duty lies on all.
Better than bran-new titles, or the shows
That awe on hordes barbaric would impose,
Stronger than huckster sleight, or braggart boast,
Than gleaming pageant, or than glittering host
Should be the bonds and bars forced by the hand
Of helpful care, to knit my Orient land,
In closer union with my empire's heart
Than power can win or policy impart.

You Famine-menaced myriads cry for aid;
Of large response shall England be afraid,
In poor renunciation of a claim,
Whose full acknowledgment were fruitful fame,
Adding to arms a higher conquest still,
The nobler domination of Good-will?
Not so, Sir! here's a piece of worthy work,
A high Imperial task, I would not shirk.
Open the National Purse, whose strings you hold,
For here the Nation will not grudge its gold.

NATIONALITIES AND NOSES.

MR. PUNCH,
GIVING evidence touching the "Charge against Detectives,"
Mr. Superintendent WILLIAMSON is reported to have said, with reference to a bill describing the personal appearance of the convict BENSON—

"I remember Mr. ABRAHAMS asking that the words 'of Jewish appearance' should be left out, but they were afterwards inserted."

Could those words possibly have hurt the feelings of Mr. ABRAHAMS? If so, why? No Briton south of the Tweed would object to the description of a rogue as having a face of the English type, or north of it care about his being stated to be marked by a Scottish cast of countenance. There are a great many English and not a few Scotch rogues; and what if there be a few Jewish, distinguished by the national features? No bearer of those features ought to be any more vexed because they are named than a Gentleman resembling JULIUS CAESAR would be if he himself, or anybody else, were said to have the appearance of an ancient Roman. What Roman was ever ashamed of his national nose, and, as for ancestors, what is the antiquity of the Roman nation to that of the Hebrew? Believe me, Sir, your ever faithful Philosopher and Physiognomist, SLAWKENBERGIUS.



OUR FAMINE IN INDIA.

JOHN BULL. "YES, THIS IS VERY CREDITABLE, AS FAR AS IT GOES—BUT IT'S A MERE 'DROP IN THE OCEAN.' MAKE IT A GOVERNMENT MATTER, AND I'LL BACK YOU UP!!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(After a Visit to the Lyceum and Opéra Comique, He Reports to the Editor, and Throws in a Little Theatrical Intelligence Gratis.)



OUR HIGHNESS.—A piece by Mr. WILKIE COLLINS, or a piece founded on a novel by Mr. WILKIE COLLINS, demands attention from Your Representative. By whom *The Dead Secret* may have been dramatised for the Lyceum is not stated in the play-bills, therefore there is an additional interest in the production, on account of its being mixed up with *No Name*.

The author of the novel, we are however informed, had given his "express permission" (which is a very locomotive way of expressing it) for Somebody ("No. Name") to turn his work into a play. *The Dead Secret* was not a good novel; its secret was so uncommonly dead that there was hardly any life in it from the first, and, though it might have furnished some material for a melodrama, yet it was not sufficient in itself for dramatic purposes.

The action of the Lyceum version of *The Dead Secret* is decidedly heavy, though the characters are well sustained throughout, and for the most part well played. There is one situation in Act III., where Miss BATEMAN (Mrs. CROWE) hears her daughter call her "mother" for the first time, which, as rendered by both actresses, is admirable; while the low, thrilling murmur of love, too deep for words, uttered by the mother, and her touching look of gratitude to Heaven before she bends over her child, are true touches of nature, which the audience are not slow to recognise. *O si sic omnia!* Oh, if it were all like this! But this, taken by itself, is worth the whole of Sarah LEESON'S part, and that of the unhappy Ghost in the arras into the bargain. Alas! poor Ghost!

Mr. EDMUND LYONS is much to be commended for his portraiture of Joseph Buschmann, the old German with his musical-box. It is a well-considered and consistent performance from first to last; and is all the more praiseworthy seeing that Mr. LYONS appears as a very low comedian in a very stupid afterpiece of the old conventional farce character. By the way, didn't Mr. LYONS play *Courriol the Dandy* in the *Lyons Mail*? It was not a striking performance, but he must be a versatile actor, his present work being taken into consideration.

Miss VIRGINIA FRANCIS, too, as the young wife plays her part charmingly, but why those shoes for travelling? Her timidity in the Myrtle Room is especially good.

A cleverer child than "Little Nelly" has seldom been seen on the stage. She represents a mite of three years' old, and actually speaks like one. The audience were enthusiastic about her.

There is another of Mr. WILKIE COLLINS's at the Olympic, which will be out ere this notice appears. Your Representative must get up his *Moonstone*.

A Melodrama that ought yet to make a hit, if it could only be placed on a large stage with good scenery, two sensation scenes, plenty of lime-light, a well-trained band of "supers," and all the appliances and means to boot, that either the Princess's or the Adelphi could afford, is *Liz; or, That Lass o' Lowrie's*. Almost every part in this piece by Messrs. HATTON and MATTHISON—founded on Mrs. BURNETT'S popular novel (which not to have read argues myself unknown—but no matter)—is well and carefully played.

Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE as *Fergus Derrick*, the "mining engineer," is bluff, honest, and earnest. Occasionally I thought he was Mr. KELLY, of the Court Theatre, just as, occasionally, I saw a strong resemblance between Mr. GOULD'S *Phil Lowrie*, "the worst man i' Riggan" (I was glad to know this much, at all events), and Mr. IRVING'S *Dubosc*. It is all up with the worst man in Riggan at the end of the Second Act. Being unacquainted with the novel, I fully

expected him to re-appear in Act IV., converted, but he didn't, and as no one was tried or punished for the murder, Your Representative concludes that they are remarkably sensible people at Riggan, to allow a nuisance to be knocked on the head by two other nuisances, and give themselves no further trouble about the matter.

Mr. BARSBY, as a "late M.P.," interested me muchly. He was clearly an obstructive, only a respectable obstructive, and it is to be regretted that he did not mention up to what hour he had been able to keep the House sitting, so as to entitle him to the description of "Late M.P."

Anice Barholm, his daughter, was gracefully rendered by Miss ALICE GREY, whose remarkably pretty face your susceptible Representative seemed to recognise as fresh from the Surrey—like the famous Ratcatcher's daughter, "from t'other side of the water."

Mr. J. G. TAYLOR'S "bit of character" as *Samuel Craddock*, is, I am inclined to think, one of the best things he has ever done. The make-up is most artistic, and the dialect—well, as Your Representative is not acquainted with the *patois* of Riggan, and as it is only partially intelligible to the limited Cockney experience, I have no doubt but that it is the picture of a Riggan man to the life. The Riggan dialect is, however, easier to follow than Welsh or Scotch.

Last, and first, comes Miss ROSE LECLERQ as *Liz*, who plays with a power and tenderness that enlist all our sympathies, and win our hearts. The Authors are to be heartily congratulated on having hit upon this *artiste* for this particular part. I should like to hear our Mrs. MELLON'S (Miss WOOLGEAR'S) opinion of this *Lass o' Lowrie's*. It is a most striking performance, and might save many a worse piece than this. The last Act would fare badly but for the personal interest which she has aroused in the audience; indeed, the weakness of the piece is in Act IV., while the strongest, at present, is the first Act. I say "at present" advisedly, because, if the piece should by any chance be placed on a larger stage, then the explosion in the Mine, when *Liz Lowrie* descends to save her lover, ought to be the situation of the piece, and this, fortunately, terminates the third Act. All that this scene is capable of is at once evident to anyone conversant with dramatic effect, and, therefore, of course to the gifted creature who writes this present notice.

By the way, I see that Mr. WILLS, Poet and Painter, is bringing out a piece at Drury Lane with the short, epigrammatic title of *England in the Days of Charles the Second*. As it is a dramatic version of *Peveril of the Peak*, why didn't he call it *Peveril*? Perhaps he was thinking of his success at *The Lyceum in the Days of Charles the First*, when HENRY IRVING walked and talked half an hour after his head was cut off. Mr. CHATTERTON should have told the Poet that *Peveril* was a better advertising title than *England in the, &c.*

Guinea Gold, at the Princess's, was *Gooch'd* on first night; but since then the Manager has rushed into sensational advertisements, and given us "Overflowing of the Thames!"—may he soon be able to announce truthfully "Overflowing of the House!!"

On dit that Astley's is to be reopened for the winter with *Box and Cox on Horseback*. It will be—or they will be—superbly mounted, with *Mrs. Bouncer en Amazone* on a highly-trained steed. Considered simply as a spectacle, this ought to be a big success. The afterpiece will be *The Ride to Khiva*. Many people, to whom I have mentioned this, pretend to doubt the statement.

Why does—this is not a conundrum—why does Mr. HENDERSON style his entertainment at the Folly "New Comedy-Bouffe"? Burlesque-Tragedy is intelligible, meaning a burlesque of a tragedy. Does "Comedy-Bouffe" mean a Bouffe of a Comedy? And why "new"? Aren't both the pieces old? What does it mean? Who cares? I don't. I shall go and see it. And, after all, as Mr. HENDERSON has chosen the name of "Folly" for his theatre, he is consistent in having a nonsensical bill. So here's to the New-Old-Comedy-Farce-Tragedy-Bouffe-Opera, with its two Composers and Siamese Authors.

We are to have LORD LYTTON'S posthumous play at the Court, and a revival of *The Unequal Match* (which I hope will strike on its own private boxes, and make a hit) at the Prince of Wales's.

I went to see a Ballet by the D'AUBANS, at the South London Music Hall. First part really good and amusing. It comes on at ten o'clock, and is well worth a visit, as far as the aforesaid first part is concerned. Don't let any one who chooses to stay beyond this write me an abusive letter.

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—I hope to give you some account of the Leeds Musical Festival in my next. "Leeds must when *The Fire King* drives," as Signor WALTER AUSTIN (whose first work is to be produced here) playfully observed. Address all communications to me at "The Cat and Fiddle," care of First Violin, Leeds."

LATEST NEWS ABOUT THE MEMBER FOR BLARNEY.—Positive BUTT has become comparative butter.



SACRIFICE.

Good Templar. "TUT—T—T—REALLY, SWIZZLE, IT'S DISGRACEFUL TO SEE A MAN IN YOUR POSITION IN THIS STATE, AFTER THE EXPENSE WE'VE INCURRED AND THE EXERTIONS WE'VE USED TO PUT DOWN THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC!"

Swizzle. "Y' MAY PREASH AS MUSH AS Y' LIKE, GEN'L'M'N, BUR I CAN TELL Y' I'VE MADE MORE PERSH'NAL EFFORSH TO (hic) PURROWN LIQUOR THAN ANY OF YE!"

SWEET SEPTEMBER.

(A few odd hours of it, as gathered from a Diary kept in the Country some day last week.)

6 A.M.—Rise, and look anxiously out of window. Glorious morning. Brilliant sunshine and cloudless sky. Glass in shade at 75°. Lark singing in the clear tranquil blue aloft. A regular summer's day.

7 A.M.—Get out cool suit, and dress leisurely. Glass rising. Write off to Town to stop the fifteen tons of coals I ordered on leaving.

8 A.M.—Glass nearly at 78°. Set out for river with a view to refreshing plunge before breakfast. Delicious haze of heat, and hum of insects everywhere. Notice wild myrtle out on hedges. Splendid day.

9 A.M.—Caught suddenly in blinding storm of snow and hail. Cold intense. Summer suit stiffens and freezes on me as I walk. Meet thousands of Swallows hurrying South.

10 A.M.—Reach river and find it a sheet of solid ice. Try to get home again to fetch my skates. Lost in snowdrift, taken back by keepers, and put into warm bath. Breakfast in a horse-cloth and Russian rug, on curry, cayenne pepper, and hot brandy and water over a blazing fire. Lark quiet.

11 A.M.—Glass down'to 25°, write second letter, and re-order coals. Everything outside buried in snow. A regular winter's day.

NOON.—Change. Oppression and glare insufferable. Glass up at 84°. Lark out again and swallows all back. Everything crackling with the heat, and not a breath of air stirring. Give horse-cloth Russian rug to beggar, re-counter-order coals, get under billiard-table and try to read novel on my back, sipping iced-water from a saucer.

2 P.M.—Glass still rising. Refuse to play in a cricket-match, or make one of a party going to look at some ruins five miles off. Refuse to play at billiards. Refuse to play at anything. Refuse to come to lunch. Glass at 91°. Refuse to move.

3 P.M.—Change again. Heat giving way to delicious cool inviting calm. Rapid arrangement of boating and fishing party. River

still as glass. Enchanting quiet autumn afternoon hush on everything. Temperature moderate. Rhythymical movement of oars tranquillising. Fish shy.

4 P.M.—Sudden and furious outburst of hurricane. Waters rise and sweep onwards, noticed swallows all going south again. Mast, oars, tackle, sheets, velvet cushion, rudder, and fancy wood-work moveable back all carried away. Willows on bank snap like firewood, and are whirled past in the air. Fish nowhere. Boat capsizes, swim for my life with difficulty, out of water, and walk home.

5 P.M.—Hurricane entirely subsided. A perfectly charming evening. Air still and dry. Swallows all trooping back again. Sky clear as a lake. Pull off my dripping things, dress for dinner, and take a quiet stroll down to the terrace, and think over the coals.

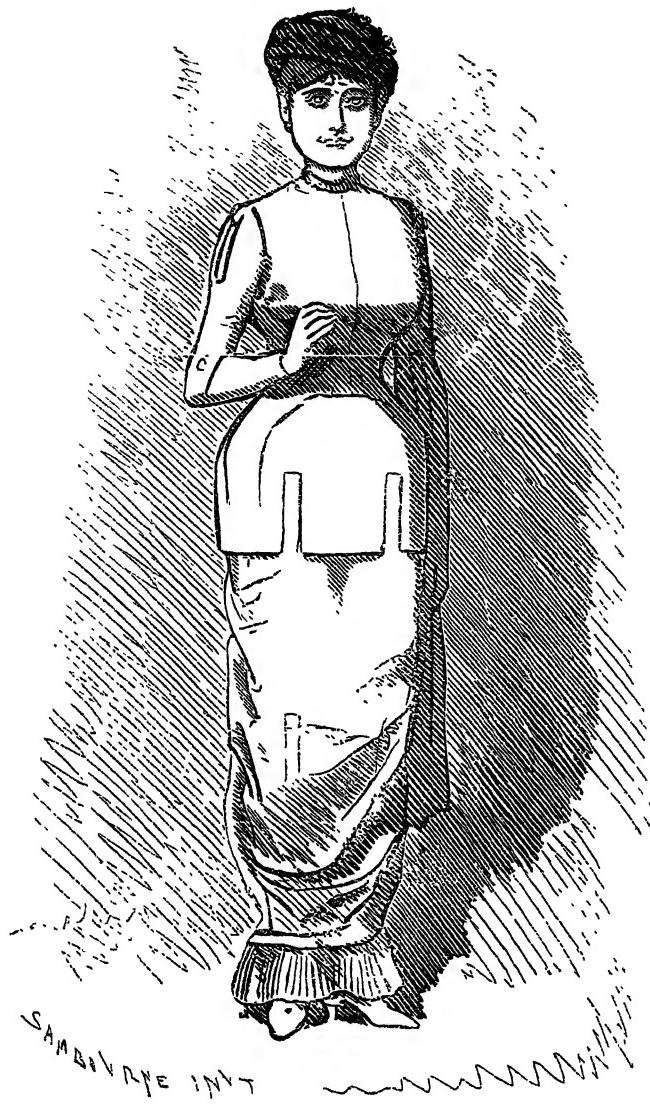
6 P.M.—Fresh changes. Caught in whirlwind of drenching rain. Run, but come in wet through, and sit down damp for dinner. Thunderstorm at dessert, and fury of storm terrific. Wind, hail, sleet, and snow driving in at all the doors and windows. Swallows off in the dark. House struck with lightning, and to bed.

A Fact for Fiddlers.

Most educated persons are familiar with the name of STRADIVARIUS, but not one of them can be aware that the celebrated fiddle-maker had so many names as those which appear to be assigned to him in the subjoined advertisement extracted from the *Bazaar*:

VIOLA.—Excellent-toned Tenor Violin, made by ANTONIUS STRADIVARIUS CREMONENSIS FACIEBAT ANNO. Price 30s., or exchange for good riding saddle, or parrot and cage.

But the five names, ANTONIUS STRADIVARIUS CREMONENSIS FACIEBAT ANNO, as they stand above, are one too few. Perhaps that one was accidentally omitted. If the advertiser had completed his list, we should have been informed that STRADIVARIUS's surname was DOMINI.



A DUTCH DOLLY VARDEN.

THE TOPICAL DRAMA.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I ADDRESS you as the protector of talent and the patron of genius. I am a dramatist, but, unhappily, up to the present time, have not been able to obtain a hearing for my pieces. Will you assist me? I know you will, and, knowing this, I ask you to publish this letter.

A celebrated playwright has recently produced a drama, founded upon that homely subject the periodical flooding of the Thames. He has called it *Guinea Gold*. Now I, Sir, have also written a drama upon homely subjects—subjects which are quite as interesting, I flatter myself, as that chosen by Mr. BYRON—entitled *Pennywise*, and it is to protect this piece that I beg of you to give my words the honour of type. Unless you comply with my request, such is the defective condition of our copyright laws, my ideas may be immediately appropriated by rival dramatists. For the sake of brevity, I cut out all extraneous matter, and come directly to the situations I wish to register.

ACT I.

SCENE—*The Suburban Farm of ARTHUR TURNIPTOP. ARTHUR and PENNYWISE (his charming young wife) discovered discussing a luxurios al fresco breakfast. A glorious crop of Potatoes fills up the background of the picture.*

Arthur. And so you are pleased you have married me, darling?

Pennywise. Indeed I am. Yes, ARTHUR, were you as poverty-stricken as the poorest Church-mouse, still in my eyes you would appear the kindest of lovers, the honestest of men;—nay, why should I hesitate to speak the promptings of my heart?—the very best of husbands.

Arthur. My own! But have no fear, I have enormous wealth. Never shall you feel the cold blast of want. See—I swear it.

Pennywise. And yet all your wealth is embarked in those potatoes?

Arthur. Assuredly. But look how healthy they seem to be—they are as green as grass.

Pennywise. I could almost wish to see them wither, so that you could learn how PENNYWISE can love a poor man.

Arthur (seriously). Nay, do not joke upon such a subject. (Enter CHARLES, his Friend.) Why, CHARLES, what mean those doleful looks? (CHARLES points sadly to the Potatoes, which begin to tremble). Eh! what! Speak, man—your silence kills me!

Charles (with intense emotion). The Colorado Beetle!

[The Potato crop is eaten up by the destroyer before the eyes of the audience. ARTHUR buries his face in his hands. PENNYWISE bends over him, and CHARLES weeps silently in a corner. Tab-leaf.

ACT II.

SCENE—*A Lodging-house overlooking Portland Place. ARTHUR and PENNYWISE discovered putting the front drawing-room to rights.*

Arthur. Cheer up, PENNYWISE. Thanks to CHARLES, our friend, we have been able to secure this desirable house. We shall soon be able to fill it with lodgers, and then fickle fortune once more will smile upon us.

Pennywise (sadly). The legend "apartments to let" has long appeared over the hall-door, and yet no one seeks the shelter of our roof.

Arthur. Be reasonable, my darling. Now we can offer no attraction; but when it comes you will find the public will flock to us for rooms. (Rubbing his hands gleefully.) How they will fight for windows to gaze upon it all day. Take my word for it, they will never tire of watching its graceful proportions. (Enter CHARLES, mournfully.) You bring bad news! Out with it, man—I must know the worst!

Charles (with intense emotion). The monument is to be erected elsewhere. Portland Place is abandoned, and—ah! the news has killed them!

[Bends over ARTHUR and PENNYWISE, who have swooned away in one another's arms. The Scene opens at the back and shows the ceremony of the planting of Cleopatra's Needle on English soil. Slow Curtain to soft music.

ACT III.

SCENE—*A Hovel in Seven Dials. ARTHUR and PENNYWISE discovered starving. ARTHUR is reading a newspaper gloomily. PENNYWISE is sleeping from exhaustion.*

Arthur (sadly). I have given CHARLES our few remaining pence. I see by the paper that the price of beef is as high as ever. Our last chance rests upon his silvery tongue. If he cannot cajole the butcher into parting with some food at a moderate rate, we are indeed undone.

Pennywise (in her sleep). Some gravy, please!

Arthur. Poor child! she is dreaming of her dinner. Dinner!—why, we have not had one for seven days. Oh, 'tis hard to die so young! (Enter CHARLES.) As usual—you bring bad news?

Charles (reproachfully). Nay, you wrong me. But come, eat!—here is meat in plenty. (Producing food.) You are very welcome to it.

[ARTHUR eats heartily, and, when he has appeased his hunger, wakes PENNYWISE, who joins him in the meal.

Arthur. How came you by this food? The butcher was kind, and let you have it for half its market value? (CHARLES shakes his head.) Oh horror! You did not steal it?

Charles (proudly). No; it is an honest purchase. It was fairly bought.

Arthur (greatly relieved). Oh, thanks for that—thanks for that! (Enter Messenger.) Well, boy, what is it?

Messenger. A telegram, Sir. (Gives paper, and exit.)

Arthur. I am pleased at this. I find by this telegram that I am now an Earl, and have twenty thousand pounds a year. (Turning to CHARLES.) And now how did you procure the food?

Charles. By buying it. Your lives have been saved by the cheapness of American beef!

Enter all the other Characters, cheering.

Arthur. Thanks, comrades. And if our kind

friends in front will but applaud, no one will be happier than PENNYWISE. [Takes his Wife's hand.

Pennywise (pointing archly to the remains of the food on the table). And "a pound foolish."

[The Characters group themselves, and the Scene opens at the back, discovering a grand allegorical tableau, representing the Triumph of Industry and Commerce. Curtain.

There, Sir, if that piece does not run as long or even longer than Guinea Gold, why never call me again what I have the honour to sign myself,

Yours to command,
SHAKSPEARE, Jun.

Sheridan Chambers, Upper Grub Street, E.C.

A SYMPHONY IN BLUE.

Or, Pessimism à la Mode.



LIPS that might lure old Time to play the lover!
Eyes that might make the grip of Death unclose!
What Cynic dares declare those skirts can cover
A hint of azure hose?

A Blue? Ah well, the tintings soft and shifting
Of summer evening, when the roses drowse,
Are blue, and so's the Danube deep - wards drifting,
And so's a butcher's blouse.

And GAINSBOROUGH's Boy was blue, and much old China,
A Bobby's coat, and my look-out are blue.
But gazing thus on Girton-pride, sweet INA,
Such memories fade from view.

Les femmes savantes, so long the theme of mockery,
Were this their type, might satire's current stem.
As Hebe's eyes to willow-pattern crockery
Is this Bas-Bleu to them.

An iris-coloured robe hath this Egeria
Of—who's the Modern Numa none may know.
Wisdom with orbs the hue of the Wistaria
Can scarce seem tame or slow.

She opes her lips. Ah! now for pearls and flowers,
Should she of love or protoplasm speak,
Talk of the roses thronging these green bowers,
Or TYNDALL; faint blue streak!

"How quite too awfully lovely ! ! ! " What, I wonder?
Herself, the evening, or the rose's hues?
Yon placid sky, the stream that slides thereunder.
A dream of blending blues?

In pretty scorn the Blue-Bell's bud-mouth purses,
A mouse mutine that's no mere hostile sham.
"How dull you are! I mean these lovely verses
Of dear OMAR KHAYYAM."

"Oh, the Rubaiyat. Aren't they rather mournful?
A trifle fatalistic, and so forth?"
Ah me! those pansy eyes can look right scornful,
And cold as the blue North.

A shower of SCHOPENHAUER's dicta dreary.
(Despair sounds strange from lips so round and red)
Fall, till the world looks blue, and waste and weary,
On my devoted head.

But she, the Sibyl of the modish *cultus*,
Fire in her glance, and rapture in her pose,
Mouths the blue-funk, with which the seers insult us,
With cheeks *couleur-de-rose*.

What would the German Sage, the Persian Poet
Have thought of such a Votary of their views?
N'importe. Fair INA is—does she not know it?
Bewitchingest of Blues.

Whelmed in a whirl of *teintes bleuâtres* wholly—
Wistaria, violet, pansy, amethyst—
She seems the Goddess of Glad Melancholy,
This pretty Pessimist.

A call! She flies! A peal of silvery laughter
Rings as the rose-walls veil her from my view.
My life! Blue Rose! I sigh; then dawdle after
Dreaming—till all is blue.

UTOPIA-ON-SEA.

MR. PUNCH,

I AM a quiet man, and I am fond of quiet people, though it is difficult to meet with them in this busy, bustling age. I am obliged to live in London for some ten-twelfths of the year; and as I neither shoot nor fish, and have little taste for travelling, what I sigh for in the autumn is a quiet little watering-place, where I can pass my six weeks' holiday in quiet walks and talks, and baskings on the beach.

But where is this marine Utopia to be found? Where lies the tranquil sea-side town where no excursionists intrude, where no pianos can be heard, and no wandering musicians or bellowing fish-merchants are permitted to disturb the silence of the streets? Every year I seek and vainly sigh for that sea-shore, and every year my search appears to grow more hopeless than it has seemed before. I have tried our various coasts, I have even crossed the Channel in my antumnal quest, but though barrel-organs certainly are rarely heard abroad, the noise of a Casino is little to my mind, and I have small taste for the clatter and the scramble of a crowded *table d'hôte*. Colonel HAWKER tells us that, when used for a decoy, one French duck quacks as loudly as three English birds at least, and other female tongues in France can babble quite as loudly, though their gabbling may remind one rather less of ducks than geese.

Now, why should not a Quiet Sea-side Company be started, with capital enough to build a pretty watering-place, and let it out to quiet lodgers like myself? There must be many quiet people who would willingly take shares in such a speculation, if only for the prospect of enjoying now and then the comforts of the place. In case my hint be acted on, I may suggest a Code of Rules for preserving peace and order at Utopia-on-Sea:

1. No Barrel-organs, German bands, or Black-faced Ballad-bawlers, to be permitted to approach within an Eighty-one-Ton gunshot of the place.
2. No fine fresh Soles or Shrimps, or other fishy merchandise, to be hawked, except in perfect silence, in the streets.
3. No Donkeys to be hired for a gallop on the Sands, except such as without shouting can be urged to the utmost of their speed.
4. No Pianos to be played, except with windows tightly closed, and in houses where the walls and floors are so constructed as to let no sound escape from one room to the next.
5. No Beggars to intrude; no Cocoanuts on Sticks to be shied at on the Sands; and no Photographers to tout for business, as they do, at the tip-top of their voice.
6. No vixen Landladies, to pilfer your cold meat, and tea and sugar, and, when accused, to shriek out their conviction that "It must have been the Cat!"
7. No noisy little Boys to scream out "Morning Times!" or "Daily Telegraph" but to spread the News in silence, by throwing it down areas, or slipping it under doors.
8. No Sea Gulls to be shot at, even with a rifle, and by the worst of Cockney Sportsmen, on pain of a smart whipping and a fine of Fifty Pounds.
9. No Pastimes or Amusements to be suffered on the Beach, except such as may be noiselessly and harmlessly pursued—for instance, basking in the sunshine, building castles in the sand, or with careful aim projecting pebbles on the Sea.

With such regulations to ensure the peace and comfort of its visitors, Utopia-on-Sea would speedily be famous as a really model watering-place, and then—well, then a railway would probably invade it; and then, alas! Excursion-trains would certainly be run thither, and then good-bye to its tranquillity, and farewell to its peace!

VAGABUNDUS.

A FEW DAYS IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE.

Being the account of a "Modern Symposium" with a vengeance, or a "Nicht wi" BOODELS o' Boodels." After which there can't be much more to be said or done.



is a philosophical literary conversation. BOODELS has looked forward to such a Symposium as is now represented in his smoking-room.

BUDDEMER has suggested the artistic channel into which the conversation is to flow, by saying profoundly (BUDDEMER the Bald is nothing if not profound) to MUMLEY, "Have you read RUSKIN's article on—" when he is interrupted by CALTOP's question to BOODELS—

"How are you off for rats here?"

CALTOP does not mean this as an interruption. But we are so placed, that no two of us can enter upon a conversation without cutting into, and right across, the subject of at least two other, if not three, separate conversations. BOODELS is obliged to listen to CALTOP, it being the latter's first visit; and besides he is a neighbour.

BUDDEMER, pretending to ignore the rat theme which continues as an accompaniment to his air, and worries him considerably, continues:

"I see that RUSKIN is going to bring out a new work on *Mediæval Forms*. Now, judging from his"—

Here MUMLEY cuts in with a reply:

"Judging of RUSKIN from the *Fors Clavigera*, you were going to say? Well, it is hardly fair to form an opinion of a future Work by the opinions put forward in—"

I am deeply interested. I want to know something about *Fors Clavigera*. Is it a Poem? or a Treatise? or English? or Latin? But the more eagerly I attempt to listen to them, the more distinctly rises, under my nose, the account of a little Terrier Dog catching rats, which is being given by CALTOP to BOODELS, in a louder tone than he would have otherwise used, had not MILBURD from his end of the room cut in, and asked how "FANNY" (the Dog's name) was getting on.

"Oh, first rate!" replies the Sporting Young Man. "I am telling the Governor here," he alludes to BOODELS as the Governor, never having met him before in his life! "how she wired into that old rat under the barn floor. She did tackle him to-rights! Rather!" And here he pauses, as if dwelling on the recollection of a picture which beggars description.

Availing ourselves of this voluntary cessation, BOODELS turns slightly towards MUMLEY, and so do I, politely intimating by this movement that we wish to drop rats and take up Ruskin. MUMLEY, who has the parole, is naturally pleased. Triumph of Mind over Ratter. BUDDEMER foresees his turn will come, and, without in the least attending to MUMLEY, rehearses mentally what he is next going to say. I know this by his shutting his eyes and smoking slowly, as if he were weighing his opponent's arguments.

"RUSKIN," says MUMLEY, with a contemptuous air, "flatters himself he has founded a school—but, in this respect, he does flatter himself. In what has he ever shown himself as either a critic, or a true student of Art in its highest sense, but a man of one, narrow—"

"Have you got that Fox-Terrier still?" asks MILBURD, not loudly, but in an under-current of voice, that takes away, as it were, the legs of the dialogue which, but for this, would go on swimmingly.

CALTOP nods, and, turning to BOODELS, asks,—

"Did you ever see that little liver-coloured dog of mine?" No, BOODELS hasn't; and, having said this much out of sheer politeness, he tries to catch up the Ruskin subject again, which, at the present moment, is stationary, merely keeping itself afloat by spasmodic efforts with the hands against the under-current aforesaid. These efforts are apparently unnoticed by CALTOP. I try to help MUMLEY and BUDDEMER, who are struggling. I say,—

"Didn't RUSKIN get a lot of Oxford Men to work for him during the Vacation at digging?" (It is all I know of Mr. RUSKIN, but I think it represents the latest popular idea about that eminent individual.)

If BUDDEMER, or MUMLEY, would only catch at this rope, it would save them; but they won't;

they are above it; they are bent on discussing Ruskin and High Art. They both nod assent and dismiss me, as it were, as not coming up to their standard of intellect, and BUDDEMER commences instantly about "RUSKIN being, after all, a mere dilettante professor who—" just as POGMORE, tired of silence, and anxious to bring the conversation round to the only subject in which he is personally interested, observes to me (over their heads, as he is standing up to help himself to soda-and-brandy), "I saw you at the Wagner Concert. Didn't you think," &c.

But at this moment, whatever was to have been his question, it is lost in a reply made to CALTOP by BOODELS, who has become suddenly interested in the former's conversation, on account of his having judiciously praised one of BOODELS' little dogs (the nervous one that won't answer to its name, and is frightened at the sound of its own bells round its neck).

"Yes," says BOODELS, pleased with CALTOP, who is evidently a sporting man, and an authority on dogs and horses, "he is a very good breed."

"Oh, I can see that," says CALTOP, eying the little animal, which is curled up on the rug fast asleep; "he has all the points of a thoroughbred black and tan. You don't often see one like that now-a-days."

"No," says BOODELS; "I am rather proud of that dog."

"You used to have a pug," MILBURD says, from his side to BOODELS. "A lovely pug. You ought to have seen that," he remarks to CALTOP.

"Oh, I often saw that pug," cries CALTOP. "He used to come as far as the corner of the lane by Sir MARTIN CRUPPER's house, and then run back again. You know CRUPPER, don't you?" he asks of BOODELS.

No, BOODELS doesn't. As a matter of fact, he says, he has never cultivated his neighbours. Mrs. BUDDEMER looks up from her book at the mention of Sir MARTIN. BUDDEMER has caught the name, and evidently begins to have a better opinion of CALTOP.

"GEORGY MARTINDALE and Lord GRASSMERE, you know," says CALTOP to BOODELS, with a careless look round, which MILBURD replies to with a nod of intelligence, "were standing at Sir MARTIN's stable-door, and we often tried to coax your pug in, but he wouldn't come."

BOODELS is immensely pleased. He fills his pipe modestly, and almost blushes as he remarks that that pug was a dog for which he could have taken a first prize had he wished to compete at the Crystal Palace Dog Show. From this moment it is all up with RUSKIN and music. I think that even the interest of Mrs. BUDDEMER in Volume the Second is momentarily diminished. We all help ourselves (not for the first time) to refreshments. Pipes are replenished. Mrs. BUDDEMER, saying, pleasantly, that she is "quite accustomed to smoke" (which means that she intends to sit up for her husband), takes up Volume the Third, and then we settle down into talk about dogs, horses, stables.



"NO MISTAKE THIS TIME."

ARRIVED AT LAST; BUT NOTHING SO VERY TERRIBLE, AFTER ALL.

Everybody suddenly remembers that he knows a dog that can do something. Even BUDDERMER commences a story about a valuable retriever which was given him some years ago. It interests nobody. He appeals to his wife for corroboration. She looks up for an instant, and says, "That horrid thing! I'll never have another in the house! It's all very well for people who understand dogs, but you don't."

After this, BUDDERMER refreshes himself, but is prudently silent.

"Ah," says CALTOP, "you should see Mrs. GEORGE BIGG's retrievers. GEORGE BIGG," he explains to everyone, "used to drive in the Park last season. You must have seen her." This to every one, beginning with BOODLES, who at once "thinks he remembers her;" then to BUDDERMER, who appears to be trying to recall all the people he has ever seen in the Park, in order to single out the lady in question.

"She used to drive four ponies," says MILBURD.

"Yes," returns CALTOP. "They were the Earl of SHORTLAND'S. One of those ponies—Jessie, the black one—was no bigger than a Newfoundland, and one day when a boy fell in the Serpentine, she went for that boy, collared him, and brought him out."

"They wanted to stop GEORGEY BIGG's wife from coming into the Park followed by all these animals," continues CALTOP; "for he had a couple of goats, and three fallow deer besides the ponies. The police were inclined to be rather rough on GEORGEY, but he got six to four the best of 'em, and then bet BOSS GREEN—you know BOSS GREEN?"—this to MILBURD, who nods assent, and we all wonder who BOSS GREEN is, but don't like to inquire—"a couple of ponies that he'd take the whole menagerie right through to the Magazine, when all the four-in-hands were out."

"And did he?" I ask, vaguely, for I am not certain whether my inquiry applies to BOSS GREEN, GEORGEY BIGGS, or LORD SHORTLAND, or perhaps somebody else whose name I've missed.

"Did he?" exclaims CALTOP, as if utterly astonished at the ignorance displayed by my question. "I should rather say he did. They wanted to stop him. One Bobby tried it on, but GEORGEY—our JARGY, as we call him—tipped the peeler a sparkler (he'd have made it warm for Master Bobby if he hadn't taken it), and then he went, full split, right up the drive, with all the *animiles* careering after him, a regular buster, before you could say knife. The Duke couldn't start his team; it gave him fits! It was real jam to see little NORRIS, who was out for the first time, in a horrid state about his four greys. GEORGEY did the trick. They said he hedged the bet, but anyhow he coppered BOSS GREEN's fifty quid."

"Rather rough on the Boss," I venture, with a mild attempt at suiting my conversation to my company.

"Oh, the Boss!" exclaims CALTOP, "he's a regular mug."

Everyone appears amused, and no one likes to ask what on earth CALTOP means. At this moment the Poet remarks that there's a fine moon, and opens the window to look at it. Mrs. BUDDERMER asks her husband to give her the slightest drop of sherry-and-water. This causes the Butler to be summoned to fetch the sherry; when he appears, POGMORE complains of the cold in consequence of the window having been opened. MILBURD agrees that it is cold, and CALTOP remembers that he'll probably have a chilly walk home. BUDDERMER casually mentions "hot grog" as the best preventive. BOODLES, as host, asks if CALTOP would like some hot grog before he starts, as, if so, the Butler can make a first-rate brew. CALTOP at first refuses, then alters his mind, and saying, "I really must go immediately after that," he to use his own expression, "goes for that grog." MILBURD admits that he, too, is "Nuts on grog." I notice that whenever CALTOP, or MILBURD, likes anything, they are either "nuts on it," or it is "real jam" to them. Odd! POGMORE observes "That he doesn't mind if he does just take a drop of hot grog." Whereupon BUDDERMER begins to think that it wouldn't do *him* any harm, which evokes a look of surprise, and a warning, from his Wife, who, however, consents, after a very brief argument, to assist him with a mere sip. BOODLES hasn't taken hot grog for years, he says, and now they mention it, he rather feels inclined for it than otherwise. The only one who has any doubts at all on the advisability of hot grog is the Poet, who returns from the window (which we all insist on being shut at once) looking as if the moon had had some effect on his complexion.

"Have some grog," CALTOP suggests to him, with an aside wink to us; "just to show there's no ill-feeling."

As the ill-feeling, to judge by the Poet's face, is confined entirely to himself, and has regard to no one else, the administration of the hot grog is questionable. MUMLEY accepts and subsides into his arm-chair. The conversation re-commences on general topics, by which I mean, that, with the exception of MUMLEY, who is remarkably silent, we are all talking, more or less, at once. The Butler reappears with double the quantity of hot grog that was ordered. This probably



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"A MAN AND A PASSENGER!"

Sweep. "HELP US UP WITH MY LUGGAGE, MATE!"

from a knowledge of human nature, and to save himself trouble. We all resolve ourselves into a tasting committee, and commence sipping.

"This is the sort of stuff," says CALTOP, "to walk home on."

Then he says what he would do were he waylaid by a footpad. This leads us to the subject of highwaymen; then to recent highway robberies; then to burglaries; then to anecdotes of eminent house-breakers, till Mrs. BUDDERMER's attention is distracted from her Novel, and she begs us not to talk on such dreadful subjects, or she won't get a wink of sleep all night. Whereupon BUDDERMER (whose hair seems to have suddenly grown wild round his bald head) facetiously offers her a "night-cap" of grog. This leads to an examination of the jug, which is found to be empty.

BOODELS rises gravely with a long cherrywood-stemmed pipe in his hand, which he has been carefully lighting every five minutes for the last half hour, and, with studied politeness, says,—

"Mrs. BUD'MER, MILBURD will ring bell more grog."

Whereupon he reseats himself most carefully—his original intention, of walking as far as the bell, having been evidently abandoned.

BUDDERMER thinks quite pleasantly that we don't want any more, and beans on everybody.

CALTOP says that, as he has to go out and walk, another tumbler won't hurt him; and MILBURD (who has rung the bell violently and returned to his chair) announces loudly his intention of "seeing him through it."

MUMLEY the Poet wakes up for a minute, and asks, huskily, "What's time?" Receiving no reply, BUDDERMER alone taking any notice of it by making a movement with his left hand as though he remembered having had a watch somewhere once, but had recently got out of the way of consulting it,—his head drops again, and he is asleep. I notice all this clearly, but I do not feel inclined either to leave my seat and fetch the fresh grog from the table, or to join in any conversation. The Butler pours out the relay, and hands it round to everybody. BOODELS at this point becomes scrupulously particular as to the quantity of whiskey which the Butler has put into his particular tumbler.

"I never," he tries to explain, solemnly, to anybody who'll listen to him, "take more 'n 'arf-glass to thlee" (he means "three")

"to thlee plants wart," by which he is understood to mean "three parts water," and we all nod at him gravely, like a consultation of waxwork doctors worked by machinery.

On being earnestly assured by the Butler that this proportion has been carefully observed, he consents to take the tumbler.

What leads us to talk of people's heights I don't know, but we do. CALTOP bets with POGMORE that BUDDERMER is taller than MILBURD. BOODELS says, with the knowing air of a man who can settle the question at once, "I've got plencil somewhere in my pocket. The best way's to make the mark on the door." However, as he can't find either the "pocket" or the "plencil," the subject is allowed to drop.

The next thing we become aware of is, that CALTOP has disappeared. No one saw him go. No one said good-night to him.

BOODELS suddenly recollects having said good-night to somebody, but "whether," he adds, always gravely, "it was to-night, or whether I'm thinking of some other time, I don't know." Then, after five minutes' silence, he calls to mind distinctly CALTOP having wished him good-night, and he is quite angry with BUDDERMER, who wants to argue with him on the impossibility of CALTOP having left unobserved by the rest of the party. However, he is certainly not in the room.

This leads to the subject of marvellous appearances; this to the disappearances of phantoms; this to ghosts; this to MILBURD's open avowal of general incredulity; this brings up POGMORE, who is fond at certain times of discussing the supernatural; this to a dash of theology, when BUDDERMER, who has got some theory in his head about stars being peopled by spirits, and the contents of whose fourth tumbler are now damaging the sofa-cover, makes vain efforts to remember and enunciate an argument on the *Plurality of Worlds*, which he has recently read.

"If," he says, with a pipe-stem in his hand, from which the bowl has long since dropped off, "if the creative power—I mean—s'pose I," here his eyelids droop, but he is aroused to wakefulness by accidentally putting his hand flop into the mess on the sofa, "s'pose I were to have to cre-ate a world—"

But at this point Mrs. BUDDERMER closes Volume Third with a sharp click, and says, sharply,—



"LIBERTÉ—ÉGALITÉ—FRATERNITÉ!"

Mrs. Topsawyer de Tomkyns (of Bayswater, London, but staying for a Month in *La Belle France*) chooses to go out marketing with her French Cook.
Fair Greengroceress. "BONJOUR, MESDAMES! QUE VOUS FAUT-IL CE MATIN, MESDAMES?"
[Delight of ye haughty Mrs. T. de T.]

FRANCE TO THE MARSHAL.

In reply to his Manifesto.

PLAIN speaking? Yes; perhaps a thought too plain: Imperial phrase could scarce sound more imperious. Yet, Marshal, in my mind some doubts remain. How fair a front may cover the mysterious! You woo me, as the Conqueror wooed his wife, With a most autocratic assiduity; But, as to clearness, well, upon my life, You do not "dissipate all ambiguity."

Men call you honest: you are apt to dwell Upon your honour. I've no wish to doubt it; Though, as a soldier, it were perhaps as well Did you declaim a little less about it. Yet honesty may be the tool of knaves; Though frank and most fair-spoken I may find you, My curiosity, I own it, craves To ask one question—"Who are those behind you?"

They crouch, they peer, they mutter. Ah! methinks I know the men—much better than I trust them. I've tried them all before; my spirit shrinks From seeing them where they aspire to thrust them. You've no connection with the gang, you say; You simply hold your own with righteous rigour? Well, is it not a trifle strange that they Should back you up with such united vigour?

An honest soldier would not stoop to Art, *Ca va sans dire*,—pray pardon the suggestion, And playing consciously a double part With you, of course, is quite out of the question. But if among the "moderate men" you love These gentry in the rear can claim their places,

I have my fears the future may remove Fair-seeming masks from unsuspected faces. You say, most fairly, 'tis for me to choose, But whatsoe'er my choice you still mean staying. The game of "heads I win and tails you lose," Would seem a parallel to that you're playing. "J'y suis, j'y reste," sounds soldierly, but still Your post is not a conquered fort, at present. If Marshal law means simply Marshal's will, The prospect's more despotic far than pleasant.

You tell me proudly you decline to be Radicalism's instrument. I'd ask you From other factions will you keep us free? Soldier, the warring "isms" well may task you. Blunt egoist of honour, in your rear Crouch thrice-tried tricksters. Free from Party leaning You may be, but while *they* are lurking near, Marshal, I still must ask, "What is your meaning?"

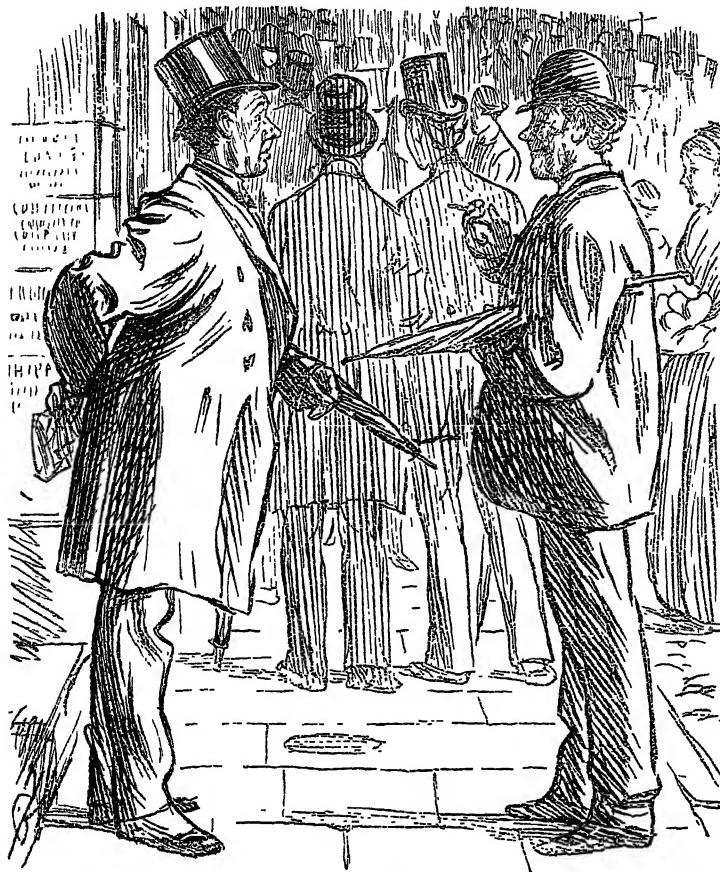
A PROMISE FOR ITALY.

THE Special Correspondent of the *Times* at Rome, with reference to the Pope, and to a contingency only too possible at any moment, mentions that an oath is always administered to a new Pontiff, that "he shall maintain intact and inviolate the dominions of the Holy See such as he received them from his predecessors." Unless the Italian Government, in the meanwhile, shall have repented of their "sacrilege" of 1870, and re-established the Temporal Power, they can only hope that the next Successor of St. Peter will not hesitate to take that oath, should it be tendered him. The dominions of the Holy See being now purely spiritual, he, if he swears to maintain them such as he has received them, will simply bind himself to maintain them and them alone. Will the Cardinals ask him to swear that? Then the discovery of a *modus vivendi* approaches; and there is hope that Church and State in Italy may kiss and be friends.



“WHAT DOES HE MEAN?”

LA FRANCE. “AH, YES, MON MARÉCHAL, YOU MAY BE HONEST,—BUT WHO ARE THOSE BEHIND YOU?”



A SINISTER SLIP.

Smith. "HULLO, BROWN! 'BEEN FOR YOUR ANNUAL COLLIS— I MEAN YOUR ANNUAL EXCURSION, YET?'"
 [Brown was highly nervous, and this malign suggestion quite upset him.
 He spent his holiday at home!]

BISHOP ON BEETLE.

RIGHT Reverend Lord Bishop of MANCHESTER, may it please your Lordship, *Mr. Punch* loves potatoes. He rejoices in potatoes. He eats them daily at dinner. He could not dine satisfactorily without them, and is very thankful that he gets them. He particularly rejoices in mealy potatoes. He considers mealy potatoes orthodox; and trusts that on this point he holds with your Lordship. But to what purpose all this?

The other day, my Lord, *Mr. Punch* read "some," as *Mr. Barnum* would say, of a sermon reported to have been preached by your Lordship at the reopening of Kirkham Church, in one sense, and preached, in another, at parties including the one who has just informed you of his partiality to potatoes. With reference to a note of warning from the trumpet of *Mr. Bright*, intimating the possibility of England's decadence, your Lordship is represented to have named, as four "tokens" of a supernatural character, "the sword, the famine, the pestilence, and the noisome beast," and as to the last-named "token," meaning the Colorado Beetle, to have spoken as follows:

"They read of the plague of the noisome beast; and men and facetious newspapers—*Punch*, for instance—made themselves merry about the Colorado Beetle. They did not seem to think that perhaps this noisome beast which had destroyed many a harvest-field on the other side of the Atlantic might come here and destroy our own fair harvest-fields. He did not think that the Colorado Beetle was a thing to make jokes about."

Mr. Punch make himself merry about the Colorado Beetle, that would deprive him of the potatoes without which he could never again enjoy his dinner! *Mr. Punch* make jokes about the potato-beetle! He would as soon think of making a joke about the other *Cimex* in any way that could represent it as anything but a most horrible plague and a particularly "noisome beast." For this creature is far more "noisome," at any rate, than that, and in so far certainly a greater "beast"—if a Coleopterous insect may be called a beast, which *Mr. Punch* does not deny, although Coleo-

A CONJUGAL UNION WORKHOUSE.

ADDRESSING the Social Science Congress assembled at Aberdeen, the Earl of that ilk suggested the possibility of a distinction between poor and poor; "the idle and those who are scarcely deserving of pity" on the one hand, and, on the other, "the unfortunate who lapse into poverty through no fault of their own," but, being liable to the same punishment as the improvident paupers, "are thus repelled, and the public sense is occasionally shocked by the record of deaths incurred to avoid the workhouse." Not content with proposing a quite too awful breach of Political Economy, the noble Lord went on to say:—

"As a single illustration of my meaning, I may mention the enforced separation of married partners. Such a requirement, for instance, though generally necessary for the maintenance of order and discipline, might surely be dispensed with, at all events, in the case of the aged and infirm. To sum up the matter in a word, while for the many the workhouse properly partakes of the character of a reformatory, there are those for whom it is rather to be regarded as an asylum."

If "when Poverty comes in at the door, Love flies out at the window," it might be thought that the principle of the Poor Law would be best consulted, not by separating pauper couples, but by compelling them, provident or improvident, to live together. But perhaps conjugal affection can in some cases survive on molasses and skillee. Lord ABERDEEN seems to believe in "*John Anderson, my Jo,*" as a song of married life compatible with indigence or even pauperism. But his idea of allowing *Mr. and Mrs. Anderson* on any account to enjoy one another's society in a Workhouse, is one that of course nobody connected with any such Institution could entertain for a moment, except possibly the Chaplain.

Lecture-Room Emanations.

THE Cambridge Professors who cultivate the feminine mind at Girton have taken to bicycles as a convenient transport to and from the scene of their labours. We are sorry to say that Undergraduates, in whom the bump of Veneration has as yet not developed itself, have taken to quizzing the respectable Coaches as they career along the Huntingdon Road on their velocipedes. The cry is raised by the unruly crew of "Whoa! M.A."

pterous insects might perhaps more properly be termed creeping things. And the B-flat, as euphemists style it, if only a B as noisome as the P. B., is equally a "token." Q. E. D., your Lordship, is it not?

No, my Lord, *Mr. Punch* has never made fun of the Colorado Beetle itself. On the contrary, he was one of the first to warn all and sundry to deal with it as a most serious nuisance, to keep on the watch for it, and, as soon as caught, to squelch it. He was among the foremost in proclaiming the necessity of stamping the Colorado Beetle out. Herein your Lordship, he doubts not, will praise him, and not blame him, as some grave people blamed writers for having exhorted the Authorities to stamp out the Cattle Plague.

It is very true, my Lord, that certain persons having mistaken the Lady Cow for the Colorado Beetle, and otherwise, in relation to the last-named insect, made fools of themselves, some of *Mr. Punch*'s young men have, with pen and pencil, appropriately illustrated their deeds—and words. *Mr. Punch* ventures to hope that your Lordship, on second thoughts, will not call that making jokes about the Colorado Beetle, nor consider the *Doryphora decemlineata* so very solemn a thing as to be incapable of being mentioned or delineated to a political or social intent without irreverence.

Debtor and Creditor.

At one of the late meetings of the Social Science Congress, a paper by Mr. JOHN M'LAREN, a Scotch Advocate, on Married Women's Property, excited interest, "especially amongst lady-members." A report of it adds that—

"Miss LYDIA BECKER thought a wife should be her husband's first creditor."

That is, of course, she should trust her husband before all men. Nicely put, Miss LYDIA BECKER. But what will the *Priest in Absolution* say to you?



ON THE SAFE SIDE.

Stout Old Gentleman. "WHAT DOES THAT BOARD SAY ABOUT WEIGHTS? P'RAPS I'D BETTER GET OUT, AND WALK OVER THE BRIDGE!!"

EUROPE IN TURKEY.

The Special Correspondent of the *Times*, writing the other day from Therapia, after commenting with natural satisfaction on the fact that the present comparatively youthful Father of the Faithful is working out a silent, social, and political revolution among his subjects, by giving Parisian dinners, returning bows, handing about cigarettes, and offering chairs to aged Patriarchs, goes on to say:—

"More liberal views than his would not always be found among the Statesmen of constitutional countries; and one might reasonably expect, as well as hope, a good deal in the way of reform from ABDUL HAMID, if a long and peaceful reign gave him a fair chance."

No doubt the Special Correspondent is quite right; and the matter is one for sincere anticipatory congratulation. Still, as the advance of sweeping constitutional reform, as it were, hand in hand with a lighter sort of social refinement, suggests a novel but interesting aspect of history, Mr. *Punch* begs to offer the few following dates, which he has taken at random from a coming Oriental Primer, very respectfully to the consideration of MR. FREEMAN:—

1878. The SULTAN rides publicly on the knifeboard of a Christian omnibus through the main streets of Pera up to the gates of St. Sophia. Serious riots.

1880. Paper collars first worn in Constantinople on New Year's Day.

1882. An eleven of *Softas* play "All England" at Canterbury, making 13 in their two innings, MR. GRACE being against them, and walking out with his bat after scoring 7,056 runs in five days and a night. Serious riots in Constantinople.

1885. ABDUL HAMID walks about the streets of Stamboul in full dress on the fifth of November. Guy Faux Day solemnly observed in Turkey for the first time.

1887. Lawn-tennis played by the Ladies of the Seraglio in the gardens of the Golden Horn. Abolition of the *Yashmak*, and first appearance of five-guinea bonnets in Asia Minor. Serious riots.

1891. The "Young Turkey Eight" rows against Oxford, on the Thames from Putney to Mortlake, and goes down suddenly off the Soap Works. Time 57 minutes 19 seconds. Great rejoicings at Constantinople.

1892. Five o'clock tea, and use of Patent Filters, DU BARRY'S Revalenta Arabica, Glenfield Starch, Opera Hats, and Bicycle-made compulsory on all adults between the ages of fourteen and ninety, by Turkish Act of Parliament.

1895. Severity of the penal code increased. Abolition of the bastinado, and substitution of British cross-examination.

1896. Opening of the first public-house in the Valley of Sweet Waters. Riot, and first appearance on the charge-sheet of a police-court, and fining five shillings, of the SHEIK-UL-ISLAM.

1897. Introduction of cheap and sound wines, of "his own selection," by GILBEY PASHA. General exodus of *Ra-hât-la-kou* merchants, and collapse of the sherbet trade. Stamboul illuminated.

1898. Government importation of Trades' Unions, provincial Mayors, suburban races, Christy Minstrels, Obstructives, Penny Steamers, Music Halls, and Detectives.

1899. Cremation, and the use of Ginger-beer at dinner, made compulsory. Revolution.

1900. Return to the *status quo ante* at Constantinople, and final erection of permanent coloured statue to the memory of the late SULTAN at Madame TUSSAUD'S.

A Passerine Plant.

A HERBALIST is stated, in a French paper, to have discovered that a herb called "passerage" possesses the inestimable property of attracting and poisoning Norfolk-Howards—of ignoble race, if occasionally partakers of noble blood. Every housekeeper, and still rather every lodger, would like to know what the herb called "passerage" is. But that it is so called not in English but in French, and is described in a French dictionary as one of the *Cruciferæ*, a literary costermonger might be tempted to suggest that "passerage" might mean sparrowgrass.

"THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND" (*as sung by the British Butchers*).—For further particulars apply at the American Meat Markets.



A SKETCH IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

THE HUMBLE DAUGHTER OF GAUL (ABOUT WHOM WE WERE SO GUSHING IN OUR LAST) DOES NOT SHOW TO ADVANTAGE IN WHITE SATIN AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS; AND BIBI TARTEMPION, THE CHOSEN OF HEE HEART, AND SUCH A JOLLY FELLOW IN HIS BLOUSE, IS NOT SEEN AT HIS BEST IN HIS BRIDAL ARRAY.

THE GAME OF WAR—À LA RUSSE.

At one of the Battles of Plevna (that held upon the birthday of the Czar) the Emperor of RUSSIA was accommodated with a sort of Grand Stand, from whence his Majesty was able to view the conflict with safety and comfort. This is not the first time that the Russians have shown a desire to turn warfare into a spectacle. At the Battle of the Alma many Ladies from Sebastopol were present on the heights, and only disappeared when the victorious advance of the Allies made the booths literally too hot to hold them. Should this fashion become thoroughly established, we may expect to find the following letter appearing in one of the St. Petersburg Newspapers—say, for example, in that admirable specimen of Russian Journalism, the *Golos*.

(From Our Special Correspondent at the Imperial Head-Quarters.)

Thursday Morning.

Yesterday we had a most delightful entertainment. For some time it had been generally known in the Camp that great preparations were being made for a day's enjoyment at the Seat of War. All the Aides-de-Camp and General Officers not required at the front had been extremely busy in filling up cards of invitation intended for distribution amongst the fairest of the fair. The Couriers not only carried despatches to the Capital, but also scores of scented envelopes. Instead of discussions upon Military Tactics, conversations about Balls and Garden-Parties became the order of the day. Some of our younger Field-Officers had an opportunity of distinguishing themselves in manœuvring—not in seizing fortresses, but in procuring "invites" for their female friends and relations; and many are the amusing stories that are told of the strategies to which some of these warriors resorted to obtain the much-coveted pieces of cardboard.

It was a delightful morning. The sun shone brightly, and the Military bands (which had been practising for days past) made the sharp, crisp air redolent of the softest music. The tents were decorated with flowers, and

the Sentries wore their Court Uniforms. The hospitals had been removed three miles to the rear, so that no ungainly sight should meet the view of the fair excursionists. Here and there little puffs of smoke in the distance told that a battle was going on somewhere. Fortunately the wind was in the right direction, and carried away the unsavoury vapour, so that there was no unpleasant odour of gunpowder in the Imperial marquee. On the contrary, the EMPEROR'S tent had been profusely sprinkled with eau-de-Cologne and other refreshing scents. For months the Engineers had been engaged upon the construction of a road laid down with wood-pavement, so that the springs of the many graceful carriages carrying the fair guests to the Head-Quarters were not put to a test of unusual severity.

At noon the camp was thronged with Ladies wearing the most charming toilettes, which added to the glories of the scene. As usual, all the officers were a mass of gold and silver, bright helmets, and flowing plumes. The day commenced with a pic-nic in a most picturesque village which had been reduced to ruins by the bombardment of last month. A distinguished Stage-Manager from the Capital had made the most of his materials, and had rendered the little hamlet a perfect bower of bliss. Nothing could have been prettier than the quaintly-shaped walls decorated with artificial flowers, and the dismantled pump was simply charming in its new character of a crystal fountain. The *al fresco* meal consisted of all the delicacies of the season, and the gorgeously-liveried funkeys had no sinecure in their duty of opening bottles of sparkling champagne. At the end of the feast a most amusing incident occurred. At a signal from a General, a bombardment took place of tiny shells made of mother-of-pearl. Each Lady received one of these "projectiles," and found, to her relief, that it contained nothing more terrible than *bon-bons*. Playful shrieks and silvery ripples of laughter brought the pic-nic to a suitable conclusion. Later in the day the guests strolled to an observatory, where powerful telescopes had been planted. Through these glasses the movements of the troops in the far distance could be distinctly seen. A message was conveyed through the field telegraph to the officer commanding the troops at the front requesting him to have the kindness to order an attack to be made upon one of the enemy's forts for the amusement of the company. The desire met with a ready compliance, and for several minutes the guests were breathless with excitement. The younger Generals began betting with the fair sightseers about the fortunes of the fight, and in a very short time dozens of tiny kid gloves had been lost and won.

But perhaps the finest sight of all was the bombardment reserved for the evening. Immediately after the sun had set, and the land was lost in darkness, the heavens were illuminated with the fitful lights of a thousand explosive shells. Different coloured fires were also burned by the outposts, and a brilliant discharge of rockets from the Imperial Head-Quarters finished the display. After this, dancing commenced, and was continued until a late hour, when an Aide-de-Camp suggested that the carriages were in waiting. Taking the hint, the company immediately separated, declaring that they had never enjoyed a more delightful day.

As some complaints have been made that no supper was provided, it is only fair to state that the usual feast on such occasions was actually prepared, but that it was considered advisable, for military reasons, to dispense with its discussion.

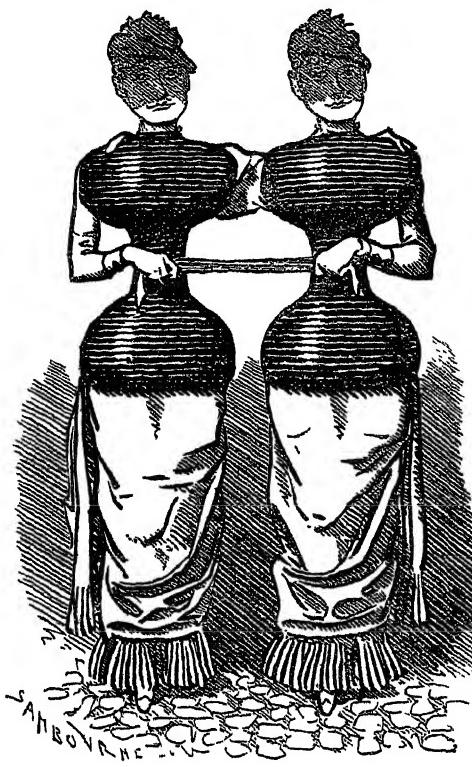
It is now no secret that at about half-past eleven o'clock one of the enemy's shells exploded within five miles of the site of the Imperial Head-Quarters. Had this fact been known, the incident might have caused the greatest possible alarm and confusion amongst the guests.

Bloodshed and Baubles.

WHILST the Turks and Russians were slaying one another in numbers approaching thousands and tens of thousands at Plevna, telegrams from the scene of slaughter announced that Prince CHARLES of Roumania had been decorated with the Russian Cross of St. George, and that the Emperor of RUSSIA had received the grand cordon of the Star of Roumania. Brilliant illustrations of the vanity of human life!

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(Reports briefly on the Folly and Olympic, and is off on the Great Musical Festival at Leeds.)



EIGH! The company at the Folly consists chiefly of two Kates and a Katherine, a Nelly, a Violet, a Rose, a Daisy, (isn't it nice!)— O the Flowery Land!), a Louie (a Louie d'or, of course), and lots of other pretty names. Attractive this, isn't it? There are two young ladies with surnames only. One of these is an Angel, and the other is Imms. Of course they go well together, as an Angel should with Imms, whether WATTS's Imms or Imms Ancient and Modern. Fancy such a bevy of beauty! Ah! if I were not DROGENES, would I be ALEXANDER (HENDERSON)? ALEXANDER is a great

commander, and I wish him success in his new campaign. I didn't hear *Up the River*, or *Sea Nymphs*, but I was in time for *The Creole*. It is bright and pretty to the eye, full of life and movement. Miss KATHERINE MUNROE works hard to make something out of an uncongenial part. Miss NELLIE BROMLEY comes out strongly in the song where she imitates a tottering old man. That both ladies looked charming, *cela va sans dire*. Mr. HOWSON, as the Commodore, with the song of "*The Warbling Cobbler*," is very good. The "Notaries" are not a patch upon the Gendarmes once so popular at the Philharmonic. Nor did I care about the "Kiss" song from *Bébé*. On the whole, however, Messrs. HENDERSON, REECE, and FAENIE have "scored" (to put it musically) a success at the Folly.

The Olympic deserves more than a passing notice, so I must return to *The Moonstone*, by WRKIE COLLINS, on the first opportunity, when I shall be able to report upon *England in the, &c.* Suffice it to say at present, without entering into details, that, like *The New Magdalen*, *The Moonstone* relies for its success on the dramatic strength of its situations.

Your Representative is a man of his word; he said last week he would go to Leeds, for the great Musical Festival, and faithfully has he kept his promise.

The arrival, at the Leeds Station, of Your Representative, was, I need hardly say, a triumph. The demonstration of one Porter was something to see. It was immense—for threepence. As for the Cabman, his enthusiasm was so overwhelming (he had been waiting for a job all day, he said, and this was the first money he'd taken) that he would willingly have removed his horse from the shafts, and have drawn the vehicle himself to the Queen's Hotel, had I only made it worth his while.

A magnificent spectacle the Hall, Sir, on the entry of Yours truly. Chorus of Ladies high up in the air, like sweet singing-birds, on either side of the Orchestra, and the male voices crowding the middle. Such a chorus! Such an audience! After bowing to the Mayor and the Committee, and intimating to Mr. WINGHAM that the business of the evening might commence, the band at once struck up the overture to the new Cantata, the *Fire-King*.

A prophet is not great, as a rule, I believe, in his own country, and if *Eliaz* were given down in Judee, I've no doubt he wouldn't be thought much of, therefore as Mr. WALTER AUSTIN, the Composer of the new Cantata, is said to be "A native of Leeds" (and why not?), he ought to be highly gratified with the reception accorded to his work, and to himself, when cheered; at the conclusion, by the other natives of Leeds, who had not written Cantatas.

Mrs. OSGOOD and Madam PATEY did their best, the latter singing such a low note that the occupants of the front row of stalls looked under their seats, as if for something that the Lady had dropped, and which they were polite enough to pick up for her. Mr. LLOYD was enthusiastically and deservedly encored (though the encore was sensibly not taken) in a ballad of the Balfe style, "*The Past is but a troubled Dream*," which ought to be immensely popular everywhere, and would make the fortune of any drawing-room tenor: and in "*To Arms! To Arms!*" which he gave in such spirited style, as caused Your Representative to regret that the singer was not in a Tannhäuser-like suit of armour, addressing a crowd of chorus and supers attired as warriors of the most unlimited bravery. For success, the Cantata was, from the first tenor song, "*insured at Lloyd's*."

Setting aside the occasion of its production (and, undeniably, the work was not big enough for the great Leeds Festival) the Composer is to be congratulated on the *Cantata* itself, taken for what it is, and as affording much promise for the future. If in choosing this exceptional time for a first attempt, Mr. Austin's friends showed more zeal than discretion, it must not be forgotten that in the North the reading of the old Proverb is, "Friends in Leeds are friends in deeds," and a young Composer cannot be blamed for jumping at such an offer.

But what of Professor MACFARREN'S *Joseph*? Magnificently interpreted by Mdlle. ALBANI, Mesdames EDITH WYNNE and PATEY, Messrs. SANTLEY, LLOYD, Signor FOLI, and the unrivaled Chorus, which is the crown and glory of the Leeds Festival, the new Oratorio achieved an unequivocal success. It was indeed a touching spectacle when the gifted Composer was led forward by his brother to hear the acclamations, which resounded from every part of the Hall.

Fresh from the scene, I confess myself unwilling to treat lightly one single detail of this great performance. For some future time I will reserve what remarks I have to offer on the *libretto* and style of Oratorios generally, where the sublime so often touches the ridiculous; but, for this present, I can only say that to have heard the first performance of *Joseph* at the Leeds Festival, and to have assisted, heart and voice, at the ovation given to Professor MACFARREN, will ever be remembered as a real and true pleasure by

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

VERY INDIRECT DAMAGES.

(Being a few Items omitted, evidently by mistake, from a recent Bill of Costs.)

	£ s. d.
To Printer, for 500 posters offering a reward for capture of rebel ironclad.	10 0 0
Refreshment for small garrison of Pacocha, and chairs on beach for same while watching combat in the bay	0 5 9
New Hat for the President of the Republic, crushed while calming the feelings of the mob at Callao	0 14 9
Consulting local Solicitor as to the bearing of International Law on the case	0 6 8
Two glasses of Sherry for same	0 1 0
Fee to Dramatic Author for suggesting effective phraseology in which to couch demand for reparation and damages from British Government	0 5 0
To General Expenses incurred by the President while travelling about to ensure the safety of the State, say	63 0 0
<i>Douceur</i> to same for doing his duty in a crisis	100 0 0
And, Indemnity to satisfy the outraged honour of the nation	5 0 0
	<hr/> £179 13 2

N.B.—The above amount will not be received in Peruvian Bonds.

A FEW NOVELTIES.

A SENSATION Drama that does not depend upon fireworks or shower-baths for its success.

A Newspaper that does not appear to supply a want in journalism and to offer tradesmen an excellent medium for Advertisements.

A Novel, written by a Lady, that is not too weak for males nor too strong for females.

A Club that is not opened with a view to obtaining a most exclusive list of members, by admitting men without ballot and *minus* entrance fees.

A Route to the Continent that does not profess to be the cheapest and most pleasant means of getting from England to the rest of Europe.

A description of a Battle that is not more or less influenced by the political opinions of the "word-painter."

And lastly (the greatest novelties of all), a comic Comic Song, a witty Witticism, and a new item of News.

DELIGHTFUL DRESSES.



SERVE, that the domain of Social Science is taken to include the province of Art. So at least it seems from the circumstance that a Section of the latter took part last week in the Congress of the former at Aberdeen, and discussed Art competitions, and taste for Art furniture, *buc-à-brac*, and china; thereafter likewise canvassed a paper read by Miss BURTON on "Beauty not incompatible with Labour." According to a report, which omits to say whether or no there arose any question if domestic service in the capacity of JOHN THOMAS or MARY ANNE was to be called "labour," and was injurious, or harmless, or even beneficial to personal appearance, and what effect, in point of beauty, hard work had, generally,

upon fishwives, washerwomen, and charwomen:—

"Miss LYDIA BECKER took part in the discussion. She insisted that the principles of Art might as well be applied to dress as to pictures. She approved the sentiment of a Frenchman who said that a well-dressed lady had a sense of inward tranquillity which religion could not bestow."

There is an appropriate smartness in this argument for smart dressing—if "smart" is a word applicable to dress designed upon any principles of Art. Probably, the Frenchman's idea of a well-dressed lady, whose dress inspired her with a peace of mind exceeding the serenity of a saint, did not exactly correspond to that of a Minerva or even a Venus in antique drapery. Nor is that perhaps the kind of dress which Miss BECKER means, for she can hardly have ever worn it, and yet she must have experienced, to understand, the sense her Frenchman declares to be enjoyed by a well-dressed lady. Perhaps it is her habitual frame of mind. Who would not go some way to see Miss LYDIA BECKER in the costume which so interiorly delights a lady well dressed?

Does not the sentiment as to dress, however, which Miss BECKER approves of, literally considered, savour originally rather of an *esprit fort*; although sympathy with it can scarcely have been acquired in companionship with "strong-minded women"? Let Miss LYDIA look out for very serious censure on her expression of that sympathy. She may expect to get severely preached at in an occasional discourse shortly to be delivered by a Right Reverend Bishop accustomed to understand epigrams, and other sayings, not intended for ears of his kind, in their literal sense.

THE LAST OF A FEW DAYS IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE.

The Morning after—Breakfast—Grumpiness—Everybody Wrong—Threatening of Storm—Chaff—First Disagreeable—Second—Third—All Disagreeables—Division—Parting Shots—The Last to Leave—The Telegram—The Note—A Cheerful Arrival—My Departure—BOODELS' Consolation—End.

THE morning after the Symposium. Irregular breakfast. Dull morning. Leaden sky. Everything damp, specially the boots, which come up as if they'd been cleaned under the pump. A slimy chill about the atmosphere generally, such as one might feel for a minute or two after putting one's hand suddenly and unexpectedly on a pond-frog. The perverse glass in the hall is, of course, going up. The eccentric weathercock in the meadow is twisting about, restlessly, up above, as much as to say, "Here's your fine fresh air! Climb up here! Here's your fine fresh air at the top of the pole!"

As we drop in, one by one, to breakfast, Mrs. BUDDERMER (in a long green velvet dress, and a very pronounced gold chain round her neck, and tucked in at her waist somewhere, suggesting the idea of a *Diana Vernon* who had been made Lady Mayoress) holds up her hands, and pretends to be shocked. Miss BUDDERMER blushes and simpers. I observe to her, "We were rather late last night, Miss BUDDERMER." She replies, in her usual startled manner, "Yes—very." Then she blushes deeper than ever, simpers ner-

ously, and hurriedly putting up her *pince-nez* looks straight through it, earnestly, at the tea-urn, as if for protection.

BUDDERMER has, as usual, been down before any of us, and is seated on the *Telegraph* reading the *Times*. MUMLEY the Poet has intimated that he does not wish for any breakfast, and has gone as far as the Pond to look at the Trimmer.

MILBURD is less noisy than usual, and asks for a bloater. He speaks of himself as "feeling a bit chippy," and wonders how CALTOP got home. We all wonder how CALTOP got home; for, as no one saw him leave, there is a generally pervading idea that he is still in the house, having perhaps tumbled into the hat-and-cloak closet, and there passed the night.

BOODELS comes down, complaining bitterly of a headache. He will take nothing but very hot tea, and very dry toast. He remarks that he can't account for his feeling so unwell this morning, as last night he didn't sit up later than usual, and really did not take half so much as he ordinarily does. POGMORE the Composer, who looks pale about the cheeks and very red about the eyes, but who tries to keep up an air of forced gaiety, observes that he thinks everyone had too much last night.

BOODELS won't admit it for an instant. "You may have had too much," he says to POGMORE. "I hadn't; and I'm sure no one else had."

At this, the Bald Philosopher, from behind his newspaper, elevates his eyebrows, but makes no observation. POGMORE looks at MILBURD and myself significantly, and MILBURD says,

"Well, I fancy that CALTOP had as much as was good for him." Thereby evidently intending that the gentleman in question had taken more than was good for him.

"No," BOODELS replies positively, and really charitably, "I don't think so. In fact," he adds, which, by the way, shows his reason for acquitting CALTOP of ineptitude, "I don't think anyone took too much. *I know I didn't!*"

"At all events," says POGMORE, sticking to his point, "no one can eat breakfast this morning."

"That's the weather," retorts BOODELS, becoming rather annoyed at POGMORE's persistence in charging him and his guests with an orgie. "Besides," he adds, looking round, "it strikes me everyone has made a very good breakfast."

"Capital!" cries MILBURD. To which sentiment I also respond affirmatively, feeling it due to BOODELS as our host.

"I'm afraid we kept you up very late, Mrs. BUDDERMER," BOODELS says courteously, but inquisitively, as if her evidence on the matter would settle the question.

"Oh, not at all!" she replies, cheerfully; "I'm accustomed to it. When we were at Swyllin—Lord Lushborough's place, you know—in Hertfordshire—we used to sit up much later than that every evening."

BUDDERMER, having finished his papers, and probably foreseeing that he will be lugged in to corroborate his wife's recollections of the aristocracy, rises, stretches himself, walks to the window, looks out, and observes, "I wonder where the Hare is this morning?"

He refers to the hare, or rabbit, which has regularly come out to feed on the Lawn since we've been in the house. For a bald man, in the presence of such a professional wag as MILBURD, he could not have made a more unfortunate remark.

"Where's the Hare?" repeats MILBURD. "Why, that's what you must say every morning when you look in the glass! Ha! ha! ha!" And MILBURD roars. Then, seeing that Mrs. BUDDERMER is bridling up, that Miss BUDDERMER is blushing, and that everyone is made uncomfortable by this personality, he bursts into a guffaw, slaps BUDDERMER on the back, "Eh? Ha! ha! ha! Where's the hair? Eh?" Then, holding his victim's elbow, and addressing us, he shouts, "That's what he asks every morning! The long-lost hair! Eh? Have you got a strawberry-mark on your left arm?" This to BUDDERMER, who is stroking his beard, and trying hard to preserve his philosophic calm; but he is glaring dangerously. Under much of this torture BUDDERMER would go mad.

Unfortunately, MILBURD is not to be put down by any repartee, however brilliant, or by any retort, however rude. In either case he will simply repeat his own jest with louder laughter and more slaps on his victim's back, or digs in his victim's ribs. Nor is he to be put down by brute force, for MILBURD Junior is a cricketer, an athlete, and as strong as a cart-horse. He is a sort of Frankenstein's Monster suddenly become a stupid jester and perpetual practical joker, and we, *pro tem.*, are Franksteins, each in turn.

Mrs. BUDDERMER leaves the room, followed by her daughter. BUDDERMER stalks out by the window, and the rabbit or hare, or whatever it is, frightened, makes a bolt into the laurels. He walks round the house, frowning, and subsequently is seen to join the Poet at the Pond. When we next observe them they are standing gloomily, about three yards apart, with their backs to the house, contemplating the Pond, while between them stands, sympathetically, the Peruvian Goose with the port-wine beak. The three are as motionless, with the exception of an occasional sign of life in the Goose's tail plumage, as if they'd been frozen up on the spot.



AN ARRANGEMENT IN "FIDDLE-DE-DEE."

BOODELS is annoyed with MILBURD, who, in a huff, replies that BUDDERMER is an old ass if he can't take a joke. BOODELS begs MILBURD to remember that not everyone can stand chaff; to which MILBURD replies that those who can't had better remain in their own rooms. Pause: verge of row. POGMORE, with a view to changing the subject pleasantly, tells us that he is going to try something of his own composition on the piano previous to writing it out.

BOODELS, from behind the *Daily Telegraph*, growls out, "What more of your rubbish? Mind you don't bother the Ladies; and if you're going to strum on the piano, *shut the doors!*"

"Oh, I won't play at all, if you don't like it," says POGMORE, very angrily, grasping the door-handle.

"I don't mind," returns BOODELS, still reading the *Daily Telegraph*, as if he didn't want to be bothered. "I don't mind, as long as *I don't hear it*. That's all."

POGMORE quits the room in a fury. I do pity him. Fancy a young HANDEL being told by a friend not to "strum his rubbish on the piano!" In another second he has banged a hat on his head, and with both hands rammed into his trousers' pockets, he is walking with an agitated step, towards the Pond.

"Come," says MILBURD to BOODELS, "don't you talk to me about chaff! Why, that's far worse than anything I said to BUDDERMER."

But BOODELS takes no notice of the retort, and continues reading most provokingly. I have the *Times*. MILBURD leaves the room sullenly. After a short deliberation he takes one of BOODELS' favourite sticks (an ebony cane, with a silver lizard curled round the top),

and switching the flowers as he goes, walks leisurely towards the Pond. Now nothing irritates BOODELS so much as anyone walking off with this particular cane. I foresee a row when I catch sight, from the Library window, of MILBURD's proceedings.

I see the three at the Pond. All gloomy, as if meditating suicide. The two Ladies, wrapped up, are strolling on the paths. Presently they join the gentlemen at the Pond. Evidently a conspiracy.

Another moment, and I hear the Dog with the bells scampering about and barking; also another dog. From which I infer that BOODELS is in the hall getting his hat, previous to going out "for a turn."

There is a great rattling of the umbrella-stand, and a shaking of all sorts of things in the Hall.

Then the Butler's voice, "I don't know where it is, Sir."

Then BOODELS, angrily demanding "Who cleans the Hall in the morning?" Then the Butler calling the Maid. Cross-examination of the Maid. She's certain she didn't move it. It was here this morning, she's sure. The Butler, too, will swear to having seen it yesterday. BOODELS more and more angry. He bursts into the Library.

"Have you taken it?" he asks, abruptly.

"What?"

"My ebony cane with the lizard top."

No, I haven't. But, I suggest, rather maliciously (because why should he always suspect me of taking everything?—as, a fact, he always does) "Perhaps one of the others has got it."

He won't go out without it; not even into the kitchen-garden. It has become a necessity. The Butler will go and ask if anyone's got it, and, if they have, he will bring it back. From the window we see the Butler on his way to the Pond. We witness his reception by the assembled conspirators. It is all pantomime action to us. It does not inspire confidence in the result. All that BOODELS has said, since sending the Butler, is, as he stood at the window eyeing the scene, "I hate practical jokes." This is meant as a warning to me, not to take one of his sticks.

The Butler returns empty-handed. With a half-grin he says (more to me than to his master), "Mr. MILBURD says, Sir, as he's very sorry, but in trying to catch the Eel, the stick tumbled into the Pond."

"Nonsense!" exclaims BOODELS, exploding.

In a second he is down at the Pond, myself after him. We are all at the Pond now. MILBURD insists on the stick having fallen in, and tells BOODELS, if he doubts him, to go into the Pond and see, and offers to buy him another, in the Lowther Arcade, for fourpence-halfpenny. This is too much. BOODELS accuses MILBURD of upsetting everybody, and of being rude to the BUDDERMERS. MILBURD appeals to the latter. The Ladies are sure that Mr. MILBURD was not intentionally rude; while BUDDERMER, who has suffered, most magnanimously, replies that, for his part, he doesn't mind being chaffed. "Of course, you don't!" returns MILBURD, enthusiastically, and with a hearty slap on BUDDERMER's shoulder that makes the Philosopher wince, and causes him to add with considerable feeling, "But I protest against being hit on every possible occasion."

MILBURD roars, and shakes the Philosopher's elbow, saying, "Why that's half the fun. You'll enjoy it when you're used to it. Let me give you a good whack now, and see how you'll laugh."



"NEVER SAY DIE!"

Mrs. Merrythought. "SHALL WE WALK HOME THROUGH THE CHURCHYARD, LOVE, OR BY THE—"

Mr. Merrythought (who will not look at the bright side of things). "WHAT'S THE GOOD OF GOING THROUGH THE CHURCHYARD, MY DEAR?—I SHALL BE THERE SOON ENOUGH!"

BUDDERMER, however, retires a few paces, holding up his hand deprecatingly.

"No, thank you," he says, "one must draw the line somewhere."

"Yes, draw a line in the Pond," returns MILBURD the incorrigible, "and bring up the Eel and the Stick. "I say," he shouts to BOODELS, "I dare say the Eel is walking about with it in the mud, and POGMORE can put him into his Oratorio. Solo for Eel on going into the Ark. Ha! ha! ha!"

BOODELS walks away. It is of no avail that, subsequently, MILBURD reproduces the Stick, and pretends to present it, as a testimonial, to BOODELS from his admiring friends. This evening BOODELS draws our attention to a calendar, and shows us the dates he has arranged for certain guests to come.

He says, as if he were merely giving us hints on how to conduct an establishment, "You see if one didn't do this, I should never be able to get all my friends here. Everyone understands that, you know; and so I always name the day of arrival and of departure, so that they can arrange their own plans elsewhere. It's so much better to do it in this way."

Mrs. BUDDERMER, very shortly, agrees with BOODELS. "Oh, of course," she says, "it's the *only* way. You're quite right. You know I told you we couldn't stop beyond to-morrow, as JOHN and myself have to go home first, and then to the North to Kupford—Sir MINTON BURRIDGE's place. Sir MINTON is a connection of ours, you know, so we are bound to go to him, and we shall be *there* for three weeks or a month."

This is (as CALTOP would have said) "a nasty one" for BOODELS, who has now to pretend that the BUDDERMERS' departure quite takes him by surprise.

MUMLEY says he finds the atmosphere here uncongenial to composition, and that he wants to get somewhere where he can breathe. He explains himself as not intending any snub to BOODELS, by adding, "You see, in some places I feel I am at once inspired! In others I don't." He has decided to leave to-morrow morning, to seek inspiration.

POGMORE gives BOODELS a parting dig by observing, "Sorry I must go, old fellow; but I must get on with what you call 'my

rubbish,' and to be in a room alone, with pens, ink, and paper, and a piano, is an absolute necessity for *me*."

"I'm coming to stop with you," says MILBURD in BOODELS' hearing to DICK CALTOP, who has driven round in a pony-trap in which he is seated at the door, having pulled up with a loud shout of "Woa, Emma!"

"Right you are!" replies CALTOP. "How's the Governor to-day?" meaning BOODELS, who speaks of himself as being *not* very well.

"Another good man gone wrong?" exclaims CALTOP laughing, whereat MILBURD laughs too.

"I thought you wired in a bit too much last night. I'm altogether rumbo," he admits; by which we take him to mean that he is not quite so well as might have been expected. This is how we translate "rumbo."

"I'll take you now, if you're ready," he adds.

The Butler, hearing this, asks MILBURD if he shall pack up for him, as it won't take five minutes.

"Yes," cries CALTOP, "put 'em in the barg!" and within a quarter-of-an-hour MILBURD has driven off with his friend.

"I hate everyone going at once," BOODELS confides to me when they've all retired early. "It's so dull in a house which has been full of company."

It is. And that's the reason why I'm going away too. I don't like to mention this. Next morning, on pretence of seeing the Poet off, who is going by the first train, I stop at the telegraph-office, and wire to a friend, answer paid, to send me a business message compelling my immediate presence.

All the guests leave before BOODELS is up. My telegram arrives just as he comes down to breakfast. I break its contents to him gently.

He tries to induce me to stay by hinting that "Now they've all gone, and it's quite quiet down by the Pond, we may have some sport."

"No," I say, pleasantly. "We must leave the Eel for another time." In fact I know well enough that he no more believes in the Eel than I do.

A letter by post for BOODELS. He brightens up.

"It's from DULTON!" he cries, delighted. Then he rings for the Butler, and says, triumphantly, "Mr. DULTON's coming down this afternoon," and he gives directions for my room being immediately prepared for the visitor.

I have a great mind to stay, and see if there is such a person, as it occurs to me that the coming of DULTON is about as real as the business of importance in my telegram.

BOODELS is in ecstasies about DULTON. "He is," he says, "the most charming fellow. His information on every subject is something quite marvellous. BUDDERMER couldn't hold a candle to him. Besides DULTON has his own original ideas, and BUDDERMER hasn't. He plays and sings delightfully, and never refuses when he's asked, as FOGMORE does; and then he is a thorough musician. He writes in most of the magazines, and many of his poems are worthy of TENNYSON at his best, and he's not so conceited about it as MUMLEY is. DULTON will read his poems to you without affectation; MUMLEY won't; he thinks that he's throwing pearls to swine."

"DULTON," I observe, "must be a clever fellow."

"Clever!" cries BOODELS. "He is clever! And so funny! Real humour! not stupid practical jokes like MILBURD's. Some of DULTON's stories have kept me laughing—crying with laughter—for hours. And the way he tells them!! I really do not know any one," says BOODELS, summing up, "who is so thoroughly good a companion as DULTON."

"Is there a Mrs. DULTON?" I ask.

"Ah, I hope she'll come too," replies BOODELS, who I notice, by not giving a direct answer to my question, confirms my suspicion as to the total unsubstantiality of the DULTONS: "for," he continues, "she is simply the loveliest woman I ever saw. A perfect lady! She goes about three times as much as Mrs. BUDDERMER, and into the very highest society—I know she often goes to tea at Windsor Castle in the QUEEN's private apartments, who consults her on all

sorts of subjects; she's a great friend of the QUEEN's—but she isn't always talking about the aristocracy as Mrs. BUDDERMER is. When people talk so much about it, I don't believe 'em."

Consequently, if all this is true, the DULTONS in their two selves represent, only in perfection, all the talents of the recent party. But I can't stop to see these *rare ayes* without my telegram plan being discovered. So I congratulate BOODELS on the accession of DULTON, and, thanking him for a very pleasant time, take my departure.

As I am stepping into my fly at the door, a short man, in a suit of dittos, an old umbrella, and a dingy, out-of-shape wideawake, followed by a boy with a florid carpet bag, walks up, very warm and very dirty.

"Is M—M—M—M—Mister Boo—Hoo—Hoo—Hoo—Hoo—Hoo—DELS in?" he asks, in a very loud voice, and with the most determined and provoking stutter.

BOODELS steps forward.

"Hallo, DULTON!" he exclaims; "I'm delighted to see you." And he tries to draw him out of earshot. But DULTON cannot be got out of earshot so easily.

"I've cur—cur—cur—cur—cur—come down," I hear him saying, "to sus-sus-sus-sus—see you. Der—der—der—der—did you get my lel—lel—lel—lel—letter, eh?"

DULTON may be the cleverest and brightest and most amusing creature in the world, his stories may be most amusing, but his way of telling them must be wildly irritating. BOODELS is welcome to him. But what desolation, after a week of company, to be left in an old house, in damp, heavy weather, with only a stuttering man for a companion!

And so I return to Town, after my Few Days in a Country-House, —i.e., chez BOODELS of Boodels.

PUNCH'S REVISED PROVERBS.



HE question has often been put to *Punch*, "What are Proverbs?" He gives the most classical answers:—

1. Wise Saws.
2. The Wisdom of Many and the Wit of One.
3. The Concentrated Idioty of all the Ages.
4. Nothing in particular, and less in general.

The last definition is *Punch*'s own; everybody knows where the others come from. But the time has arrived for a careful and

genuine revision of the most famous of these sayings, and in no periodical but *Punch* could an honest revision appear. This week he gives the following samples:—

1. *He who goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing.* Not a bit of it! Your friend borrows a sovereign from you; look at his face as he receives it; it's radiant! *He go a sorrowing?* Not he. It's the Lender who goes sorrowing. The Proverb should be revised, "*He who goes a lending will go a mending.*" That's another fact altogether and dreadfully true to experience. Hasn't *Punch* experienced it often? But he will not mention names.

2. *A Stitch in time saves Nine.* Nine of what? Let us have rhythm, as Mr. SWINBURNE used to say, or let us die! The proverb, in proper rhythm, would read, "*A Stitch in time saves Stitches Nine.*" But who cares for stitches in time now-a-days? Nobody ever heard the proverb quoted by a tailor, and tailors know more about stitches than anybody besides. The present generation have no holes stitched. The hole appears, and the garment disappears. *Punch* suggests a revision which is a revision. He got it from a specimen English workman. It is—"A Kick in time saves Nine." That's what the English workman, the day after marriage, says to his wife, when he admonishes Number One with his nailed boots.

3. *The World knows nothing of its Greatest Men.* It is many years since *Punch* read HENRY TAYLOR's *Philip van Artevelde*, and many years since anybody else read it. This is a quotation from it, but it ought to read, "*The World knows little of its Greatest Men.*" Doesn't it? The World knows a little too much of them. Hasn't it had *Greville Memoirs*? aren't speeches reported by the yard every day? doesn't Mr. GLADSTONE write a letter every minute of his life? doesn't the *New York Herald* interview every growing giant? Pooh! HENRY TAYLOR wrote this in the green of his youth. If he had to write now, he would say, "*The world grows sick with knowledge of its greatest men.*" And doesn't it?

There are nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine proverbs. *Punch* intends to revise them all.

THE NEXT SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

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Of the Leeds Choir.

WRITING of the magnificent performance of the unrivalled chorus at the recent Leeds Festival, a critic spoke of "its volume of sound." Our Representative says that this description is most inadequate: instead of "volume," it should have been "a whole library."



METEOROLOGICAL.

Mistress (to old Coachman, who had undertaken the charge of the new Rain-Gauge). "WELL, JENKINS, HOW MANY INCHES HAS IT REGISTERED?"

Old Jenkins. "I KNOW NOWT ABOUT INCHES, M'UM, BUT I MUST A' EMPTIED OUT SOMEWHERE'S ABOUT A PINT OR A PINT AND A 'ALF!!"

GAIN AND LOSS.

HAWFINCH to BRIGHT.

THY discourse up at Rochdale, I read droo, Friend BRIGHT.
About Ziunce and Art all thee sedst med be right.
'Tis a wonder to think now what things we enjoys,
Which our weathers know'd not, nor we nuther when boys.

We gooz fast in this raailwaay and steam-vessel age
To what they and we used to by saail and by stage;
And, for haste, what moor speed cood a martial desire
Than the flash of a messidge by telegraaf-wire?

And 'tis true we're a getfun our likenusses done,
As folks farmerly coodun't, by manes o' the sun.
And the peapers be brought every marn to the door
By the yeapeny poast, as they wuzzun't afoor.

And the news by the people be purty well read,
Eddicaiashun and larnun so wide ha ben spread.
Every clodhopper knows his Three R's a'most now;
For we zend's 'un to school 'fore we zend's 'un to plough.

All that there's verree well, and, mooroaver, the fields
Agricultural prouice moor plentiful yields.
We meaks dree blades o' carn grow where one grow'd of old;
And our root-crops has likewise increased manifold.

But the hedge-rows wi' roses as used fur to blow,
High farmun's grubbed most on 'um up, thee must know.
There's no doubt that supply have increased wi' demand;
But the beautee o' Natur's nigh swep' off the land.

And we doan't use up all the manoover o' towns,
Though we spreads what we can on our medders and downs;

DOCTORS IN DESTITUTION.

BE it hereby known that the British Medical Benevolent Fund, and especially its Immediate Relief Department, is in want of funds. Know all men, and not only medical men; know Ladies also: know all whom it concerns, that is, everybody with a guinea to spare, that there are many Physicians, Surgeons, and General Practitioners, and also Widows and Orphans of Medical Men, in states of sickness and poverty, for whose relief the need is urgent. To this end, as well as to that of providing more permanently for such victims of misfortune, the British Medical Benevolent Fund was established in 1836. Its President is Sir GEORGE BURROWS, and its Vice-Presidents include Sir RICHARD WALLACE, Sir W. GULL, Sir W. JENNER, Sir JAMES PAGET, and Mr. ERASMIUS WILSON.

Whilst we send doctors to minister to the miseries which semi-barbarous aliens are doing their utmost to inflict on one another, shall destitute members of the Medical Profession remain uncared for at home? Shall they, rather than Indians, be suffered to starve?

The London Medical Schools opened on the first instant. In the introductory lectures delivered on that occasion, students were not, perhaps, informed, by way of encouragement to persevere in their profession, that the British Medical Benevolent Fund wanted support.

Perhaps there may appear some fitness of things in a suggestion which may be offered to the clergy. Could not reverend preachers of charity sermons especially advocate the claims of distressed and diseased medical practitioners in connection with the British Medical Benevolent Fund on "Hospital Sunday"?

Young and Old.

THE statistical proof of the increasing average duration of human life is pleasantly supplemented by the want thus proclaimed in a morning contemporary:-

WANTED, by a respectable GIRL (age 44) a SITUATION as UNDER-NURSE in a Gentleman's family. Fond of children. Wages, £8.—Address, &c.

"Quite a young thing!" That is, of course, what a not very old woman of ninety would call a "respectable Girl aged forty-four." So, by parity of speech, a centenarian might describe a man of between forty and fifty as "a mere boy."

Zo the rest on't is pow'rd into rivers, once clean,
But the bottom whereof bain't no moor to be seen.

Art and Ziunce, and School, and improyoun the mind,
Ha done zum good to we, and the rest o' mankind;
But look yander there, 'spite all their wonderful works,
And zee what's gwiun on 'twixt the Rooshans and Turks!

Why, 'tis Ziunce and Art as zupplies 'um the manes
Wi' their arms o' precizhun o' blowun out brains.
'Mongst fine things that our sires hadn't got, like their sons,
Be torpedoes, britch-loaders, and aaity-ton guns.

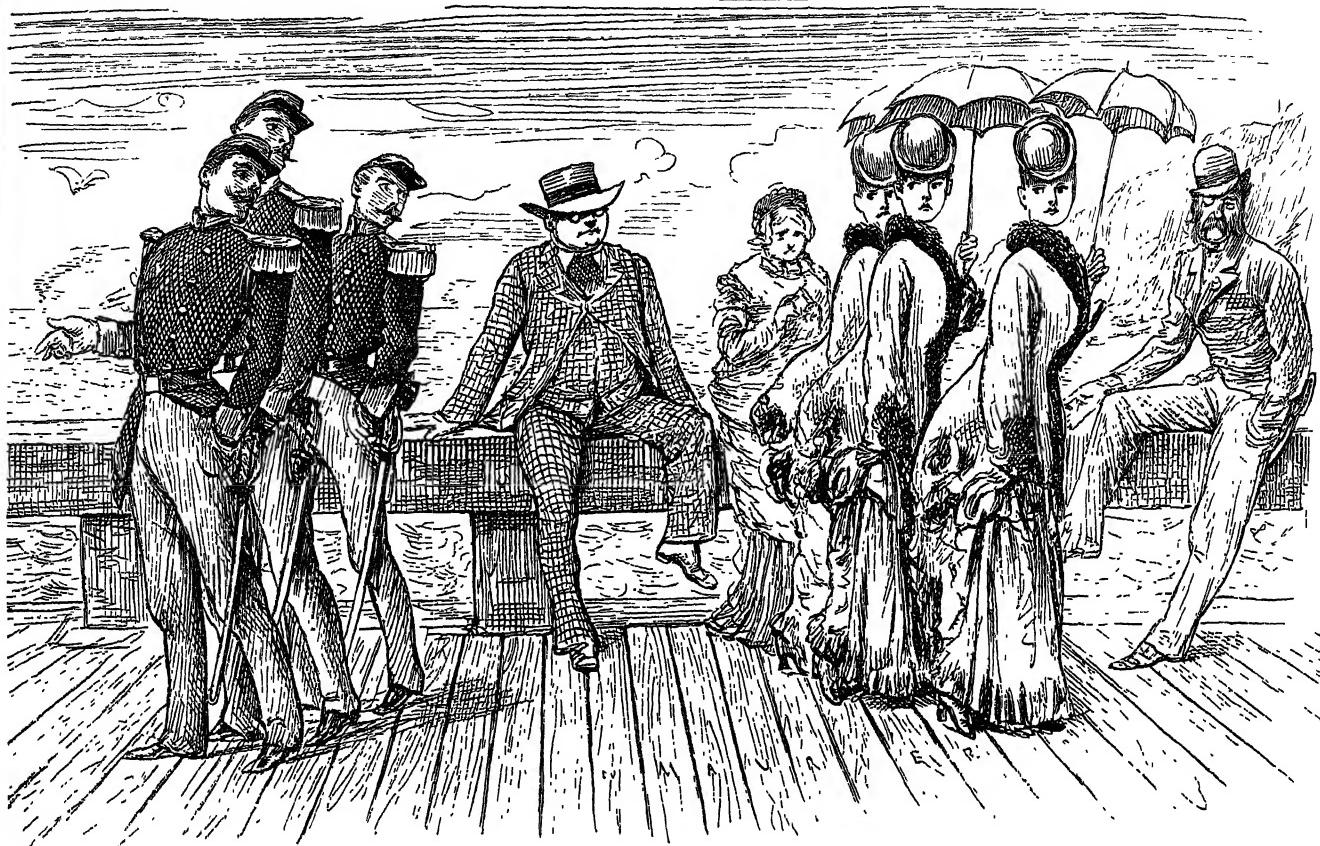
Just thee think what a price mate have rose to a pound,
And how scarce eyesters is where they used to abound.
But there, graaijhurs must live—to own that I'll agree;
And dear eyesters in Town doan't much matter to me.

There's one thing in the times thee comparrest wi' these here,
That was plenty, now rare, and that's good home-brew'd beer.
Ale as sparkled and foamed, and as made the heart glad—
But no stingo bain't hardly no moor to be had.

That wus draa'd from the barrel to comfort a chap.
Woe the day when the Beer-Engine cut out the Tap!
That's a present from Ziunce and Art to bewail:
Art and Ziunce, between 'um, ha' rewun'd our ale.

TOKEN AND SIGN.

ONE of the four evils which the Bishop of MANCHESTER denomi-nates "tokens" is "the pestilence." Certainly a pestilence is now well known to be a token of dirt and defective drainage.



SIX OF ONE, HALF-A-DOZEN OF THE OTHER.

Three of our Countrywomen Abroad. "WELL, I NEVER! TO TURN ROUND, AND STARE AT ONE LIKE THAT!"

FROM THE TOMB.

"Socialism has removed to other countries, powerful and glorious, which are pre-occupied with it without making it a subject of alarm, for they know that real or affected fear serves only to render epidemics more dangerous, and they see that for moral epidemics the only efficacious remedy is time, reason, and liberty." — M. THIERS's *Political Testament*.

NOT oft amidst the conflicts of to-day
Comes counsel from the grave to point the way
To a fair morrow; but the Sage, whose speech,
Living, his land could wisely guide and teach,
Speaks now, as from the shadows, with a voice
Whereat all patriot hearts may well rejoice.
A legacy of more than golden worth!
Seen in its light, tongue-tricks of later birth
Seem doubly fustian. How this Parthian dart,
From a dead hand, hits humbug to the heart!
Pierces with polished shaft of honest sense
What pompous falsehood, what big-blown pretence!
Ulysses' bow, bent even from the Shades,
Should scare the squabbling suitors; and the trades
Of Bogey-making and *Blague*-masking—crafts
Whose lurking players shrink from Satire's shafts—
May dread a hand which even from the grave
Strips off the scare-crow rags, or trappings brave,
With which the foes of Freedom are so prone
To impair her aspect, or improve their own.
Rig the Red Spectre in another guise;
Flaunt it once more before the troubled eyes
Of frightened France? Trick tyrant power again
In plumes of "peace and order"? All in vain!
Will the keen Gaul be gulled with such stale sleight,
Thrice-exposed hocus-pocus? Must the blight
Of fear-inspired fatuity fall once more
On Freedom's budding promise? Which restore
Of all the oft-wrecked rivalries, to make
Fair France once more the reckless Gamesters' stake,
Lost ever in the issue? Church or Throne,
Flouting all peace, all order, save its own,

Stands self-condemned as a self-seeking sham;
The Wolf who blames the blood-thirst of the Lamb.
THIERS, from out his tomb, has torn the mask
Off such false postures; a patriot task,
Whose fine achievement is a fitting crown
To his long labours and his fair renown.
Legality and loyalty both claimed
For the Republic, not its foes! Well aimed,
Keen Archer! France's would-be Masters whelmed
With ridicule, each champion unhelmed
With one straight lance-thrust from a biting wit!
Fair charge i' faith! Will France not follow it?
Sick as she is, is she not fain to try
Her Patriot's cure—Time, Reason, Liberty?

A FALSE POLONIUS.

MR. GLADSTONE, in a communication to the *Daily Telegraph*, refuting the statement that he had written a Greek merchant at Constantinople letters advising the Greeks to "unite with the Slavs in an attack upon the Turks," observes, with reference to a Special Correspondent of the *Telegraph*, who had sent that statement to that journal:—

"It is, however, plain that he has been no more than a dupe in the business. There is some *Polonius* behind the curtain, and I call upon him to come out."

So did not *Hamlet*. What he did, everybody knows. "Dead, for a ducat, dead!" MR. GLADSTONE, of course, would not, if he could, serve his *Polonius* so; but if he could, and were to, *Polonius* would only be requited for stabbing in the dark. WILLIAM does not, like *Hamlet*, call his *Polonius* a rat. Would it, however, not be tolerably correct to give that name to a creature that gnaws at a reputation?"

BLOOMERS BY HALVES.

AN advertisement in the *Post* announces the introduction of "CORDUROY JACKETS FOR LADIES." *Corduroy Jackets*. What next?



TWO MANIFESTOES.

(A VOICE FROM THE TOMB.)

SHADE OF THIERS. "I AM NO LONGER A RIVAL! BE WARNED IN TIME! MAINTAIN THE REPUBLIC!"



EGG-FLIPPANCY.

"CONFOUND IT, WAIFER!—HOW LONG DO YOU KEEP EGGS?
"TILL THEY'RE ATE, SOR!"

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL;
OR, THE THREE CHAMPIONS OF CRESCENTDOM.
INTERLOCUTORS:

Mrs. SAIREY GAMP, Mrs. BETSY PRIG, and Mrs. P. M. G. HARRIS.

Mrs. Gamp (with pardonable triumph). BETSEY PRIG, my dear creetur, allow me to interjuice to you my pertikler friend, Mrs. HARRIS, which many's the time you've heard me speak of her, BETSY.

Mrs. Prig (with excusable stiffness). Your most obejent, I'm sure. Which heard you spoke of I've, to that extent, Mum, as crying "Wolf!" is a trifle to it. But to see you in the flesh—though not so werry much of it, Mrs. 'ARRIS—is a honour as I never 'oped for. (*Sniffs.*)

Mrs. Gamp (deprecatingly). But this is a time when all in our purfession ought to forget their little differences, and stand shoulder to shoulder agin the common enemy.

Mrs. Prig. Which that's GLADSTONE—

Mrs. Gamp (warmly). A hojus, hinterferin' noosance!

Mrs. Harris (coldly). A factious firebrand!

Mrs. Prig (seriously). An un-English sentimentalist!

Mrs. Gamp. With no considerashun for party or the powers as be.

Mrs. Harris. With no calm superiority to himpulse.

Mrs. Prig. And no single heye to Himperial Hinterests.

Mrs. Gamp. No statesman!

Mrs. Harris. No gentleman!

Mrs. Prig. No patriot!

Omnis. Drat him!

Mrs. Gamp. Though I must say, BETSY, as you used to—

Mrs. Prig (hastily). "Used to!" SAIREY GAMP? In course I used to. Didn't I nuss him into notoriety? (And much good I ever got by it!) Wasn't his name as continuallly on my lips as—as Mrs. 'ARRIS's on your own, SAIREY? Didn't I give him pretty pet names, as stuck, and which, I must say, he never seemed dooly grateful for? But, Lor' bless you, SAIREY, he has had his day.

Mrs. Harris. And his Daily, too? Eh, BETSY?

Mrs. Prig. Percisely. Though, for the matter of that, Mum, he'll 'ave it agin, to a t on t'other side of his mouth, "hot without," and rayther a strong dash o' lemon in it—which that is tea à la Roose, as I'm given to understand.

He was once werry well, praps, for domestick dooties, but he ain't got no heye wotever for Himperial affairs.

Mrs. Gamp. No! That's my BENJAMIN's line. Bless yer, BETSY, he's as much at 'ome among Hasian Mysteries and Wizardries of the North as t'other one is in Arithmetick or 'OMER. Which proud and pleased I am, BETSY PRIG, to see you a-backing of 'im hup so persistent.

Mrs. Prig (with dignity). SAIREY GAMP, I am a Patriot!!! My loyalty ain't to persings or to parties, but to the hangust Mother of Hempires!

Mrs. Harris (innocently). Do I know the lady?

Mrs. Prig (siccilingly). I mean our native Ile, Mrs. 'ARRIS—our own hold England!

Mrs. Harris. I approve your principles, Mrs. PRIG, though your ways of putting them is not percisely mine. Of course we circulate in different speers, our clients is of different classes, and our languidge varies according.

Mrs. Prig. Why, yes, Mrs. 'ARRIS, I have not yet noticed that your languidge has the fine poetick turns—

Mrs. Harris. Poetic? Well, I'm sure. Anyways, in prose or verse, we are both patriots.

Mrs. Gamp. Which is jest what that GLADSTONE is not. Call it patriotism to play into the hands of them rascally Rooshians, and give 'em a chance of cutting us out in Ingry and elsewhere?

Mrs. Prig. Certingly not. None of your "perish Ingry" nonsense for me.

Mrs. Harris. And they 'ave the impudence to talk about sich things he've said with qualifications—

Mrs. Prig. Qualifications be jiggered! They upsets everythink. Bless yer, that GLADSTONE would qualify you into Colney 'Atch in no time, if you'd let him. Never take no notice of qualifications, Mrs. 'ARRIS. "Perish Ingry, perish British Hinterests!" that's their real meaning Mum, and it 'urts my patriot 'eart only to hear it.

Mrs. Prig. Ah, but we ought to be up and a'doin', SAIREY.

Mrs. Gamp. A doin' what, BETSY?

Mrs. Prig. Why a doin' them Rooshians to be sure—or else they'll be a doin' of us.

Mrs. Gamp. But that dear man at the 'elm has bound hisself to be neutral, BETSY.

Mrs. Prig. Bah! That's all along o' the St. James's 'All lot. No—BEN and BETSY are of one mind, only he can't speak out jest yet. I can and I mean to.

Mrs. Gamp. But don't that mean war, BETSY? And ain't you been a giving BENJAMIN credit for keepin' us out of it?

Mrs. Prig. Oh, but there's war and war. You're not in it, SAIREY—not in it, my dear creetur. BEN and I, we know.

Mrs. Gamp (aside). Well, I'm sure.

Mrs. Prig. Patriotism fust, philanthropy ar'terwards.

Mrs. Harris. The Rooshians pretends to rewerse that order.

Mrs. Prig. Pooh! Their philanthropy is—

Mrs. Harris (slily). Patriotism in disguise? They are looking arter their "Imperial interests" I presume, and that's patriotism, ain't it BETSY? (*Aside.*) I'll fog the old man, though she is a sailin' on my own tack.

Mrs. Gamp (helplessly). My dear creetur, you're a confusing of me dreadful.

Mrs. Prig (contemptuously). Patriotism? Rooshian patriotism? Pooh! All patriotism but ours is a mixer of selfishness, swagger and reflex vanity. Why, bless yer, a Rooshian might call it patriotic to benefit his own country at the expense of ours! No, we values patriotism too much to let others go snacks in the hartialc.

Mrs. Gamp (much relieved). Ah! that makes it clearer, don't it, Mrs. HARRIS?

Mrs. Harris (sententiously). In the 'igh path of Hempire we cannot afford to be crossed by emotional Christianity or baulked by butchered Bulgarians.

Mrs. Prig (warmly). Quite so, Mrs. 'ARRIS!

Mrs. Gamp (effusively). Which Mrs. HARRIS, well I know, seldom puts her lips now to anything lower than 'ock, but sure I am that on sech an occasion she'll be 'appy to drink in a numbler bewerage the toast as I has the 'onour to propoge:—"Up with BENJAMIN and British Interests, down with WILLIAM and the 'despot Slav.'" Your own words, BETSY, Lor' bless yer! Which likeways I drinks to you, my dear.

(Left drinking.)



"A RAT-A RAT!"
"POLONIUS BEHIND THE CURTAIN."

WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH IT?

As the question of turning the site of the proposed New Embankment Opera-House to some use other than that for which it was originally destined, has once more come up for discussion, *Mr. Punch* trusts that the following suggestions which have been submitted to his consideration may materially assist the Metropolitan Board in their solution of what promises to be an extremely delicate and highly interesting problem:—

I.

Sir.—I have read with some indignation and astonishment a proposition in 'the Times' of Monday last to raze the completed portion of the new Opera-House to the ground, and utilise the space thus procured as a pleasure-ground for children and nursery-maids. Now, Sir, I submit that nothing could be more monstrous than this. The Embankment, as it is, is already overstocked with these "haunts of the idle;" whereas, it must have occurred to everyone who has walked, on a cold winter's night, from Blackfriars Bridge to Chelsea Waterworks and back, that there is positively not a single spot on the whole six miles of dreary road where one can get a warm bath. Why then, Sir, let a golden opportunity be lost? A splendid pile of National Baths and Wash-houses, with the requisite tanks and chimneys, would not only prove a striking architectural feature on the Embankment itself, but be an invaluable boon to aged Peers and exhausted Members of Parliament, as well as to

Yours practically,

URBS IN URBE.

II.

Sir.—There cannot surely be two opinions as to what should be done with the basement of the proposed theatre. The elevation should be continued to a fitting height—say a couple of hundred feet, or so, higher than the adjacent Victoria Tower; and on the top of this should be placed, in a position where it could be easily descried from all parts of the Metropolis at once, Cleopatra's Needle. This might be illuminated at night by four electric lights, while the upper part of the construction beneath could be let out in "flats" to invalids who had been ordered perfect quiet and change of air. Other portions of the building might be let out to fever patients, or foreign savants, while the cellarage might, on the Aquarium

principle, be devoted to an intramural collection of wild beasts. But this is merely a suggestion.

Yours uncertainly,
ONE WHO DOESN'T KNOW.

III.

Sir.—I am a Manager of some experience, and, spite the ungenerous opposition that has been offered to my spirited proposition, I still maintain that all that is wanted to turn the now halting venture into a genuine success is £500,000. I would make the house the central home of "National Drama," and with this amount, that ought surely to be forthcoming if raised by an issue of ordinary 14 per cent. Debentures, I would undertake to put on the roof within twelve months from the present date, and produce *Box and Cox* with a splendour and completeness of detail and costume that should defy comment, and satisfy the shareholders that their money, at least, had been well placed. This is what I am prepared to do. And I will go further. In the event of the £500,000 being forthcoming, I will myself take the theatre, from anyone who will let it to me, at £100,000 a-year. More than this in the interests of the National Drama I cannot do.

I am, Sir, yours perseveringly,
AN OLD PUBLIC SERVANT.

IV.

Sir.—The figures of your "spirited" Correspondent are extremely erroneous, and though I am utterly indifferent as to the fate of the proposed undertaking, I must, in common justice to the general public, let them know that twice £500,000 would not suffice to produce *Box and Cox* and leave any balance available for a dividend. It must be obvious to the merest outsider that, after making due allowance for the requisite outlay involved in the cost of heavy scenery, elaborate properties, orchestra score, gas, printing of pass-slips to Gallery—to say nothing of the salary for artistes capable of filling such a rôle as that of *Mrs. Bouncer*—there can be little left out of a million of money for the purposes of carrying on what, as an independent spectator, I must denounce as an unnecessary and undesirable speculation.

Yours indifferently,

A MERE LOOKER-ON.

V.

Sir.—Could not what there is of the doomed building be closed in and fitted with shelves, iron doors, and blocked windows, and handed over bodily to the ill-fated Debenture-holders, as a common tomb for them all in perpetuity? Each, at his decease, might enjoy the privilege of introducing a friend; and thus, while the unfortunate investors would get some mournful return for their money, their property would stand for ever as a solemn warning to the too-sanguine enterprise of a thoughtless age. I offer this idea for what it is worth, and subscribe myself,

Yours miserably,

ONE WHO HOLDS ON.

VI.

Sir.—Cannot something be done, that, utilising the labour and capital already expended, shall give London a splendid public building on one of her finest sites? I am not particular as to what it shall be, though for one I should not have objected to a really National Opera-House, worthy the name. Anyhow, do let there be an end of the architectural eyesore that now defaces the Embankment and irritates

Yours patiently,

COMMON SENSE.



TOO LITERAL BY HALF.

Esthetic Husband. "JUST ASK HIM IF HE'S GOT THE SAME ARTICLE IN PEACOCK-BLUE, ELIZA."

Esthetic Wife. "AVEZ-VOUS LE MÊME ARTICLE EN BLEU DE COQ AUX PETITS POIS?"

Astonished Draper. "PLAIT-IL, MADAME?"

MR. PUNCH'S SELECT COMMITTEES.

No. VI.—ON CERTAIN "LEGAL" AMUSEMENTS.

LADY SANSCEUR examined.

Q. I BELIEVE you are a Lady of position moving in good society?

A. Certainly. I have a town house, and also a place in the country.

Q. Now we will not trouble you to describe the amusements to which you are accustomed in the season, but will speak only of those that may be said to be technically of a legal character. Will you kindly tell us your usual haunts?

A. The Courts of Law at Westminster and the Central Criminal Court.

Q. When do you visit Westminster?

A. When any sensational divorce case is announced for hearing.

Q. Why do you go there?

A. To listen to the case. It is both amusing and instructive to hear the details of a story entailing dishonour and ruin on one's friends and acquaintances.

Q. But do you not sometimes find the details to which you allude rather embarrassing?

A. Oh dear no, as I am invariably kept in countenance by other Ladies of my acquaintance.

Q. Do you approve of French novels?

A. Certainly not, and I am surprised you should put such a question.

Q. If you object to French novels, why do you go to the source from which most of the plots are obtained?

A. A French novel is notoriously objectionable; a sensational divorce case is highly fashionable. I therefore shun the first and patronise the last.

Q. You say that you also visit the Central Criminal Court. When do you go there?

A. Whenever there is an interesting trial for murder on the list.

Q. What do you mean by an interesting trial for murder?

A. A case in which either the facts or the people are interesting.

Q. Will you please make your meaning a little plainer?

A. I call the fact interesting if there is any doubt about the manner of the doing of the murder—poisoning cases, for instance, come under this category. The persons are interesting when they are people of better birth and education than the ordinary assassin.

Q. Has the sex of the prisoners anything to do with it?

A. Oh yes, a great deal. A female prisoner charged with murder is far more interesting than a male murderer, especially if she is quite young and cries a good deal in the dock.

Q. But how can you tell that she is crying?

A. By looking at her through an opera-glass.

Q. But is not a trial of this class after a while rather wearying?

A. No, for it must be remembered that the cushioned seats on the Bench are very comfortable. Besides, if the evidence becomes monotonous, the male visitors lounging near you are always available for flirtation.

Q. But do you not miss your lunch?

A. Of course not. If you take a flask of sherry and some sandwiches with you, you should be prepared for all emergencies.

Q. What do you consider the most exciting part of the day's proceedings in an interesting trial for murder?

A. When the jury return their verdict.

Q. And the most amusing?

A. Of course when the judge puts on his funny little black cap, and passes sentence of death.

Q. Doubtless you are aware that the Ladies of ancient Rome used to take a great deal of pleasure in witnessing gladiatorial contests, which were invariably attended with bloodshed. Now what do you consider those gladiatorial contests to have been?

A. Tame in the extreme when compared with a trial for murder at the Old Bailey. I suppose (had I existed in those times) I should have gone to the former, but I am pleased I live in the nineteenth century, for I certainly prefer the latter. The struggle for life is vulgarised by a too open exposure of the death-wounds.

[*The Witness then withdrew.*

NONSENSE IN HEXAMETERS.

AN ETON BOY writes to complain of the stupidity of the nonsense verses they are obliged to turn out in the lower forms, as the lowest forms of nonsense. He wants to know whether a higher form might not be reached, without getting beyond the legitimate pale of nonsense, and, as an illustration, sends us the following version in hexameter of FOOTY's well-known incoherency—"So she went into the garden to get a cabbage-leaf to make an apple-pie," &c.

Ut vice pomorum fungatur caule, placentam
Hortulum adit meditans; immanni corpore at Ursu
Ora tabernæ infert. Eheu saponis egestas!
Hiuce oblit dehinc mortem, temeraria at illæc
Omine tonsori lævo nupsit; Picalilli
Jobillicque aderant cum Garrabulis, Panjandram
Magnus et ipse aderat, apice insignisque pusillo:
Ludo captantes'captabantur quoque, pulvis
Calce cothurnorum donec sclopetaarius exit.

Sites for Cleopatra's Needle.

ON the Pedestal of the Guards' Memorial, Waterloo Place, in lieu of the objects already there, removed.

On the top of the Marble Arch, Hyde Park.

On the apex of the Dome of the Albert Hall.

On Fish Street Hill, to match the Monument,

In the Old Bailey.

In Ely Place, Holborn.

In Bolt Court, Fleet Street.

On a thousand other spots, equally suitable, and daily suggested by casual correspondents.

"MEAN SPEED."—Running away from your Creditors.

HOW MOSSOO SHOT THE COCK-PHEASANT.

The Gamekeeper's Story.

HE were a sort o' Frenchman, Sir,
And called hisself a Duck:
I never could make head or tail
O' that there furrin muck!
He came to stay w' Master there,
And brought his guns and that—
But bless you, Sir ! he could na' shoot,
No more than this here hat!



The way that Mossoo danced about,
It really were a sight!
He'd grin, and pull his be'rd, and shout
And screech with all his might.
He wore a thing across his nose
Just like a kind o' shear:
I think he said he were "my hop"—
Which means his sight were near.

The Master and the Frenchman went
To shoot the Spinney-Kivver,
What reaches from the stable-wall
Right down to that there river.
A rocketing cock flew up at wunst,
And Mossoo he fired, and missed—
How he did swear, and tear his hair,
And shake his little fist!



Mosso he yelled, "I see him zere,
Upon ze stable top!"
With that he banged off right and left—
I seed a summat drop;
I ran to pick up that there bird;
And 'neath the stable-clock
I found it sure enow—it were
Our new gilt Weather-Cock !

WONDERS OF THE WORLD ABROAD.

WONDER whether, in a dozen years or so, it will be possible in Europe to find a nook or corner uninvaded by Cook's Couponists.

Wonder when French innkeepers will learn to hang a looking-glass so that you can see to shave, or even brush your hair at it.

Wonder when you'll see a salt-spoon at a *table-d'hôte*, or get a really hot plate handed for your mutton.

Wonder if, say in a century, foreign newspapers will ever grow to be as big as British.

Wonder when upon the Continent the rule will be observed of rigidly *not* smoking in the face of Ladies travelling.

Wonder in what age of progress foreign *politesse* will equal hearty English-born politeness.

Wonder when, among the other marvels of his Cookery, a Paris chef will serve you with a really tender steak, without a smack of cow or horse in it.

Wonder when it will occur to the mind of our cheap-trippers that churches on the Continent are not erected simply to be stalked about and stared at.

Wonder in what age of advancing civilisation civility may be expected from a railway guard in Germany.

Wonder when French editors will think it worth their while to print fresh foreign news in lieu of stale jokes and small twaddle.

Wonder when the Coming Man, while travelling abroad, will get a towel larger than a napkin for his bath, or find a bit of soap put, gratis, on his washing-stand.

Wonder when our peasants, and our parlour-maidens likewise, will learn to dress as neatly as their sisters on the Continent.

Wonder when Americans will cease to say "Amurka," and will speak of the French capital otherwise than as "Parrus."

Wonder when it will be possible on any foreign railway, without the fear of being scowled at as a dastardly assassin, to pull the window down to save yourself from certain suffocation.

MILITARY AND MENIAL SERVICE.

OFFICERS of rank in the Army may have had their attention directed by impudent buffoons to the following advertisement extracted from the *Western Daily Press* :—

SERVANTS' REGISTRY, Railway Viaduct, Victoria Street, Bristol.—WANTED, good Generals, Cooks, Housemaids, &c. Disengaged, all kinds.

It has also perhaps been remarked that the above announcement suggests the idea of a new United Service Club, the services respectively being the Military and the Domestic, and the Members of the Club belonging to both, or serving in the former, and wishing also to serve in the latter. Some may have asked the question whether Admirals as well as Generals are eligible for situations in which the shoulder-knot would replace the epaulet, and part of the uniform consist of plush. Others, possibly, have pointed out that the Russians, if not the Turks also, are very much like the parties on whose behalf it is notified that they want good Generals.

Wanted, a Magnanimous Millionnaire.

HERE is something worth extracting, from a recent Number of the *Cologne Gazette* :—

IS there a magnanimous, rich, and lone Gentleman who would be willing to give to a young and beautiful Bride, who belongs to the best circles of society, the yearly interest of a capital of 30—40,000 florins Austrian Currency, to enable her to marry the man of her choice, one of the best and most noble of his sex? Please address "HERMENCE V. M.," care of MESSRS. HAASENSTEIN & VOGLERS, Advertising Agency, Frankfort-on-the-Main.

There may be such a "magnanimous, rich, and lone Gentleman" among *Punch's* readers. If not, we are at a loss to imagine where our dear, interesting "HERMENCE" is likely to find one.

Wonder how long tourists who come from a free country will submit to pay a franc for a farthings-worth of bed-candle.

Wonder when the French, who are so clever with their salads, will learn that it is sin to serve a *rosbif* without horse-radish.

Wonder whether in the present age of progress, when Temple Bar is doomed to death, and other cherished institutions are marked down for destruction, Old PARE, were he still living, might rationally hope for such extension of longevity as would enable him to live to congratulate himself upon the universal abolition of the *Pourboire*.

And—most amazing Wonder of them all—

Wonder when the British Nation will be suffered to possess such a public building as the Louvre, and be allowed to see its pictures after church-time on a Sunday.

Crew and Cargo.

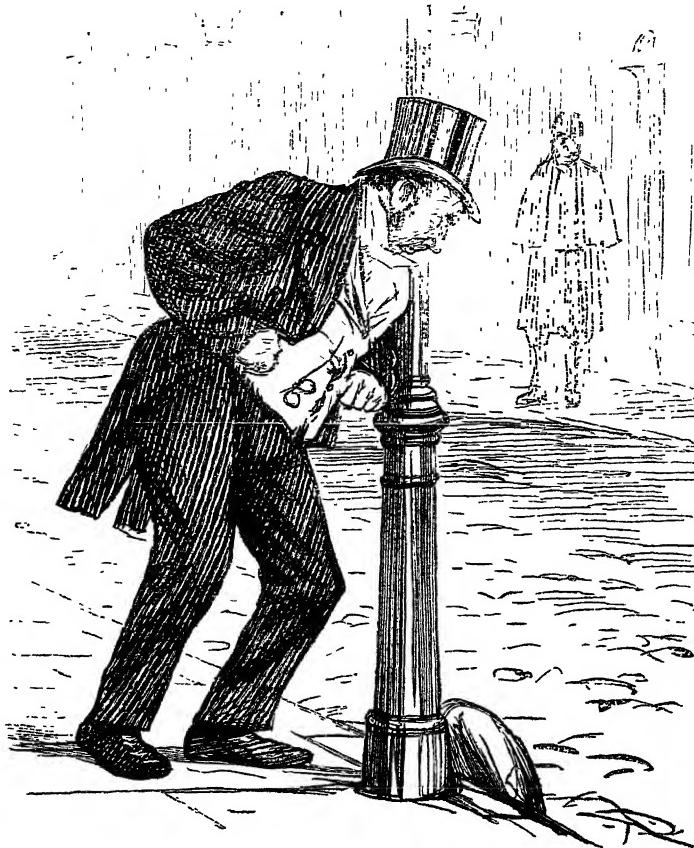
ACCORDING to a Lloyd's Telegram in an evening paper, announcing the destruction by fire at sea of the ship *Diego*, bound from New York for Liverpool:—

"The crew of the *Diego* consisted of 399 bales of cotton, 24,078 bushels of wheat, 1,038 barrels of flour, 710,270 lbs. bacon, 183,768 lbs. lard, and 308 hogsheads of tobacco, &c."

It is too much to be feared that the previous statement that the *Diego* had been abandoned, and that "the crew were rescued by the *Arklow*," is not exactly reconcileable with the foregoing account of them.

Celebrities and Statesmen.

OF LORD BEACONSFIELD and MR. GLADSTONE, compared with one another, it may be affirmed that if the PREMIER has gained the greater distinction as a literary man, the ex-Premier is the more distinctly a man of letters.



CONSCIENCE-MONEY.

Repentant Chairman of Quarter Sessions (who has been "Dining"). "DRUNK 'N 'CAP BLE ! 'SH FIVE SHILL'NSH."—(Transfers Coin from left to right Waistcoat-pocket.)—"PAY T INT' FINESH BXSH T MORE'W!"

A PROTEST FROM A PILLBOX.

MR. PUNCH,

I WAS sorry to see a letter in the *Times* from "A FELLOW OF HIS COLLEGE" entitled "Professionalism," of which the writer expresses "infinite satisfaction," with the novelty that for the first time in many of the Introductory Lectures delivered at the various Medical Schools on the First of October, direct recommendations were made to the medical student "to cultivate and practise in their highest attainable development any special attributes or faculties with which he might chance to be gifted"—namely, for example, a turn for music or drawing. Why, Sir, when I was an apprentice, if it had got about amongst a medical man's patients that he occasionally amused himself by painting or playing the violin or the piano, he would have been ruined. The rule then imposed upon him by Public Opinion was "Stick to your Profession," and that is what the student would then have been anywhere told in the Anatomical Theatres on the First of October. But now, forsooth, he is informed that an ear attuned to music will help him in auscultation, and that the practice of pencilling and colouring will facilitate him in discovering symptoms and in operating. All that, Sir, I call fiddle-de-dee, and stuff and nonsense. I say a man's profession ought to occupy his whole mind. It always did mine. For my part I don't know *God Save the Queen* from *Rule Britannia*; and as for drawing could never draw anything but a tooth, or a cork, or a conclusion—of course, a professional conclusion only. To which permit me to come by informing you that I have the honour to be, Sir, your humble servant, an old practitioner, whom you may, if you please, call a Philistine among Philistines of the good old medical school, one as big as

GOLIATH.

A PLAYFUL POPULACE.

It appears that the London Roughs, always accustomed to amuse themselves more or less generally and often by assaulting defenceless persons, have lately taken to the special pastime of spitting on the clothes and in the faces of ladies. Perhaps these diversions are superintended by the Police; but should not ROBERT have orders to suppress them, and take the roysterers indulging in them into custody? A year's imprisonment and hard labour might suffice to convince the roughest Rough of the injudiciousness of treating ladies, as *Shylock* complains that *Antonio* treated him. The addition, by statute, of a

sound flogging, would probably, in most cases, complete the demonstration. There is truth in the saying that we must "take the rough with the smooth," but that can be no reason why the use of the street should necessitate any one to submit to be ill used by the London Roughs, whom Prince BISMARCK would honour a great deal too much by calling them "Gentlemen of the Pavement."

"PLACE AUX DAMES!"

MAKE way! She comes in her bright array,
With an eager smile and a greeting gay.
Like the dames of old on a jestal day

With the blood-zest duly flavoured.
The Home grows tame to the tender thing
Whom maudlin poets were wont to sing
As the incarnation of Love and Spring,
And she craves for change with the pungent sting
Of anguish sweetly savoured.

The playhouse palls, and its puppets pale
To stir her languorous pulses fail;
E'en the Gallic salt grows something stale;
Half tired of Sin 'neath a modish veil,
Of Vice well dressed and witty,
She comes, unshamed, to a tragic state,
Where no mere posturing mimes engage.
Can the tinselled scene or the pictured page
Apply so well to a callous age?

The purge of terror and pity?
Terror? Truly no touch of fear
That glance perturbs, that gaze abashes;
Pity? When doth a womanly tear
Bedew those litted lashes?
She seeks diversion. To list and laugh
To the tale of shame, at the legal chaff;
To watch the writhings of law-trapped guilt,
To bear, while counsel and convict ill,

Keen thrust, retort laconic;
To mark the sobs of choking shame
The stoic smile of a scoundrel "gau,"
The victim's spasm, the trickster's grin,
The sickened shrinking of sentenced Sin,
Yields pungent pleasure you'd scarcely win

From aught that's histrionic.
"Good as a play!" cries the cynic Cad,
When living folly, grotesque, yet sad,
Before him struts and poses.

Grande dame de par le Monde, you'd shrink
From owning kinship's slenderest link
With the low-born lover of gutter and sink;

That daintiest of noses
With high-bred horror would tilt and thrill;
Yet a ditch-course is but a ditch-course still,
Though it winds amidst the roses.

Where shame and sorrow are set ou show,
The despot, Fashion, has bid you go;
The voice of modesty, faint and low,

Her mandate promptly hushes.

No need for delicate cheeks to glow
At Dirt undraped when her shield she'll throw
O'er modish sinner, and spare the show

Of most inopportune blushes.

To such excitement, how tame, how slow!

The Season's showiest crushes!

Time was when she who had found sweet sport
In the ghastly dramas of Judgment's Court

Had been dubbed a fair-faced Ogress.
But *place aux dames!* The ancient grace

Of a pitiful heart or a blushing face

Were a clog to Woman's progress.

Emancipation's levelling hand

Breaks pity's bond and modesty's band,

And the sex disports right gaily,—

In modish vesture of motley hue,
Midst scenes that reek of the shambles and stew,

And full in Fashion's approving view

At the Theatre Royal Old Bailey.

LEGAL DEFINITION.—Professor TYNDALL, in his Birmingham address, observed that man had been described as a "cause-seeking animal." Very possibly he has, but may we not more properly apply the definition to a man of law, and especially a Barrister.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—October 13, 1877.



A FRENCH FIVE-IN-HAND LANDED WITH BRITISH TOURISTS.

THIS IS THE WAY WE GO TO THE RACES, ALL ON A SUNDAY MORNING.



RECEIVED WITH THANKS

To CLEOPATRA, ERASMIUS WILSON, AND THE KHEDIVE.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(*Retrospective, Nuncspective, and Prospective Remarks on Theatrical Matters generally, in an all-round Letter to the Editor.*)

SIR,—When noticing the new piece at the Folly, I should have mentioned the funniest thing in *The Creole*—funny in conception, funny in realisation; and that is where the two Sailors sing “All’s Well!” to the *Commodore* in the last Act. This tickled me hugely. Having done justice to those who did justice to themselves and their Authors, I now proceed to say a few words on the Olympic programme.

If *Good for Nothing* continues to be the *lever du rideau* at the Olympic, it is well worth going to see on account of the fresh, unstagey performance of Miss GERARD in the rôle of *Nan*. This young Lady has true artistic feeling, and is not afraid of sacrificing a pretty face to the exigencies of the character. With careful study she has, I venture to say, a fair future before her in a certain line for which her voice, figure, and manner peculiarly fit her. The little Comedy in one Act (as the French say, never using the word “farce”) is well played all round, both Mr. PATEMAN and Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON being very good in it.

The Moonstone, by Mr. WILKIE COLLINS, must owe its success to

its dramatic situations. I have not read the novel, and therefore am better able to judge of the piece. It is undoubtedly clever, but, somehow or other, unsatisfactory. The situations are startling, coming upon you, that is, suddenly, after a considerable rest, and re-fixing the attention just as it is beginning to wander away from the subject. Mr. HARCOURT has made himself up so as to suggest a family resemblance between Mr. Geoffrey Abblethwaite and the present Archbishop of CANTERBURY. Mr. T. SWINBOURNE, as the Detective, is as sly and cunning as clever Detectives ought to be. For the moment he enters he suspects everything, including the water-bottle, which he examines most carefully, probably submitting it to a mental microscopic analysis. By the way, I wonder if Mr. WILKIE COLLINS got the notion of a Detective so fond of gardening from one of GABORIAU’s novels, either *La Corde au Cou*, or *La Clique Dorée*? I fancy it is in the former, but I won’t be certain. However, a similar character does occur in one of GABORIAU’s where the people who wish to employ the Detective go to his house *aux environs de Paris*, and find him in his garden dress and slippers, among his flowers and his family.

Mr. NEVILLE is excellent throughout. Since *Bob Brierly* and *Henry Dunbar*, he has never been seen to greater advantage. Perhaps Miss PATEMAN has by this time lost her train—it was a very express train. In her great scene with Mr. NEVILLE, where she

accuses him of the theft, she is really powerful. There was too much of *Miss Cluck*, though, I've no doubt, this did not appear at rehearsal. If it had, it would have been curtailed by the dramatic common sense of both Author and Artiste. Mr. HILL plays the Butler with a thorough appreciation of the humour of the character, which he never allows to be obtrusive. Mr. PATEMAN's *Doctor* is, to my thinking, a most difficult and risky part most carefully played. The Drama is in the hands of a few people, and has, I trust, already proved an attraction to the many.

Drury Lane.—Here I went to see *England in the daze*, I should say "in the days," &c., &c. It struck me that we were not seeing the play as Mr. WILLS wrote it. Surely it must have got itself into a muddle at rehearsal. It is a very difficult matter to arrange a piece to suit all the present requirements of the Old National Theatre. I write "Old" advisedly as *Alexander the Great* (HENDERSON) is going to call the Queen's "The New National." The notion of "National" seems to me to exclude works even fairly adapted from foreign sources. So as to get over this difficulty (as the opening piece is to be an adaptation) why not name it the *International*? However, this is not in Mr. WILLS's *England in the daze*, &c., so on we go again. There is some admirable writing, specially in the First Act; and two good telling and picturesque situations in the drama. The Author has taken all the names from Scott's *Peveril*, and then tried to make them do something that isn't in the novel. At least, this is what he himself intimates in the playbill. But his characters have been one too many (it's a formidable array in the programme) for him; and whenever he has required them to do something new, they seem to have revolted individually and collectively against the dramatist, and obstinately gone in for *Peveril*. It is much as if Mr. WILLS had named his characters *Pickwick*, *Winkle*, *Snodgrass*, *Joe the Fat Boy*, and *Sam Weller*, and had then informed the audience in confidence, "Now, look out, for you won't see *Pickwick* played, but another story altogether, except in two instances, where I have retained the situation of *Pickwick* mistaking the Lady's bedroom for his own, and the episode of the trial." But the celebrated Pickwickians would no more lend themselves to this than will the Peverilians, who, retaining the names given them in their baptism by their godfather SIR WALTER, insist on "acting as sich." However, as a series of Tableaux, and as affording opportunities in the earlier part for Miss LEIGHTON's declamations (a fine part this, the *Countess of Derby's*, considered only as a part apart from the whole), and for Messrs. EMERY's and FERNANDEZ acting as *Major Bridgenorth*, and the unchristian *Christian*. Never has Mr. BEVERLY given the public more artistic work than in his view of Buckingham's Gate, a remarkable example of the perfection to which the art of scene-painting can be brought by a master-hand when dealing, not with such opportunities as are afforded by the extent of Drury Lane stage, with all appliances and means to boot, but simply with a "cloth" used as a front scene, and hanging as a gigantic landscape within a few feet of the spectators. The other scenes are all effective (when will they do away with those heavy worn-out borders, which so offend the eye?), but this is a gem of the first water-colour—a gem of size.

The Strand company's performance of the new comedy, *Family Ties*, is good all round, and has thoroughly satisfied that most difficult of all persons to please—the Author. In portraying the Anglophilic Frenchman, who prides himself on being more English than the English themselves, a modern character entirely new to the Stage, M. MARIUS, as *Baron Victor de Karadec*, has won golden opinions from the critics and the public. As for the rest, we know when modest men are mum, and, à propos of "mumm," I may say that *Champagne, or a question of Phiz*, the new burlesque at this house, by Messrs. FARNIE and REECE, is a hundred times more sparkling and exhilarating than its French original, *Marlbrook s'en va-t-en guerre*, produced at the Athénée ten years ago. Miss CAMILLE DUBOIS is a handsome, vivacious, and mischievous page (is it possible that she was but a few minutes ago the tearful Mrs. Lennox in the comedy?), Miss CLERMONT a musical Countess, and clever Miss LOTTIE VENN as sprightly and fascinating a soubrette, with one of the best songs in the piece, as you'd wish to see. Mr. PENLEY is very funny in his warlike costume, and Messrs. MARIUS and COX get encored over and over again for their duett about "Did you ever catch a Weasel asleep?" Great credit is due to Mr. REED, the chef d'orchestre, for the "go" of the concerted pieces, and Mr. HALL is entitled to considerable praise for his ingenious arrangement which does away with the necessity of a front scene, and twice changes the entire stage as if by magic. The burlesque goes brightly from first to last.

We are to have a new burlesque, by Mr. H. J. BYRON, on *Faust*, at the Gaiety, with "all the talents" in it. Then, at the Royalty Miss SANTLEY and Mr. BROUH in *La Marjolaine*. After awhile, M. CARL ROSA's Company is to appear, I hear, at the Adelphi; but if so, without Mr. SANTLEY, I believe, which is a pity when English Operas are given. Then, in due course, there is to be Eccentric Farce Opera, of the *Trial by Jury* and *Cox and Box* order, at the Opéra Comique, where, I am informed, *The Wedding March*

(Mr. GILBERT's free and funny adaptation of the *Chapeau de paille d'Italie*) is to be reproduced, set to music by Dr. SULLIVAN.

Is Her Majesty's to be opened for English Opera? And if so, does this mean *Lurline*, *Bohemian Girl*, *Bondsman*, *Maritana*, *The Lily of Killarney*, &c.? But for all this music where are the dramatic vocalists? Music, music everywhere, and scarce a soul to act! The demand creates the supply. When DONATO, the one-legged dancer, made a hit, up sprang a hundred Donatis, each gifted with one leg, and capable of dancing on it. London and the Provinces rose to the cry of "Go it, ye cripples!" How many Lulus have also bounded into existence? How many Zazels? How many who take astounding headers and terrific descents through space, and eagle flights in the air? I have no doubt they are all over the country, darkening the air with their eagle flights, and setting the walls ablaze with their advertisements. Therefore we may hope that the supply of dramatic singers—of singers, I mean, who can act—may be found to equal the demand created by the existence of seven Theatres where opéra bouffe, comic opera, serious opera, and musical burlettas, are to be represented. As for a trained chorus, Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD keeps one always ready at any hour, and of course there's quite an Academy of Music under M. JACOB at the Alhambra, where just now, besides the successful *Yolande*, the ballet of Bayadères in the last Act of *Indigo* goes so well as to earn an *encore* every evening.

And so, Sir, hoping you are as well as this leaves me, and many of them, I am all there as

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

'ARRY ON HIS 'OLIDAY.

Being an Epistle from that notorious and ubiquitous Person, luxuriating for the time in rural parts, to his Chum CHARLIE, confined in Town.



W^{II}' cheer, my dear CHARLIE? 'Ow are yer? I promised I'd drop yer a line. I'm out on the trot for a fortnit; and ain't it golumphusly fine? Bin dooino the Swell pretty proper, I beg to assureyer, old man. Jest go it tip-top while you're at it, and blow the expense, is my plan.

Bin took for a Nob, and no error this time; which my Tailor's A 1. The cut of these bags, Sir, beats POOL out of fits. (Are yer illy to the pun?)

And this gridiron pattern in treacle and mustard is somethink unseek, As the Girls—but there, CHARLIE, you know me, and so there's no call for to speak.

My merstarsh is a coming on proper—that fetches 'em, CHARLIE my boy;

Though one on 'em called me young Spiky, which doubtless was meant to annoy.

But, bless yer! 'twas only a touch of the Green-eyed, 'acos I looked sweet

On a tidy young parcel in pink as 'ung out in the very same street.

O CHARLIE, such larks as I'm 'aving! To toddle about on the sands,

And watch the blue beauties a-bathing, and spot the sick miffs as they lands,

Awful flabby and white in the gills, and with hoptics so sheepishly sad,

And twig 'em go green as we chaff 'em; I tell yer it isn't half bad.

Then, S'rumps! Wy, I pootty near lives on 'em; got arf a pocketful here,

There's a flavour of bird's-eye about 'em; but that's soon took off by the beer.

The "bitter" round here is jest lummy, and as for their soda-and-B., It's ekal to "fiz," and no error, and suits this small child to a T.

The weeds as I've blown is a caution;—I'm nuts on a tuppenny smoke.

Don't care for the baths, but there's sailing, and rollicking rides on a moke.

I've sung comic songs on the cliffs after dark, and wot's fun if that ain't?

And I've chiselled my name in a church on the cheek of a rummy stone Saint.

So, CHARLIE, I think you will see I've been doing the tourist to rights.

Good grub and prime larks in the daytime, and billiards and bitter at nights;

That's wot I calls 'oliday-making, my pippin. I wish you was here,

Jest wouldn't we go it extensive! But now I am off for the pier.

To ogle the girls. 'Ow they likes it! though some of their dragons looks blue.

But lor! if a chap has a way with the Sex, wot the doose can he do? The toffs may look thunder and tommy on me and my spicey rig out, But they don't stare yours faithfully down, as it's all nasty envy, no doubt.

Ta, ta! There's a boat coming in, and the sea has bin roughish all day;

All our fellows will be on the watch, and I mustn't be out of the way.

Carn't yer manige to run down on Sunday? I tell yer it's larks, and no kid!

Yours bloomingly, 'ARRY.

P.S.—I have parted with close on four quid!

GREAT INDIGNATION MEETING.



A MEETING for the Abolition of Trial by Jury was held on Monday evening at the "Pig and Tinderbox," Mr. SPOUTER, Q.C. (Queer Card), occupying the Chair.

In opening the proceedings, the Chairman remarked that, as the matter for discussion was rather a dry subject, they had better whet their whistles while they were debating it, and so he begged the privilege of standing glasses round. (Cheers.)

Mr. TAILER, of Tooley Street, said that, speaking in the name of the entire British nation—"Hear!"—he considered trial by jury was an obsolete institution, and he thought that trial by journal should be substituted for it. (Applause.) In these days of penny newspapers and general enlightenment, what was the good of shutting up a dozen blockheads in a box, when their verdict wasn't thought worth a rush by persons of good sense—"Question!"—he meant to say by persons like himself, who formed their judgment of a case by reading a few fragments of the evidence reported, and then arguing the matter with some fellows at the bar—"Question!"—he meant to say at the bar of their usual public-house. (Laughter.)

Mr. DUNDEERHEAD agreed that the best way to decide a case was not to hear the whole of the evidence adduced—"Hear!"—for the words of many witnesses were frequently conflicting, and this had a disturbing effect upon the mind, and might lead to poor juror being shut up without supper for the night. (Sensation.)

Mr. DONEGER held that speculative evidence should be ruled as inadmissible in Courts of so-called justice. His business being somewhat of a speculative nature, he had personal grounds for hoping

that all witnesses against him might be legally excluded when he appeared in Court. ("Hear!" and a laugh.)

Mr. SCRIBBLETON desired that the thanks of the meeting should be given to those clever correspondents of newspapers, who, with so much wisdom at the close of a long trial, used all their powers of reasoning to prove the verdict was unjust, and to criticise and censure the Judge's summing-up. (Cheers.)

Mr. NUMSKULL thought it monstrous that a weak and erring mortal—"Hear!"—should be entrusted with the awful power of passing actual sentence of, perchance, six months' imprisonment on any poor misguided pickpocket who, but for the police, might have led a happy life. (Applause.)

Mr. IDDORT remarked that, if any proof were wanting to show the utter worthlessness and wickedness of jury-trials, it might be found in the person of that poor afflicted Nobleman now resident at Dartmoor, who, through the mingled persecutions of Jesuits and jurymen, was slowly being starved, until when, with wasted figure, he would sink into the tomb. (Sensation.)

Mr. MEALIMOUTHE observed, with a sigh, that it was pitiable to reflect that in this noble Christian land there were at sundry times poor fellow beings—he might even call them brethren—"Hear!"—who, for a mere error of judgment, such as having stamped with hobnailed boots on their wife's stomach, or knocked down some old gentleman to relieve him of his purse—(Laughter)—were cruelly consigned to the confinement of a dungeon, and there mercilessly kept without even the comfort of a pipe. (Groans, and cries of "Shame!")

Mr. CLYFAKER said he heartily concurred with the last speaker, and would be jolly glad to drink his jolly good health. (A laugh.) He had more than once been a sufferer himself, and had felt the pangs of hunger in a craving for a smoke. ("Poor fellow!") As for "bolishing of juries, of course he was "all there"—("Hear!")—and he'd like to go the 'ole 'og, and 'bolish all the blessed Beaks. (Applause.) It was a [strong word] shame that gaols should be kept up at the cost of the community, and the liberty of the subject hindered by the Crushers, who went about like lions, seeking parties to devour. (Cheers.) What was the [strong word] good of being born in a free country, if a cove weren't free to collar what he took a fancy to? (Here the orator in his vehemence chanced to let his left hand touch his neighbour's watch-chain, and the gesture being construed into an attempt at larceny, a policeman was called in by Mr. MEALIMOUTHE, and the Meeting in confusion suddenly broke up.)

FRIARS v. FREEMASONS.

THERE lately appeared in the *Civiltà Cattolica* a profession of the principles of Freemasonry, in the form of a creed asserted to have been revealed by a penitent Freemason on his deathbed. It consists of twelve Articles, all the shameful particulars of which, however, may be said to be comprehended in the two last:—

"11. Possumus omnia facere quo volumus absque levi etiam culpa."

"12. Ergo semper liberi sumus."

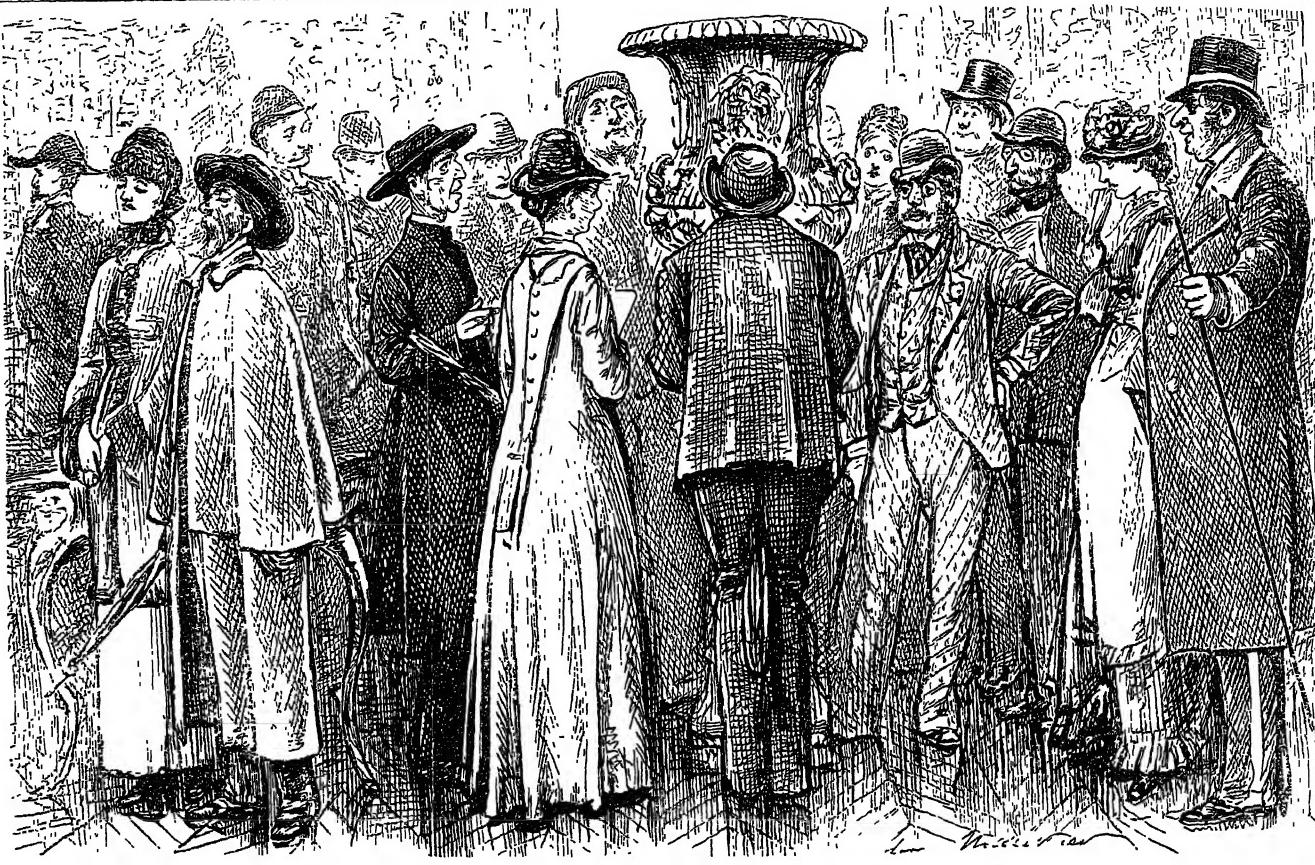
If the liberty to commit every possible crime at pleasure is what constitutes the freedom of Freemasonry, what a horrible system of immorality and impiety Freemasonry must be, and what miscreants, in theory, if not in practice, are all Freemasons! Freemasonry, at that rate, may well call itself a craft—the worst of all the crafts and snares of the Enemy. Holy Church is quite right in condemning it, and her Pope and her Prelates cannot but choose to declare any and everyone of her sons connected with it a heretic, and do, or would do, well to excommunicate him with bell, book, and candle. Of course, Cardinal MANNING could not possibly suffer the Marquis of RIPPON to retain the chair wherein his successor is the Prince of WALES. If, that is—much virtue in an "if"—if the creed above quoted from the *Civiltà Cattolica* is a bona fide belief; and, if again, it is not a solecism to call *fides* in connection with such a belief *bona*. But is that Belief genuine? and, if not, is it a hoax on the *Civiltà Cattolica*? or is that journal a comic clerical paper, capable of rather unscrupulous satire? or are its conductors enthusiasts who, on behalf of their religion, don't mind bearing false witness against their neighbours?

Origin of Species.

IRELAND is justly celebrated for pigs. The following certificate concerning pigs of an obviously Irish breed lately appeared in the *Cincinnati Commercial*:—

"The pedigrees of these animals are as fine and good as any animals I have ever bred since I originated this breed of swine. D. M. MAGIE."

May this declaration be taken to prove the converse of Mr. DARWIN's theory? Or does it rather seem to imply that some pigs—originated in America by an Irish gentleman—are bipeds?



OUR CHINAMANIACS ABROAD.

SCENE—*A Room in a Historic French Palace.*

MILD (BUT FIRM) DÉMEANOUR OF THE PRIGSBYS, WHO COLLECT ORIENTAL BLUE, BEFORE A "VASE EN PORCELAINE DE SÈVRES."

ANOTHER NEW NOVEL.

WITH AN EXPLANATORY PREFACE.

To the Public from the Editor.

IN our absence our responsible Representative has pledged us to the production of a new Work. In the interests of the public, and to acquit ourselves of any charge of carelessness or want of discrimination, we publish his account of "how he did it," addressed to ourselves.

* * * * *

SIR.—This is how it was. I was seated in your *sanctum*,* representing you, Sir, magnificently. In the Editor's absence, the *sanctum* is always locked up, so I have to send out for anything I want, which is a nuisance to be remedied in future. Through the glass doors I perceived, on the day in question the tops of two heads, and of one bonnet, just appearing above the grained portion of the glass. They were trying to peer in. Two peers and a peeress. Thinking that it might be the Duke of * * * * *, the Marquis of * * * *, and the Princess * * *. I stooped, and quietly stealing to the door, opened it suddenly.

They came in: in a lump: flop, like the tradesman in a pantomime, when he comes out of his shop in a hurry, and tumbles over the *Clown*.

They were not the distinguished visitors I had expected.

The party consisted of a short, stout Gentleman with a quick bright eye and astonished hair; a taller Gentleman, with an austere manner and a stubby moustache, and (reserving the best to the last),

* For the information of the general reader, it is necessary to say that our private office is divided into our *sanctum*, our *sanctummer*, and our *sanctum-mest*. When in our *sanctum* the clerk or outer-Tyler knows that we are at home to all comers. In our *sanctummer* we are at home to *some* comers—

In our *sanctummer*

We'll see *some* comer;

But in our *sanctum-mest* we are at home to nobody. There the wicked cease to trouble, and the leary is at rest. Our *sanctum-mest* is fitted up like a diving-bell, after a style of our own.—ED.

an elegant Lady in a sky-blue dress, whose beauty, and umbrella, were of a type rarely seen in these islands. She was tall, aquiline, and determined. Instinctively I acknowledged a Presence. VICTOR HUGO Junior himself would have admitted as much. She would have served him for a heroine on a desolate island.

"We wish to see the Editor," they said.

"You might have looked all the day through that glass door," I replied, politely, "but you wouldn't have seen him."

"Young man!" said the Lady, coming down on me with the umbrella, reprovingly.

"We must see the Editor!" cried the two men.

"Must you?" I answered. Then, adjusting my lips to the speaking-tube, I called down to the clerk, "Mr. HOWARD DE COURCEY, send out for a foreign Bradshaw and a Map of Europe."

"Why those?" asked the Presence, sternly.

"Because, my dear Madam," I returned, "the Editor is somewhere on the Continent, and if you must see him, you have only to select your train, and—"

"This is trifling!" they all three said, as if they'd practised it together—tenor, baritone, and contralto.

I admitted that it was, and asked—what then?

The shorter Gentleman responded for the rest.

"You, Sir," he said, "are, I take it, the Editor's *locum tenens*."

I replied that I wouldn't be called names by him, or anybody. They apologised so profusely that they got quite hot over it.

Then I requested the Lady to be seated. She was quite the Lady; she sat down, and sat up.

The little Gentleman recommenced:

"Are you a responsible person?" he asked.

"What's that to you?" was my ready but courteous reply.

"Because if you are," said Number Two, shinning the first speaker, to warn him not to offend me, "we have something to say to you. Permit me to introduce ourselves as the New Provincial Novel Company, Limited."

I bowed.

"Incorporated," the Lady explained, "to provide suitable reading

* An extraordinary scene to take place in our office.—ED.



OUR NEW "FIRST LORD" AT SEA.

ADMIRAL SUPERINTENDENT PUNCH. "WELL, MR. SMITH, I BELIEVE YOU HAVE NOW SEEN EVERYTHING—ARMOUR, TURRETS, TORPEDOES—EVERYTHING! OF COURSE YOU UNDERSTAND IT ALL!!"

FIRST LORD. "QUITE SO, THANK YOU. AT LEAST I—" (A little "queer.") "IF YOU DON'T MIND, I THINK I'LL NOW GO BELOW."

"The Lords of the Admiralty arrived at Portsmouth on their annual tour of inspection."—*Morning Paper*.

for the million, and something as instructive as interesting for our Sunday subscribers."

"Good," said I.

"Very good," she replied, smiling. Then we all smiled.

After this intellectual refreshment, the Lady resumed,

"You have in your paper, Sir,—"

"Excuse me," I interrupted.

"I quite understand, Sir," she continued. "In the paper whose Editor you—*Editore absento*—"

"Hear, hear!" from the two Gentlemen and myself.

"—You represent" (I bowed), "there has never appeared a work exhibiting Life in the Provincial Districts—Life in the North, with the real dialect of the Northern provinces as it is spoken by the local yokel."

"True," I observed, thoughtfully, for I was struck by her remarks.

"We," she said, extending her hand towards the two Gentlemen, and then lightly touching them with her umbrella as they were showing symptoms of drowsiness, "have a Novel, a strictly proper, highly moral, virtuous Novel, equally fitted for the domestic circle, the club, or the boudoir; written chiefly in the dialect of the North, and exhibiting the life and manners and customs of the Mining Population in their true light."

"I must confer with my chief," I said.

"No, Sir," they cried in chorus, "you must decide now."

And down went her umbrella on the floor.

I observed that I could not venture to pronounce an opinion, as I was no judge of Northern dialect.

"But your Editor is," they cried. "He will know that our work is true to nature."

Then they all three spoke in Northern dialect! I thought they'd have brought the house down. Marvellous! Awful! Then they showed me pictures! such pictures! women with torches going down into mines! murders! explosions!! wonderful escapes!!!

They whispered the terms in my ear. The Lady stood before me, her beautiful hair dishevelled; the men held me, one on either side, while above waved her umbrella.

WOLVES IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.



MUKHTAR PASHA has issued a manifesto, in which his followers are requested to treat the Russians with kindness. On no consideration whatever are the Turks to mutilate the dead. "Do not torture and kill the wounded," says MUKHTAR, addressing his "children," "and do not pursue fugitives to slaughter them." This excellent advice, coming from such a quarter, will probably cause a number of proclamations of a similar character to be published, and Mr. Punch will not in the least be surprised if he is called upon to note the following:

Berlin.

COUNTRYMEN,
You owe your
existence as a nation
to the destruction of

French power. Sedan and Metz united Germany for ever. So long as we are stronger than France, so long as we can maintain our frontiers, and keep Strasbourg, we are safe. But it is a good thing to be generous. Therefore, oh my countrymen, pour all your gold into French coffers, and do your best to unlearn your military duties. This is a beautiful theory, but perhaps, after all, it will be as well if you do not reduce it to practice. You understand me, and I understand you.

(Signed) BISMARCK.

FRENCHMEN,

I BELIEVE that only a Republic can save France. I am the Republic, and, therefore, I only can save France. M. GAMBETTA

I will not dwell longer on this painful scene. I succumbed. I signed the deed in your name. I agreed. If it turns out wrong, pity me, and forgive. They delivered their MS., which I sent at once to the printer's. If it turns out all right, send for me and congratulate. I have gone to stay with my grandmother on the East Coast. Addio.

* * *

Editor's Note.—The agreement having been entered into in our name by our weak and compromising Representative, we find, ourselves bound to produce this dialect Novel, but we have distinctly reserved to ourselves the right of disputing the accuracy of the spelling, and of the local colouring, on the truthfulness of which the New Provincial Novel Company, Limited, has staked its reputation.

P.S.—If successful, all Dramatic Rights are Reserved.

The first chapter of the Novel by the New Provincial Novel Company, Limited (but how it can be a Company when there are only three in it we don't understand, as "two's company three's none") will appear next week, entitled

THAT LASS 'O TOWERY 'S!

The Authors explain the title as a real specimen of dialect. They say that the story will justify the title, the heroine, as will be seen from the first chapter, being above the usual stature, towers above the others, and so is spoken of in the dialect of that particular county as a "Towery lass." The sentence, in full and plain English, reads thus:—"That Lass who is so Towery (*i.e.*, tall)," or "That Lass who so Towery (or tall) is," and rendered into Sangoleshire language it becomes, as written, "That Lass so Towery is," or, as pronounced colloquially, "That Lass 'o Towery 's."

[* * * This the Authors consider a sufficiently satisfactory explanation. Of course we are not prepared at this early stage to dispute about the correctness of this assertion of theirs. Perhaps we have never been in the part of the country where they speak like this: and, by the way, the Authors haven't said what part of the country it is. Where is Sangashire? We will write and ask.—ED.]

represents all that is bad. He would lead you into destruction. Still it is good to be trustful, and shows a nature without guile. Follow, then, oh my dear Frenchmen, M. GAMBETTA, and, when you have followed him, do not hoot him much, and pray (I implore you) do not subject him to unnecessary violence. Do you not know that much hooting is rude, and savage violence unkind? Be considerate, then, with M. GAMBETTA, and treat him rather better than he deserves.

(Signed) MACMAHON.

My CHILDREN, Some Distance from the Front.

FIGHT bravely and fiercely, but do not kill more Turks than you think really sufficient. Do not bayonet the dead, because this practice sadly deranges the uniforms. Prisoners, too, should never be shot when they can be properly guarded. Should this reach you when you are dying in the ditches, remember that I am safe and sound and really very comfortable. When you remember this, your last moments will pass away in peace.

(Signed) ALEXANDER.

PALS, Seven Dials.

LOOK 'ere. In these 'ere days of what the nobs call civilisation we ought to be moving with the rest of 'em. If in the way of business you 'ave to smash in a skull or two, do it gently. Don't you use no unnecessary violence. I know it costs a deal, but, when you can, take my advice and use chloroform. When the value of the expected swag will run to it, in course. Chloroform makes 'em kick the bucket so much more easier. Twig?

(Signed) BILL SIKES.

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS, Capel Court.

BELIEVE me we have all been wrong. For many years we have been cheating one another and the general public. This is to be greatly regretted, and I must advise you all to turn over new leaves. In future be fair and honest in all your dealings. I may add, that you need not send any replies to me at the above address, as I am on the eve of inaugurating a magnificent speculation, which may necessitate my hasty departure (at any moment) for Spain, or at least Boulogne. The police are nowadays so very officious.

(Signed) JEREMY DIDDLE.

On the Other Side of the Styx.

MY DEVOTED AND DISTINGUISHED FOLLOWERS,

I HAVE seen all your addresses, from MUKHTAR PASHA upwards and downwards, and strongly approve of them. Believe me that it is naughty to be naughty, and good to be good. If you stop at that point (and I see that that is your intention), take my word for it that the present excellent understanding which exists between me and you will run no chance of being disturbed. Persevere, my dear followers. Good intentions furnish, in my eyes, a better pavement than either wood or asphalt.

(Signed) MEPHISTOPHILES.



AN AUTUMN MANOEUVRE.

Short-Sighted Captain. "WHO THE DOOSE ARE THESE? ARE THEY OUR DIVISION, OR ARE THEY THE ENEMY? I'LL SOON SEE!
"TENTION! FIRE A VOLLEY! AT THREE HUNDRED YARDS! READY—P'SENT!"

THE FUTURE HISTORIAN OF ENGLAND.

(*Vide Mr. WILLS's Letter to the "Times," October 4th.*)

It is with the greatest possible interest that we look forward to a new History of England by Mr. WILLS, Author of *Charles the First* at the Lyceum, *Jane Shore* and *Mary Queen o' Scots* at the Princess's, and, recently, of *England in the daze*, &c., at Drury Lane. The learned and poetic Author has adopted, if we may trust his letter to the *Times*, for his principle of arranging facts, a new reading of the old proverb, which appears to be, "History does not repeat itself." Mr. WILLS will do for the History of England what NIEBUHR did for that of Rome. Reform of legends is clearly required, and our Author thinks that it is "*Niebuhr too late to mend.*"

We regret our inability to do more than place before the public a mere outline of some of the chief discoveries which Mr. WILLS, in his researches, has probably hit upon as demonstrating the falsehood of much that has hitherto been accepted as history. The energetic and gifted Author will, it is confidently expected, prove, beyond all doubt, that—

King CHARLES THE FIRST was never beheaded at all. That trustworthy witnesses have solemnly attested the fact of the Monarch's having been seen to walk and talk half-an-hour after his head was cut off—a circumstance utterly incompatible with his having been previously beheaded.

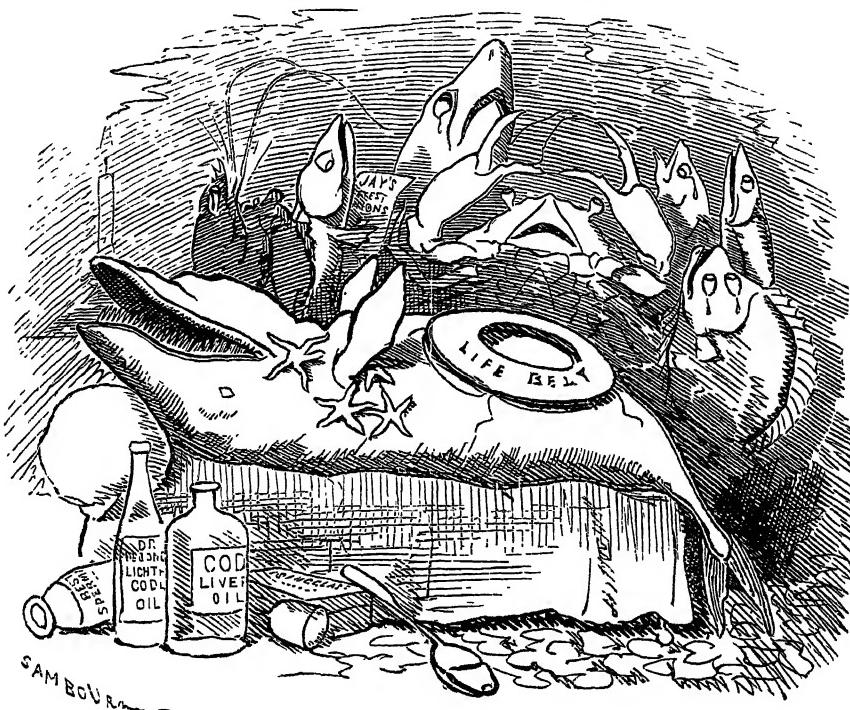
It will be put beyond all dispute that CHARLES retired into very private life, eking out a livelihood by selling "parliament" (a sort of gingerbread), old stamps at so much a dozen, and pipe-lights at a small shop in an obscure street between Temple Bar and Drury Lane Theatre. Which street is still uncertain. But the question was so constantly being asked at the time, both by unfriendly Puritans and friendly Cavaliers, that at last the locality itself came to be known as Which Street, or, in the spelling of that epoch, "Wych Street." The present Olympic Theatre probably stands on the site of King CHARLES's lodgings. He continued to keep up a certain state at the nearest public-house, and was well known to the box-keepers of Drury Lane Theatre as a quiet, inoffensive elderly gentleman who was never absent from the

first night of a new piece at this establishment. He only once interrupted a performance by cracking nuts, but, on being remonstrated with by one of the officials, he produced an orange, which he sucked in silence. Whether this was a prophetic allusion to subsequent events connected with WILLIAM THE THIRD, is not known. The immediate cause of the worthy ex-Monarch's decease was a too hearty supper off oysters and stout, with brown bread and butter, at RULE's, in Maiden Lane, after which he was never seen to smile again.

As to Cardinal WOLSEY, doubtless Mr. WILLS hopes to establish conclusively that this celebrated ecclesiastic accepted a living from Queen ELIZABETH, but could never be induced to wear either a double white tie and high collars, or a low waistcoat and tail-coat. This accords with SHAKSPEARE's description of him as "a man of most unbound stomach." He lived well into the reign of the Second CHARLES, when he represented the then almost extinct type of Sporting Parson, and in the last year of his life experienced the satisfaction of having backed the right horse for the Derby. He was noted in his parish for the admirable way in which he used to teach little boys to swim on bladders, and often dined with CROMWELL during the Protectorate, at Whitehall.

Of course Mr. WILLS thinks that there is some certain foundation for the assertion that RICHARD THE THIRD was a gentle, amiable creature who would not harm a Fly, though he is reported to have killed a Clarence. He never saw RICHMOND but once in his life, when he dined at the "Star and Garter" with some other choice spirits, including STANLEY, who had recently returned from Africa. RICHARD was an exemplary father, a dutiful son, and a devoted husband. He was so attached to his little nephews as to be accused of nepotism when he bestowed on them a couple of lucrative posts in the Tower. He received the entire support of the Clergy, and as the emblem of the Order of Pastors is the Crook, and as they were always backing him in his admirable works of charity, his maligners nick-named him "The Crook-back'd." This, in later stupid ages, was taken to allude to some personal deformity. He was one of the most learned and most able Kings that ever swayed a nation's destinies, and raised the standard of the Indian Civil Service Examination to such a height of excellence as

A WAIL FOR THE WHALE.



AH, alas! it is over for ever!
Has the climate—which most of us kills—
Settled thee? Say, again shall I never
Read thy name in large type in the bills?

Must I stand at the door with my shilling,
But to hear thy too pitiful tale?
Is it useless to urge that I'm willing—
Quite—to put down one more "for the
Whale?"

Alas, yes, 'tis too true! Though they caught
thee,
Prepared for thee honours untold,—
P'raps with Pongo to dine might have taught
thee,

They couldn't quite cope with thy cold.
And though M.D.'s abound in thy quarter,
Alas, what could their science suggest?
They might say, "Put its tail in hot-water,—
Try a plaster or two on its chest."

"Such a cold!—all our practice can't match it;
It floods diagnosis with doubt.
Where on earth did our young patient catch it?
Has it been in the water—or out?

"We can picture an Elephant wheezing,
Or a Python knocked over by cramp,
But a Whale!—we can't fancy *that* sneezing,
With a pulse at a hundred—from damp!"

So I wonder, at human invention
If thy too fishy nature took fright,
When each minute, with kindest intention,
Some one soused thee all day—and all
night!

If that voyage across the Atlantic,—
Meant to handsomely butter thy bread,—
Made thee long for a voice to cry, frantic,
"Oh! do stop, I've a cold in my head!"

Such a cold! Ah, too late they all rne it!
And denounce thy berth *minus* a lid,—
With a douche! For if *that* didn't do it,
'Tis not easy to tell thee what did!

Ah! but there,—all is over for ever!
Though thy tank daily empties and fills,
I shall never again—I shall *never*
Read thy name in large type in the
bills!

has rarely, if ever, been attained since his decease. His real name was PLANTAGENET GREEN.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, instead of being beheaded, retired to Ireland, where she was joined by Lady JANE GREY and Lord DUDLEY. They were all three remarkably fond of music, specially Lord DUDLEY, who started an Opera House in Dublin, and made a considerable fortune in the first season.

GUY FAUX was a literary friend of King JAMES's and the only foundation for the Gunpowder Plot fiction was that they were engaged together in getting up a new Magazine which was to set the Thames on fire. Lord MOUNTEAGLE and TRESHAM were among the contributors. In fact, if it hadn't been for little boys on the 5th of November, the invention of fireworks (by GUY FAUX himself), and the romantic pen of Mr. HARRISON AINSWORTH, this extraordinarily absurd legend would long since have been forgotten.

Such are a few of the *corrigenda* which we may expect to be supplied by our new Historian. When he has finished this great work we trust he will devote himself to a History of his own country—Ireland—of which he is a distinguished native, and long may he remain so! He might get Mr. BOUCICAULT to assist him. What

THE LAST PIC-NIC OF THE SEASON.

SCENE—*A well-known Place of Amusement.*

He. Are you quite sure you won't take a little more champagne?

She. Oh dear no, thanks. I have had plenty.

He. May I give you a little more lobster salad?

She. Thanks, so much; but I have quite finished.

He. Perhaps I might get you another novel to read. They may be some time yet.

She. But isn't MUDIE's a long way off?

He. Oh dear no—get there in a cab in less than no time. But never mind; here they come. I will wait for the verdict, and then hurry down to see after the carriage.

She. But, really this is giving you too much trouble; and wouldn't you like to hear them sentenced to death? Why, I wouldn't miss that part of the fun for worlds!

[Scene closes in upon Law, Fashion, and Hysterics.

DEFECT IN A DAIRY SHOW.

The Dairy Show held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, last year, having proved a success, similar exhibitions are to be held there annually. The second of them took place last week. It comprised an extraordinary collection of goats, donkeys, and mules; also some butter made of sheep's milk, but no cows appear to have figured, either personally or by their representative products, butyraceous or caseous, amongst the lactiferous animals. Heifers, according to the report of a contemporary, were conspicuous by their absence; the cattle-plague regulations having rendered a general exhibition of cows impossible. Thus, rather oddly, the Dairy Show, though a capital one on the whole, was comparatively deficient in the particular *Mammalia* chiefly tributary to Dairies. But its chief deficiency was more remarkable than that. Fancy a Dairy Show including no specimen of that copious, or perhaps even chief replenisher of milk-pans that is not a mammal—the Cow with the Iron Tail!

Parsons and Priests.

It is stated that the Society of the Holy Cross will in future admit none but beneficed clergy to membership. But if the Church of England were properly governed, how many of the reverend gentry playing the "Priest in Absolution" would retain their benefices?

pleasant evenings they'd pass together collaborating in History with "the materials" between them. Wouldn't it end with the *Cruiskeen Lawn*? "Grammercy," would exclaim Master WILLS. "Grammachree," would begin Misther DION, and then they'd both break into the chorus, and drown it in the bowl. But, sure, this is how history *should* be written, if it isn't. So let's have WILLS's Birds-eye View of the History of England, to begin with as soon as possible.

Above and Below.

THE electric current may be charged with inaccuracy in flashing from the seat of war the following message, published in an evening paper:—

"Plevna had suffered much by bombardment, yet there were but few dead or wounded among the inhabitants."

Query, whether intramural interment may not still be practised at Plevna; and if the citizens of a necropolis cannot be correctly said to inhabit it?



FRENCH POLITICS.

EVERY FRENCHMAN TAKES AN INTELLIGENT INTEREST IN THE AFFAIRS OF HIS COUNTRY—EVEN THE BUTCHER-BOY.

HINTS FOR THE "LIBRARIANS."

THE Book-keepers—the Librarians—English, American, and Foreign, have been holding a Conference in London. They read many useful papers, and discussed many interesting and important questions; but they left untouched, probably through want of time, several topics which might fairly have been thought worthy of their attention. We will name a few of these omissions, that the Librarians may think them carefully over, and deliberate upon them when next they assemble.

What penalties ought to be inflicted on those objectionable characters who (1) borrow books, and forget to return them; (2) scribble on the margins; (3) turn the pages down; (4) drop crumbs between the leaves; and (5) are careless of the binding?

What should be the treatment of those presumptuous persons who pronounce opinions (mostly unfavourable) on books without reading them?

Given a diligent reader who every year conscientiously peruses works on history, antiquities, theology (including sermons), moral philosophy, palaeontology, biology, political economy, and scientific treatises—how much light refreshment, in the shape of novels, would you allow him in the course of the twelve months?

What binding would be most suitable for (1) "a book in breeches," (2) "a walking dictionary"?

Would it not be highly convenient if publishers were compelled (by special legislation, if necessary) to issue all books and periodicals ready cut for reading?

If paper knives, in the present backward state of civilisation must be used, what should be their shape, and of what material ought they to be made?

May CAXTON be fairly described as a man of the bourgeois type?

At what age ought a Librarian to retire from active service, or, professionally speaking, to be shelved?

To prevent unnecessary multiplication of books, would it not be

LINES ON A LECTURE.

(At the Midland Institute.)

TRUE, whether Will is free, or not,
It matters, TYNDALL, ne'er a jot
To Justice with offenders dealing
For acts of homicide or stealing.
Say that Will's freedom's but a name,
We punish convicts all the same,
Hang murderers in *terrorem* still,
To make their fellows fear to kill.
Send to the treadmill erring brothers,
And whip them for the good of others,
Or e'en their own; by flagellation
Enforcing Will to reformation.
So men for misbehaviour ilog
A heedless or a wayward dog
(Except of fine for cruelty
To animals afraid they be).
We, some of us that is, have got
A conscience—which a dog has not;
And preaching to the Moral Sense,
In such, may waken penitence.
But, if our Will's the mere creation
Of Circumstance and Organisation
Then Conscience, however queasy,
Can have no cause to feel uneasy.
Man's thoughts and deeds are only just
What they must be—because they must.
He, for contrition or remorse,
Has no more reason than a horse.
His consciousness of free volition
Is mere illusive superstition.
His heart can help his inclination
No more than its own palpitation.
Did Conscience to a watch belong,
The watch might feel that it went wrong.
But how could it itself accuse
Knowing it wasn't free to choose?
Conscience no more should trouble man
Than a Marine Ascidian,
From that first parent if so be
That we derive our pedigree,
Down through organical gradations,
Pongo, and such—"our poor relations."

THE ORIGINAL FISH TORPEDO.—The *Torpedo vulgaris*.

advisable that aspiring authors should submit their manuscripts, prior to publication, to a jury of Librarians, and other experts, in order that they may determine whether what is now proposed to be printed has not been said already, and better said?

When a man has been laboriously at work all day long, and enters a free Library or Mechanics' Institute in the evening, is it reasonable to expect him to read historical, scientific, and serious works eagerly and exclusively?

Would it be a piece of unjustifiable extravagance to pay an accomplished and experienced gentleman, who has a language at the end of every finger, and is at the head of a large library in a large city, as much as is spent on a single evening entertainment in the fashionable season?

What books would you select to take with you—number of volumes restricted to six—if you were condemned to live on a desert island for a whole year?

What is the average existence of the modern novel, and how many of those published in the course of a season in three volumes might not be compressed into one, to the advantage both of writers and readers?

Name books suitable for reading (1) at breakfast, (2) on a wet day at the seaside, (3) in spare moments before dinner, (4) after dinner, (5) by the fire in the twilight, and (6) over a cigar.

If a man were to read for twelve hours a day every day in the year (Sundays excepted), and finish thirty octavo pages in each hour, how long would it take him to complete the perusal of all the books in the British Museum?

Explain why the critical study of SHAKSPEARE is conducive to irritability of temper.

Good Advertisement.

NO MORE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.—Read _____'s new Novel.
** The blank can be filled up from MUDIE'S List.

OCTOBER.



ALL ye who would drink,
And yet stop on the brink
Of the chasm 'twixt drunken and sober,
Throw out to the slums
All your Brandies and Rums,
And stick fast to good honest October!

Your Frenchman is vain
Of his frothy Champagne—
Of his Burgundy and his Bordeaux, Sirs!
A staggering pot
Of October, I wot,
Would soon send all the lot down below, Sirs!

Your Clarets and Hocks,
And your sour German bocks,
May be all very well when you're ill, Sirs!
But I venture to think
That old JOHNNY BULL's drink
Is the brave old October-brew still, Sirs!

Where find you for muscle,
Or pluck in a tussle,
A man who with BULL is compeer, Sirs?
And if you'd know why—
'Tis because when he's dry,
He's content with a draught of good Beer, Sirs!

THE PULPIT AND THE STAGE.

SPEAKING to an audience chiefly composed of Clergymen, in the recent Ecclesiastical Congress, on the subject of "The Church in relation to Public Amusements," a layman made an observation which may possibly have suggested an idea to some of his reverend hearers:—

"Mr. HALL, M.P., thought they were apt to take too narrow views of the theatre. It was not in a condition in which they should like to see it, but if it was not all they desired to see it, he thought part of the blame lay with those who, if they patronised the drama more, might, from the effect of their presence and influence, cleanse the Stage from the adaptations from the French Stage which brought the Stage into disrepute."

What is there to prevent Clergymen from countenancing the performance of any play fit for any Christian gentleman or lady to sit at, by going to see it? Surely, nothing but fear of what would be said by Mrs. GRUNDY. By way of a beginning, imagine an event which perhaps will, ere long, be thus announced in the *Morning Post*:—

"The tragedy of *Hamlet* was last night performed at the Lyceum Theatre. A centre stall was occupied by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY."

This example might set the fashion, and is it not probable that if the Clergy in general would patronise the Stage, there would soon be an end of the extravaganzas described at their Congress by Canon MONEY as consisting in "the making of low gestures, the utterance of impure language, and the indulgence in low customs." In a very short time the visitor to a Theatre which need not be named might be entertained with *She Stoops to Conquer*.

Artillery and Infantry.

It has been suggested that, in the event of a war, the Woolwich Infants might be employed with peculiar advantage in the attack of breastworks. Although now above a year old, these Infants are still considered to be children in arms. Nevertheless, all such children resemble those concerning whom the notice in the 'bus informs us that children must be paid for.

DE BROGLIE'S DOING.—The political situation in France—an *imbroglio*.

THE SCIOLIST'S TRIUMPH.

A SCIOLIST, at evening's close,
Sat snug with spectacles on nose,
And read his penny paper,
He dwelt in a suburban spot,
Of late he had amassed a lot,
And burnt much midnight taper;
At least so the tradition ran
Concerning this amazing man.

His friends—and he had not few—
Opined he knew "a thing or two,"
You'll find, on due reflection,
Such modest numerals express
Omni-science, and nothing less,
When used in this connection.

Few rhy mesters ever turned a verse on
So very well-informed a person.

He laid his penny paper down,
He knit his eyebrows in a frown,
(They were severe and shaggy),
He pished, poohed, pshawed, he rubbed
his chin,
He thrust his doubled digits in
His pockets big and baggy.
Cried he, at last, "This will not do!
The world is going all askew!"

"Its Science!—Pooh! All fog and smoke!
Its Jurisprudence—a mere joke!

Its Law—the merest jumble!
These savants I must show new lights,
These rulers I must set to rights.

These big-wigs I must humble.
I'll put a stop to Error's capers
By simply writing to the papers."

He rose, and took a ream or more
Of foolscap, goose-quills by the score,
Of ink a gallon bottle;
And then he set him-slf to work
TYNDALL to quash, whitewash the Turk.

All Hydra's necks to throttle.
On Queen, Lords, Commons, Judge, and
Jury

He fell with most loquacious fury.

He wrote to all the penny prints,
He sent them homilies, and hints,
And warnings, and jobatons,
Interrogations wondrous wise,
Most argumentative replies,

And stern expostulations.

Each letter smart, sarcastic, solemn,
Was long enough to fill a column.

He signed himself all sorts of names—
"A Constant Reader," "Truthful JAMES,"

"Vindex," "Fair-play," or "Jingo,"

It was the silly season, and
The Editors could not command

Right journalistic stingo;
So, glad at anything to catch,
They went and printed all the batch.

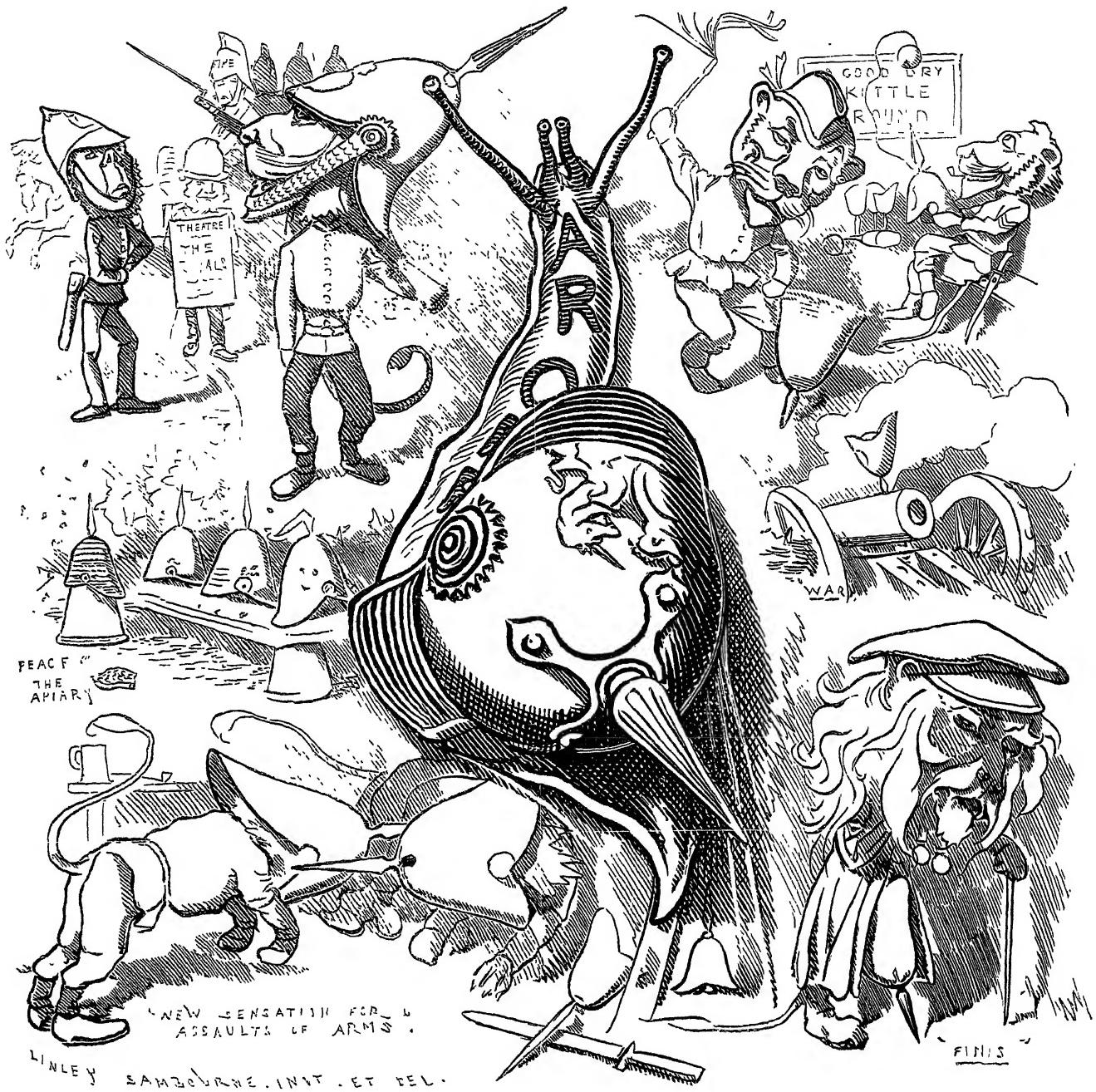
Oh, then that Sciolist uprose,
And cried, "What power may oppose
Public Opinion's fiat?"

Then sat him down again to muse
What public puzzle, wrong, abuse

He next should have a shy at;
Seeing that nothing can resist
The letter-scribbling Sciolist.

Different Doctors.

Doctors differ in other points than matters of opinion. Those of one Faculty differ from those of another. There has been noted a difference between Doctors of Medicine and Doctors of Divinity. The former practise, the latter preach. If an M.D. preach as well as practise, he is an exception, and most likely a Dissenter. Let us believe the D.D. who preaches but does not practise to be an exceptional humbug.



THE BRITISH LION IN A PRETTY "PICKELHAUBE."

AND A FEW THOUGHTS THEREON.

NOTES OF A TABLE D'HÔTE.

Taken in Foreign Parts.

(Room 246) Mrs. E. Y. Z. T. BLAKE, from the United States. A lady of fifty who wishes to pass for thirty. The entire mornings of this diner are passed with her hair-dresser—result, a wonderful and complicated head of hair. She is accompanied by a mischievous boy, who kicks the table between the courses. This boy is the representative of Mr. E. Y. Z. T. BLAKE, a gentleman who is supposed to be making hundreds of dollars an hour, somewhere or other on the American side of the Atlantic. The Lady is very talkative, and converses much with her neighbour,

(Room 247) Prince IVANOFF, from Russia. A yellow-skinned, white-haired little man, with bloodshot eyes. He wears a green ribbon in his button-hole, and has his shrivelled fingers covered

with diamond rings. He is waited upon by a Muscovite in a peculiar costume. When the Prince goes out he wears a good deal of fur. He speaks the language of the country fluently, and his Voltairian remarks and *risqué* suggestions are received with roars of approving laughter by his neighbour, No. 246. It is fortunate, however, that an imperfect comprehension of modern foreign tongues prevents

(Room 392) the Rev. JONAS GROANS, of England, from understanding him. Were it otherwise, the Prince would certainly receive the reproaches of the eloquent Nonconformist. Mr. GROANS has come abroad for the first time, and cannot quite make out how a heathen land can be so like his native country. He passes his days in solemnly visiting the various sights. He gloomily inspects all the Museums, carefully avoiding (of course) the Churches; very unlike his neighbour,

(Room 504) the Rev. CHRYSOSTOM TONSURE, B.A., of Oxford, who,



A SENSE OF PROPERTY.

Botanical Oil Agent (in the Brighton Gardens). "CAN YOU TELL ME, MY GOOD MAN, IF THIS PLANT BELONGS TO THE 'ARBUTUS' FAMILY?"

Gardener (curtly). "No, Sir, it doan't. It b'longs to the Corporation!"

dressed in a costume carefully, but not quite accurately, copied from the dress of a foreign priesthood, haunts the services at the various Cathedrals all day long. The opinions of this young gentleman are unquestionably "High," and are much prized by his neighbour.

(Room 630) Miss ARABELLA WALLFLOWER, from Bath. This diner is an earnest, sentimental spinster of five-and-fifty. She dresses in sombre colours, and poses in devotional attitudes, as if she were sitting for her portrait for a church window. Her saintlike air would be perfect were she not rather too fond of lobster-salad. She regards Mr. TONSURE with great admiration, and evidently would willingly share his parochial duties. If she objects to any of his views it is to those relative to the celibacy of the Clergy. Devoted to the Church, she ignores the Law, represented by her neighbour,

(Room 741) Mr. JOHN BANTOM, from Lincoln's Inn. Mr. BANTOM is a Barrister-at-Law, and is rapidly making his way to the Woolsack. He shares his rooms with two other men, and possesses the third of a clerk. Six months ago he received a brief marked "two guineas," and has been promised the appointment of "devil" to that rising junior, Mr. OALDE PARR. This is very good indeed, he considers, for a man of only four years' standing. He has for his neighbour his old friend,

(Room 742) Mr. COKE BLACKSTONE, also from Lincoln's Inn. The earnest, serious nature of this Barrister must have lead to great things, had he properly used his opportunities. Belonging to a family of Solicitors, and being the intimate associate of scores of Counsel learned in the law, he should soon have risen from the Bar to the Bench. Unhappily, however, he took to military pursuits, and discarded the Law for the Volunteers. He divides his conversation between Mr. BANTOM and

(Rooms 4, 5, 6) Mr. and Mrs. JOHN BULLION, from Liverpool. Enormously rich, rather over-dressed, but on the whole very good-natured. Mr. JOHN BULLION converses with Mr. BLACKSTONE about the Militia, and feeling that he is being outflanked, adroitly changes the subject to "cotton," and leaves his adversary nowhere. Mrs. JOHN BULLION, in the meanwhile, gives all her attention to

(Rooms 7, 8, 9) The Misses BULLION, who are in fact her daugh-

ters. These young Ladies are dressed in the latest fashion, and seem (much to their mother's disgust) to be greatly amused with the conversation of

(Room 902) Captain FLATFOOT, from the Junior Rowdy Club, an ex-gallant officer (he sold out of the 133rd two years ago), who spends his time in smoking cigars, drinking brandies-and-sodas, and brushing his hair. For some time he has been living on the Jews. Now he will marry a Miss BULLION and live upon her, if Mrs. BULLION will only let him. The three young Ladies greatly admire the gallant Captain's moustache, and picture to themselves a fate similar to that of

(Room 93) Mr. and Mrs. TURTLE DOVE, from London; a young couple, who, although they have been married for some years, still find an endless source of delightful conversation in one another's personal appearance. He tells her when there is anything wrong with her collar, and she pays the greatest possible attention to the proper arrangement of his hair.

Rooms in other parts of the Hotel are represented by Merchants, Squires, Mature Matrons, Grass Widows, and members of the three great families of Tag, Rag, and Bobtail.

Shakspearian Emmanations.

To say there is nothing SHAKESPEARE did not know is as trite as to say there is nothing new under the sun; but it really seems as if Troy town was infected with the ribald shouts at wandering females that re-echo through London at the present moment. The reader will find in *Troilus and Cressida* that

"Trojans cry a Helen and a woe."

This might be paraphrased to-day

"Britons cry a Hemma and a whoa."

But, as we are quoting SHAKESPEARE, we cannot help crying with Romeo to the London cad—

"Forget that name, and that name's woe!"

THE TOURIST'S INTERROGATORY.

(Conducted by the Man who hasn't stirred from Town.)



HY go abroad, and hurry through the Bois de Boulogne in one afternoon, when, by staying at home, you can have the whole of Hyde Park to yourself for three months?

Why wander about the base of Trajan's Column when you can go to the top of the Duke of York's?

Why get an order for the Catacombs when you can take a return ticket to Baker Street?

Why rave at Geneva about the "wondrous azure depths" of the lake, when you can stand on the

bridge at the Serpentine, and not even see the bottom?

Why go up the Rhine in search of ruins when you have got the New Opera House at hand on the Thames Embankment?

Why get maudlin over the "wild seclusion" of some foreign shore, when you can borrow a key and sit in the middle of Bloomsbury Square?

Why start for Norway to struggle with a salmon, when you can leisurely survey it at rest on a counter in Bond Street?

Why stifle yourself by looking into the crater of Vesuvius, when you can attend a preliminary inquiry at a Metropolitan Police Court?

Why travel through Sicily to be waylaid by brigands, when you can insure a burglary by taking a house on Clapham Common?

Why rush to Aix and Homburg to drink the waters, when you can have in Apollinaris by the dozen?

Why stop at Salzburg to catch a sight of BISMARCK and ANDRASSY, when you can enjoy a thorough stare at the whole British Cabinet by simply waiting long enough in Downing Street?

Why pay fifteen francs for an indigestible entrée in the Palais Royal when you can get a good, wholesome, well-cooked British mutton-chop in Pall Mall for eighteen pence?

Why go to the North to enjoy a week's deer-stalking, when you can contract chronic rheumatism just as easily by wading through the Essex Marshes in your slippers?

Why take any trouble to secure your admission to any foreign Court when Madame TUSSAUD's is always open for a shilling?

Why travel for months to experience the cool, biting freshness of "the Lewis," and the simmering heat of Naples, when you can meet with both in Piccadilly within the same six hours?

Why go into ecstasies over the Rue de Rivoli when you have once got to the end of the Cromwell Road?

Why cry up the pastry, gendarmes, poodles, and *cabanes* on the other side of the Channel, when you have got buns, Policemen, bulldogs, and bathing-machines on this?

Why go abroad, where you ought to grumble at everything you meet, when you can save yourself all the trouble by merely sitting still and growling at everything at home?

NAVAL QUESTIONS.

Is the utility of a powerful Navy in any measure illustrated by the passage below quoted from HOBART PASHA's letter to the *Times*, respecting "Russian Monitors and Turkish Iron-clads"? Speaking of officers in command of the Russian Navy, the SULTAN's Admiral says:—

" Why don't they send out their celebrated Popofkas? The Turkish ships-of-war are cruising in squadrons of twos and threes, and the Turkish Navy is also burning to distinguish itself; but while the Russian iron-clads lie behind forts mounting hundreds of 35-ton guns, with the approaches defended by countless torpedoes at a distance of four miles from the shore, there is little chance of their doing so."

In the meanwhile, of how much more use is the Turkish Navy to

the Turks than the Russian is to the Russians? Should BRITANNIA ever be forced to fight, will British iron-clads prove better able than Turkish are found to get at an enemy lying behind forts and torpedoes? Will the former, on the other hand, keep, as effectually as the latter do, the enemy's vessels in? If not, will our heavy guns and torpedoes serve to keep invaders as completely those of the Russians keep HOBART PASHA's ships, out? Let us hope, however, that, come what may, BRITANNIA will ever continue to rule the waves; and that her iron-clads will at any rate cost her adversaries something considerably more than they do her tax-payers.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

AUTUMN, after a year's absence, has rejoined the circle of the seasons, and with autumn authors have returned from their holidays to pen, ink, and paper; painters have come back to their camel-hair brushes and palettes; sculptors to their chisels; architects to their plans and elevations; and men of science to their microscopes and blowpipes, their laboratories and crucibles.

All sorts of interesting rumours are flying about, all kinds of novel reports are in circulation, and gossip—literary, scientific, and artistic—is busy with forthcoming books, pictures, poetry, pottery, statues, inventions, experiments, and highly finished and appropriate Christmas cards.

Several works on Cleopatra's Needle are ready for the binder, and will be published the evening before the day on which the Obelisk is drawn in triumphal procession by sixty of the most powerful dray-horses that London can supply, preceded by the Diplomatic Body, the Volunteers and the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs in their state equipages, to the open space in front of St. Paul's. The author of one of these works is fully persuaded he has succeeded in interpreting the characters which are figured on the Needle. He asserts that they relate the whole of CLEOPATRA's early girlish history in the nursery, the schoolroom, and the family circle, up to the time when she came out in Egyptian society. We are promised a list of her governesses, the titles of her school-books, and the names of the partners with whom the youthful beauty danced during the first season at the Alexandrian balls, including fragments of conversation carried on while eating ices and sipping Mandragora-and-Seltzer.

The Zoological Society have commissioned an experienced agent to procure a specimen of the aspic, "the pretty worm of Nilus," by help of which CLEOPATRA committed suicide. It is hoped this highly interesting creature will be a denizen of the Gardens before the Christmas holidays.

The play of *Antony and Cleopatra*, by SHAKSPEARE, or as some critics contend, by GREENE and NASH, will be revived with every attention to scenic splendour at one of our principal theatres.

Did Gower Live in Gower Street? A volume with this attractive title may be expected from one of our foremost poets about Lord Mayor's Day. The author does not attempt to prove too much. He wisely refrains from any conjectures as to the number of the house inhabited by the poet, and only indirectly gives an opinion as to the side of the street on which it stood.

Our knowledge of the personal history of a far brighter star than GOWER—CHAUCER—has most unexpectedly received a welcome addition in the shape of two important facts which have recently come to light in the Large Paper Office. These are, that the name of his laundress was DE SOPER, and that CHAUCER's favourite dish was peacock, plain boiled, with tongue.

We are promised an entirely new biography of SHAKSPEARE, giving another way of spelling his name hitherto unknown to all critics and students; and proving beyond a doubt, by an exhaustive examination of his verse-endings, that all the historical plays (except the two first Acts, and the Second Scene of Act IV. of the *Third Part of Henry the Sixth*), more than half the comedies, and two-fifths of the tragedies, were really written by a sort of committee, composed of SHAKSPEARE, MARSTON, and PEEL, with the co-operation of LORD BURLEIGH in his leisure moments.

Admirers of POPE are promised a treat in some unpublished letters, newly discovered in an old bee-hive which had belonged to the great grandson of the poet's gardener. They are addressed to LORD BOLINGBROKE (St. JOHN), and show that he made Pope a present of some particularly beautiful oyster shells for his grotto, and that Pope added neither cream nor sugar to his tea.

It has long been felt that a series of Primers, containing the most recent theories and discoveries in general history and literature, was loudly called for by that constantly increasing class, both of young men and young women, preparing to qualify themselves by examination for various posts in the Naval, Military, and Civil Service of their country. This want MESSRS. QUARTOFORTH are endeavouring to supply. The first of the series will be issued early in November. It will embrace that important tract of history reaching from the Battle of Arbela to the Sicilian Vespers.

A new edition is announced of the works of GURTON PORREX, a dramatic writer of the Elizabethan and Jacobean era, whose pretensions

have been lost sight of in the blaze that surrounds such intellectual giants as SHAKSPEARE, JONSON, BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, MARLOWE, &c. PORREX's principal—indeed, it may almost be said his only play—*Arviragus and Belvemira*—has a confused plot, situations entirely destitute of interest, and a style which, when it does not rant, stoops to the baldest prose; but still the piece, from its scattered allusions to bygone habits and customs, is felt to have a claim on the attention of the public. One disputed point it proves beyond a question—that the introduction of snuffers took place at a much earlier period than has hitherto been supposed. GURTON PORREX's Works will be issued both in small and large paper: the latter will be limited to five copies.

The jokes in the Christmas Pantomimes will be chiefly supplied by Mr. PONGO, ZAZEL, CLEOPATRA's Needle, and Torpedoes.

Our gossip has run to such a length that we must postpone much interesting information bearing on Science and Art.

CHARLIE TO 'ARRY.

In reply to the Epistle from the latter Gentleman which appeared in the last number of "Punch."



WELL 'ARRY, ole pail! this comes 'oping as 'ow you are hup to the nines; Though I haven't much doubt on that pint after reading your rollin' lines. If I'd got a few shots in the locker, I'd jine yer on Sunday with joy; But I carnt square the odds with old Cocker, —won't run to it, 'ARRY my boy.

The Gov'nor's a screw, as you know, and he's cut down my screw to a quid.

Trade's bad, the old buffer declares, which in course that is all blooming "kid;" Then I put on the pot rayther 'ot on the Ledger, and didn't quite land; So, yer see, I am hout of the 'unt, and carnt jine yer in doing the grand.

But I envies yer, 'ARRY! the picter you paints is as temptin' as jam. New toggs, lots of tin, with fine gals and fine weather! it's prime, and no flam. Lor! shouldn't I jest like to twig yer a trottin' about by the sea, A-takin' the shine out of toffs, and a-takin' in Soda-and-B!

But Town's none so dusty jest now, though it's empty of orl the erleet— There's plenty of spice at the Music 'Alls, lots of rare larks in the street. If one carn't do the pier when the sick 'uns is landing—the richest of sights— One can make a good shift with our "barney" along the Embankment o' nights.

It's as good as a play, I can tell yer, the game as we now carries on, A-nobbin' some funky old buffer, a-chivvyin' some fat forrin' don'; And as for the sprees with the petticoats—there! it's a caution to snakes! The peeler? Lor bless yer, my pippin, they don't interfere with our fakes.

That Druskywich business, I reckon, has jest about flummoxed the "Cops;" We've the run of the streets, and no error, once out of the glare of the shops. The papers is pitching it stiffish concernin' the rule of the Rough, But jigger them penny-a-liners! Who cares half a snap for their stuff?

Recollect them old capers at Islington, where we got caned by a bloke?

Ah! he were a 'ot member, that swell were, and lickings like his is no joke. But our high old sprees is more proper, and jest safe as houses beside. For calling us Cads breaks no bones, and that's all the topsawyers has tried.

"More Peelers!" the papers is crying. Oh yes, like that Drusky-wich lot!

A duffer as carnt put the double on Coppers deserves to be shot.

We've bin doing it lately, I tell yer, and means for to keep hup the game.

Wot! Stop all our street larks? No fear! Which the bloomin' suggestion's a shame.

So you see you ain't got all the fun, though you're doing the toff out of Town.

Yet I should like a boss at the bathers, and wish I could jest toddle down.

I've two and a tanner,—no, alarm it! carnt fix it, wus luck, so good bye!

Yours, scrumpshusly,

CHARLIE.

P.S.—It's jest dusk, so I'm out on the fly.

WAITING CONFIRMATION.

THE report—

That Lord DERBY has let a week go by without writing five very spirited despatches.

That the immediate result of the Dairy Show has been a fall of sevenpence a pound in the price of butter.

That someone has written to the *Times* to say "he doesn't care what they do with CLEOPATRA's Needle?"

That Mr. GLADSTONE is entertaining a distinguished circle of Bashi-Bazouks at Hawarden.

That Marshal MACMAHON knows exactly what he's about.

That Count ANDRASSY told Prince BISMARCK, at Salzburg, distinctly that "he had better look out."

That a distinguished historian's strong bias on the Eastern Question has induced him to lead a division of Turkish irregular cavalry under the *nom de plume* of "Freeman Pasha."

That Sir WILLIAM GULL was called in to see the late Aquarium Whale.

That Bishop CLAUGHTON is importing a couple of dozen for his own personal sport and amusement.

That the next Obstructive Novelty at Westminster will be "Mr. PARNELL fired from a Cannon."

That Sir JOHN BENNETT has been embraced by the whole Court of Aldermen in sackcloth and tears.

That somebody has come back from the Continent in rough weather, and hasn't written to the *Times* to say that "the management was simply disgraceful."

That Londoners generally are looking forward to the gradual approach of November with intoxicated enthusiasm.

That it is extremely enjoyable now at the sea-side, especially after half-past six on a wet evening.

And that, taking all things into consideration, anybody who could would do well to absent himself from town.

Plays at London Theatres.

The Porter's Knot—Not to refuse a tip.

Family Ties—Our girls' beaus.

The Rake's Progress—Very fast.

The Dead Secret—Sir ROGER TICHBORNE.

A Question of Phiz—Sweet or dry, Sir?

Parisian Intelligence.

BAROMETER bonnets have been introduced in Paris, trimmed with artificial flowers which change colour with the weather. Thermometer hats may perhaps be invented there, too, for use at elections, and may serve to denote the degree of party ardour infused by hot-headed addresses into cold, or lukewarm, voters.

PROVERB FOR RITUALIST PARSONS.

WHAT is the good of playing at Mass? "*Le jeu n'en vaut pas la chandelle.*"

BULLETIN OF THE CESAREWITCH WINNER'S JOCKEY.—Outside, Hilarious! Inside, jolly!



THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

British Tourist (to fellow-Passenger, in mid-Channel). "GOING ACROSS, I SUPPOSE?"
Fellow-Passenger. "YAAS. ARE YOU?"

FROM THE SHADES.

"The craft which has been contrived to carry the Egyptian Obelisk to this country is called the *Cleopatra*."

SCENE—*The Shores of the Styx.* INTERLOCUTORS—*The Shades of ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.*

Mark Antony (gazing disgustedly at a sketch of the craft)—
 CALL this "the Cleopatra"? Cockney dolts!
 Anachronistic, dull, mechanic muffs!
 They'd vulgarise Dame Venus.

Cleopatra (pouting). Once you said
 The Apple-snatching Queen of Love had missed
 The prize, had CLEOPATRA made a fourth
 When the Immortal Triad were appraised
 By facile Paris.

Mark Antony (musingly). Ah! these gloomy shades
 Dull gallant rhetoric, hush hyperbole,
 And cast a damp on dalliance. But, by Thoth,
 That Cydnus galley to this shapeless craft
 Was—as thyself to some Anonyma,
 Who dazzles crass patricians to their doom
 In these degenerate days, when gilded youth
 Are duller than Dutch metal.

Cleopatra. Please thee, MARK,
 I like not thy comparison! Rather say,
 As the wide ocean to that narrow tank
 In Westminster, where they confined the Whale,
 Till kind Catarrh released him.

Mark Antony. Like the pigs!
 They'd make a show of Behemoth—or thee—
 Could they but catch thee.

Cleopatra (scornfully). Me? The Gods forbid!
 Better the Roman triumph, which the Worm
 Balked bloodless CESAR of; rather e'en that
 Than the Boetian Briton's shilling show.

Mark Antony. They've nabbed thy "Needle"!

Cleopatra (vengefully).

Would its point could prick
 Their callous cuticles, as with the fang
 Of the envenomed Aspic.

Mark Antony.

Faith! these Shades
 Have not quite chilled the blood which burning Egypt
 Fired with love's fever and the flame of hate
 Alternate, when thine ANTONY, long ago,
 First knew thee by the Nile.

Cleopatra.

And doth the rose
 Of rapture or of wrath as well beseem
 These pallid cheeks, as thou didst say of old
 It then became the sun-kist brown?

Mark Antony.

Grim Khadamanthus is so hard on—lies,

Alas!

Or I—

Cleopatra.

Is this the ANTONY who dared

Brave fate and barter empire for a kiss?

Mark Antony. Is this the CLEOPATRA who had won

Pluto to dalliance in her rosy days

Of fleshly empire? Ah! these dim demesnes,

These Stygian shadows, rapidly reduce

Love-rhapsody to truth and sober sense.

Hyperbole in Hades! Faugh!

Cleopatra.

Heigho! Our glory's but a dream. Could they not leave

The dream undesecrated, but must drag

Tum's monolith linked crassly with my name

In such domestic dowdy-Dorcas sort

As might have fitted dull Penelope,

Or any *nous-less* needle-wielding dame,

Drag it athwart the Ocean, just to deck

In inappropriate wise some Cockney nook

In their Boetian Babylon? I would

Neptune might make one mouthful of the craft,

The Obelisk, and its bearers, as he gulped

Those stolen marbles; better briny depths

And calm oblivion than fussy fame



“MORE POLICE!”

Vox Populi. “OH, P'LEECEMAN, THEY'RE A-BREAKIN' INTO MY HOUSE! SOMEBODY'S A-KICKIN' HIS WIFE TO PIECES AT No. 5! THERE'S AN OLD GENT BEING THROTTLED ROUND THE CORNER! THERE'S A HOUSE A-FIRE IN THE NEXT STREET!!” (AND SO ON, AND SO ON!)

POLICEMAN. “ALL RIGHT! ONLY ONE AT A TIME, PLEASE!!”

Amidst the stony horrors of those streets
Where PHIDIAS would have sickened.

Mark Antony. How, I wonder,
Will London's Statues welcome to their midst
This neighbour from far Nile?

Cleopatra. Oh, as its dames
Might hail my advent while the season's catch,
As yet unhooked, was ruffing all the bosom
Of marriageable Swelldom.

Mark Antony. Faith! 'twere fun
To see thee leap amongst them, like a pard
Frighting all meaner ravengers from the prey.

Cleopatra. What callow Peer might rival POMPEY? What
Glib Guardsman match my MARK?

Mark Antony. Alas! such fancies
Are fond and futile. These be lesser stars,
Yet they are shining. Ours are quenched in dark
Which once outshone Canopus. May great Tum
Confound these filchers! Henceforth I am dumb.

DRINK FOR DYSPEPSIA.



OME judicious observations were kindly addressed by MR. WALTER, M.P., to a Meeting connected with the Church of England Temperance Society at Reading. The Hon. Member having suggested that milk would be a desirable addition to the drinks on sale at pastrycooks' shops, proceeded as follows:—

"Well, he wanted to know why an eminent house in that town, which probably consumed more milk than any house in England, should not provide its customers with a glass of milk to wash down its excellent Bath buns."

"Why, indeed? But then the Bath buns, which milk is a sufficient draught for

the eater of them to drink upon, must be so excellent as to excel the great majority of those buns very much, in not being rich, and heavy, and greasy, and in being digestible. Such exceptional Bath buns can well enough be washed down with a liquor no more stimulant and stomachic than milk; but after the ordinary officinal Bath bun, which has been unwisely eaten, the preferable potion will probably by most people be felt to be a "nip" of brandy. Or, instead of milk pure and simple, the Faculty, perhaps, would in a case of swallowing Bath buns of average digestibility recommend milk-punch.

PARIS AT THIS MOMENT.

*The Splendid Hotel of the Grand Louvre,
the Two Worlds, and France.*

MY DEAR EDITOR,

ALEXANDER SELKIRK said it would be "better to live in the midst of alarms" than to dwell in "this horrible place." Thereby he clearly intended to demonstrate that he was thoroughly bored with his desolate island, and wished to visit. We at this moment are living in the "midst of alarms." Every "guardian of the peace," every Park-keeper in the Bois de Boulogne, excites interest. We regard the sword-bayonet or the knife of the chace with eager anxiety, and hope that these protectors of the law are "ready, aye ready" to put down the slightest attempt at a revolt. However, sufficient for the day is the evil thereof; and, as I write, all is tranquil. I may add that the old ladies of the kiosks are terribly grave. One of them supplies me with my evening *Times*, and the other night this excellent woman was perfectly pale with emotion. "Any fear of a riot?" I asked, in a whisper. She nodded her head sadly and positively. "Why?" was my next inquiry, also addressed to her in a subdued tone. "Because," she answered, after looking sharply round to see that no Government spy was listening to her, "they have seized *Punch!*" And now for a few notes.

Hotels.—There are now three distinct classes in Paris. I am staying at the first class, and am as much a "number" as any convict in Pentonville. The only difference between us is this—everybody looks after the convict, nobody looks after me. There are hundreds and thousands of rooms in this hotel, and several lifts. All day long "numbers" are coming in and going out, dining, smoking, and lounging. The servants don't care for me, and (after many ineffectual attempts to summon them with my electric bell) I don't care for the servants. If I were to die to-morrow, I believe that the only order that would be given down below, by the *garçon*, would be, "One funeral complete for 2,467." If I lodged "au Premier," he would, perhaps, add, "with a Bishop." Such is Class No. 1.

Class No. 2 is the Hotel "recommended to English visitors." It is generally situated in a second-rate street, and is sometimes as large as the specimens of Class No. 1. Its peculiarity is this, that, without being in the least English, it is not at all French. The meals obtainable at this horrible place are strongly suggestive of a City coffee-house drifting into bankruptcy. Here you can obtain "the good English breakfast," consisting of grass tea, kitchen eggs, sour bread, and "inferior Dosset," or "the thoroughly English dinner" of baked or boiled "roast beef" and suet-and-raisin "plum-pudding." Here, too, you can find the wooden beds of Old England, *minus* their native cleanliness. You will no longer be a "number," but will meet some really "nice people," who will talk about "carriage company," and will invariably drop their "h.s." It is from this class of Hotel that the Boulevards receive their supplies of cut-away coats, wide-awake hats, and corkscrew curls.

Lastly, there is Class No. 3. This section consists of the old-fashioned Hotels, which were in their prime half a century ago. They preserve the tradition of being still "first-class," and attempt to ignore the claims of less ancient houses. There is an air of melancholy about the "Boots," and the Waiters are decidedly *triste*. The proprietors are not pleased to see you, and do not grieve after you have departed. They have seen no change for nearly a hundred years. They were decidedly costly in the days of the First Empire; they are dear now, and, when the century closes (unless they be swept away by the Magician Improvement), they will still be expensive.

Of the three Classes, perhaps Class No. 1 is the best. It is better to be an outcast in the midst of plenty than have to eat parodied English fare, or to be forced to mourn with those who grieve over the vanished glories of past *tables d'hôte*.

Shops.—There is but little change in these establishments. A Paris shop may be said to consist entirely of window. Everything is shown to the public at the first glance. There is no reserve. The battle is won at the first dash, although it must be admitted that a serious charge concludes the engagement. Englishmen who have come to Paris for novelty will be greatly struck by the prevalence everywhere of English goods. If they purchase any French things, however, they will have the satisfaction on their return to town to find that they might have obtained the same articles at rather a lower price in London. Recently the French have followed the example of the Civil Service Stores, and have established enormous bazaars, in which you can purchase anything, from a needle up to (probably) an elephant. In these places the voice of the charmer is always at work praising up the various wares, and you may feel tolerably certain that if your wife enters the shop with the intention of purchasing a yard of yellow ribbon, she will not emerge therefrom without a "full dress" of red velvet *matelassé*. As an advertisement, the proprietors of these palaces give the children balloons, inscribed with the various signs they adopt for their establishments. The balloons are filled with a vapour largely diffused in their shops—gas.

The Visitors.—We have plenty of Americans. Gentlemen in shirt-fronts of pantomimic dimensions, and very partial to diamonds in the daytime. The ladies from Yankeeland have that peculiar faded appearance which tells of a too advanced stage of civilisation. They certainly do not dress like English women, and it would be hard upon the French to say that they have the appearance of Gauls. They wear the costumes of the *Vie Parisienne* slightly burlesqued. Then we have the English. From the family returning home, after a tour in Switzerland and Italy, with scores of boxes and retainers, down to the confirmed old bachelor, who finds his own society sufficient company for himself, and more than sufficient for anyone else. Lastly, the "too many Cooks" who of course do not spoil the broth, are greatly to the fore. As we all meet one another on the Boulevards, or at the *tables-d'hôte*, we stare at one another with that stony stare which is the pride of the Englishman when he is abroad. We do this, and are happy, or rather as happy as the hotels and the weather will permit us to be.

To conclude, how about the weather? Decidedly changeable. Yesterday, in the pleasantest summer costume, I was basking in the sunshine, and inspecting the Grands Eaux ("small potatoes," as our American cousins would say, "after the waterworks at the Christul Palus"), and to-day I am down with the influenza. In spite of this, however, I still sign myself

A YOUNG MAN ENJOYING A HOLIDAY.

OUR NEW NOVEL.

THAT LASS 'O TOWERY'S.

*By the Authors of Several other Things, &c. &c.*CHAPTER I.—*The Wo-Emma Mine.*

THEY were strange, bold, unwashed sort of people to look at. The inexperienced Londoner coming among them for the first time, and asking them, with an interested curiosity, "how they were off for soap," would have received an answer that would have astonished him.

Such, indeed, had been the result of a question of this nature put to the Coal Eves (as the female Coal Heavers are called in this district) by the Rev.

THOMAS TITT, the little Curate of Swiggin, on the first day of his arrival.

The Rev. THOMAS TITT stood only four feet, and was a type of the Low Churchman, rather than the High. He wore a low waistcoat, and a little white tie, and was a little over twenty-seven years of age. Still looking at that young man standing amidst the Coal Eves of Swiggin, most of them ranging between five feet ten and six feet two, broad-shouldered and muscular in proportion, you would have been inclined to say that the Archbishop of York had for once made a mistake in sending such an envoy on a mission apparently so hopeless as the conversion of these rude, rough, unkempt, unwashed, and jeering women, considered apart from the ruder, rougher, unshaved, begrimed, and no less irreverent men.

The principal figure among them towered above the others—the centre figure about whom the rest would have clustered, had it not been for a formidable coal-scoop, with a stout quarter-staff sort of handle, that her well-formed powerful hand grasped as viciously as a vice.

She was coarsely clothed in an old gentleman's knickerbockers, a white waistcoat buttoned behind, and a pair of very ordinary carpet slippers; while she displayed a sun-brown, beautifully-chiselled, handsome throat, which not even a jacket, entirely open to the wind, could conceal. A man's white beaver hat, with a black band round it and green trimming under the brim, was thrown well back on her head, and cast a sort of autumnal shade over her dark eyes, which had the sort of beauty that is sometimes seen in a well-moulded chin.*

* Extract of Letter from Editor to Authors.—"We've read this description over twenty times if we've read it once, and we can *not* understand it."

' Extract of Letter from Authors to Editor.—"Perhaps you've never been in the part of England of which this heroine of ours is a native. If not, go; and you'll soon acknowledge that we've rather underdone than overdone this most accurate description."

From Editor to Authors.—"What part of England is it? We've asked this before. And are the women *really* like this? Because, if so, we'll send our Office Boy to report."

The girl's name was EMMELINE BEERIE, the daughter of a coalpit man, who, for his sullen, scowling, cynical manner, was known as BITTER BEERIE, as she, for her remarkable height, remarkable even among these north country giantesses, was known as TOWERY BEERIE. For when the miners spoke of her, they would shake their heads (which before now had suffered severely at the hands of the stalwart maiden), and declare, "That girl is *so tall*," or, in their own peculiar dialect, "That Lass 'o Towery's!"

EMMELINE BEERIE, or EM, or EMMA, as she preferred being called, was standing in the centre (she always contrived to get into the centre of any group, thus showing the strong dramatic instinct of the woman's nature), superb, statuesque, commanding.

The little Curate had just been trying to convert her, and had asked that elementary question from the Catechism, "How are you off for soap?" when EMMELINE BEERIE, unable to restrain herself

any longer, had given him one wipe with the coal-scoop, and had knocked the little man right down the coal-shaft into the mine.

But her woman's gentleness returned after she had made this forcible declaration of independence. She approached the verge of the mine, and looked over the edge. Far below, among the coal-knobs and the black dust, she saw the reverend little Curate struggling like a fly in ink.

The women laughed.

"Ey, Em," said one of them to her, "yo bees ha' gone ar sweet-hearten he' ar tiddlepops loike oon yew bees! We ha zeed yo o! we ha zeed yo o!"

The girl's eyes flashed fury.

"Lukereye stewp'd foo' ar a yo!" she retorted. "Yo deed na nok th'ar tiddlepops o' a Parson int' ar kole-p't, yan did na; bart oi deed, oi deed, —deed na oi? An yo zeed ma do ut, deed yar? Thun luk ye-ar, oi zay tu yo, yo's foin foos ar! An th' safust waze, and best fur yo, bees to leeve m' arlown, an oil leeve yo arlown! Noo then! foos ar!"

The little Curate at the bottom of the coal-pit heard the generous speech.

"A fine creature!" he said to himself.

In the darkness, he heard an oath. What could it be? He listened anxiously.

CHAPTER II.—*The Young Engineer.*

"WHAT are you doing here?" asked the strong, manly voice of a strong, manly man. It was the new Engineer, NEGUS BARCROW, examining the mine. The Davy that had attracted the little Curate's attention had been the Young Engineer's. The Reverend THOMAS explained,

"I have been trying to convert EMMELINE BEERIE!"

"What! that Lass so Towery?" exclaimed the Young Engineer, a slight shade passing over his handsome countenance, unobserved, however, by his companion, who, as he did not reach much above BARCROW's waistband, was unable to obtain a glimpse of his face. NEGUS BARCROW was six feet six, and powerful, even for his inches.

"That Lass so Towery!" replied the conscientious little Curate,





A DIFFICULT CASE.

Mamma. "YOU'RE A VERY NAUGHTY BOY, TOMMY, AND I SHALL HAVE TO BUY A WHIP, AND GIVE YOU A GOOD WHIPPING. NOW, WILL YOU BE GOOD?"
Tommy (with hesitation). "SHALL I BE ALLOWED TO KEEP THE WHIP AFTER, MAMMY?"

with a sigh. "She's a rum 'un," he added; then he explained himself, blushingly, "as we used to say at Oxford."

"Ah," said the young Engineer, thoughtfully.

"That girl," said TITT, "listens to me for five minutes, then she laughs at me. I remonstrate, and speak to her seriously. She bangs me on the head with a broom, and to-day she knocked me right into the mine with her coal-scoop. It was another rebuff. She is always rebuffing me. They all do it," he added, softly humming to himself the words of his favourite hymn. Presently he asked, "What can I do with such a case as this?"

"Give it up," answered his friend.

"It is not a conundrum," returned the little Curate, meekly. "But I was born to be misunderstood."

"Miss who?" inquired the Young Engineer, who was but half attending, for his eye was resting on the fine form of EMMA BEERIE as she knelt at the mouth of the pit; and in return her eye seemed like a star above, to be winking at him as he stood in the black depth beneath.

The little Curate blushed, and his little eyes beamed behind his spectacles like a couple of glowworms in a glass-case.

"I didn't mention Miss anybody," he replied, mildly. "Though if I might be permitted to propose a toast—I mean if you'll come home and take tea with me; I always go home to tea—I should be glad to show you an envelope addressed to me by Miss ANICE SORTIGAL"—

"Niece of the Rev. HOAKSER BARCELL, Vicar of Swiggin?" asked the Young Engineer.

"You know her!" stammered the little Curate, turning pale.

"Rather!" replied BARCROW, with a manly laugh. Then he blew a whistle.

At this summons the Old Engineer, who had previously retired in his favour, came forward.

Said the Young Engineer to the Old Engineer, "Old Engineer, get the lift ready, we're going up."

* * At present we will offer no opinion as to the *quality* of the dialect. We have sent a Special Commissioner to the North, who, being a gentleman of considerable imitative power, will give us, on his return, some idea of what the dialect may be. We don't recollect anything exactly like it, but perhaps Mr. TAYLOR, who plays the part of "*Owd Sammy*" in *Liz*, will step in, and give us some explanation. In the meantime we will be cautious.—ED.

(To be continued.)

DISSENT IN THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

In a report of one of the sittings of the Church Congress lately held at Croydon, a Paper is stated to have been read by Canon CARTER, "who was received with cheers and some slight demonstrations of dissent." Sound Churchmen would be pleased if they could conclude from that information that dissent, as represented at the Church Congress, is only a slight element in the Church. But the Dissenters from the Church of England, who have not yet gone over to Rome, or seceded and set up a community of their own, are not those who would be likely to express any dissent from Canon CARTER; they would, on the contrary, most probably altogether concur in the particular views supposed to be held by that Reverend Gentleman.

A Poor Prospect.

In the news from the seat of war little or no mention is made of any deficiency in the Russian Commissariat. The Czar, however, and even the most sanguine of his advisers, must have begun to fear by this time that there will be no Turkey for Christmas.

THE SHORTEST WAY TO THE CITY.—In general, Cannon Street; Ludgate Hill being under repair.

SO MUCH BETTER IN FRANCE.

What the Miss WIGSBYS have Learnt Abroad this Year.

THAT Lady THREESTARS bolted with Count LONGDASH from Trouville.

THAT Captain PARENTHESIS was far more attentive to his wife's cousin, AMY LEFTOUT, than was desirable or proper.

THAT those dear girls the INVERTED COMMAS talk about things on the sands at Dieppe their Mamma would never allow them to discuss at Dover or Eastbourne.

THAT the Countess de TROIS-ETOILES cannot purchase her voluminous wardrobe out of her husband's income.

THAT it is not necessary to go to Switzerland in order to bring back carved Alpenstocks or pear-wood Chamois and Edelweiss.

THAT bad dinners *may* be got in Paris, and that it is very difficult to find good coffee on the Boulevards.

THAT all Britons abroad are not blackguards, and that all Foreigners are not persons of distinction.

THAT Sunday may be delightful, and Sabbath sunshine a blessing without the drawback of a long sermon.

THAT it is best to forget national prejudices when travelling, and better still to yield to the customs of the natives in whatever country you happen to travel.

THAT the charms of France are not deteriorated by English ideas, and that England has beauties which are nowhere excelled.

A Sense of Services.

THE cynic's definition of gratitude as "a lively expectation of future favours," is not only confuted, but shown to be the reverse of true, by an example of that sentiment thus noted by an evening contemporary:—

"The Conservatives of Bristol last night presented Mr. SHOLTO VERE HARE, who has thrice contested the city in their interest, with an address of thanks, he having announced his determination not to stand again."

Every well-constituted mind must feel gratified with the vindication of human nature manifested by the Bristol Conservatives in having recognised their champion's services by thanking him for the promise of no more.



CONCLUSIVE.

Lodger. "I DETECT RATHER A DISAGREEABLE SMELL IN THE HOUSE, MRS. JONES. ARE YOU SURE THE DRAINS—"

Welsh Landlady. "OH, IT CAN'T BE THE DRAINS, SIR, WHATEVER. THERE ARE NONE, SIR!!"

A GOOD DAY'S WORK.

(Extracted from the Diary of an eminent Humanitarian.)

Monday.—Rose early, after a disturbed night. Slumbers interrupted by insectal intruders. Caught eleven specimens, just to confute the landlady, who disputed their existence. Drowned them all in rosewater. Debated whether I did rightly to deprive them of their liberty. May not proud man compassionate the meanest thing that crawls?

While dressing, reflected on the dangers attending early rising, evinced by the sad fate of the weak little worm which the early bird devours. Might not help, by means of scarecrows, be devised for the poor victim?

Ate a hearty breakfast of hot buttered toast and bacon, in order to gain strength for the great labours of the day. Wrote a couple of letters to my newspaper, the *Daily Twaddler*—(1) Advocating the supply of hot sausages for supper to prisoners condemned for assaulting the police; and (2) suggesting the propriety of starting a society to provide for the relief of poor afflicted widowers, who, goaded by the curse of drunkenness, have kicked their wives to death.

At ten received a deputation from the wiseacres of Foolsborough, who wished to talk about the wrongs of the British Working Man. Promised to present a petition to the Government, praying that all wages should be raised by Act of Parliament to ten shillings a day; and that, to prevent the desecration of the Sabbath, all places of amusement, except publichouses, should be absolutely closed.

At noon took a short walk, to invigorate my intellect after its past efforts, and to procure a healthy appetite for the steak and score of oysters which, with careful foresight, I had ordered for my lunch. Meditated, as I strolled along, upon the miseries of monkeys when enchain'd to barrel-organs. Poor creatures! What must be their suffering, if they have any ear for music? And surely it were cruel to assume that they have none. Reflected, likewise, upon

PAT'S APPEAL.

"My visit to Ireland will be purely private and personal."
Letter of Mr. GLADSTONE.

AND is it yourself that would thry it?

Ah, shure no! It was niver your choice
To see the ould land—thin deny it
The foine sound of your eloquent voice!

For they say you've a rare power o' spakin,—
That your mouth isn't asy to shut,—
That, 'side you, PARNELL's paltry and snakin,—
That ye'd make smitherens of ould BUTT!

Ah! shure if you're half sich a crature,
And them boys have described you aroight,
Your spakin must be a nate fature—
Fit to please us as much as a foight!

But we've heard that you're goin to Killarney,
—Here and there—jist to see for yourself!
'Tisn't throue now! Come, none of your blarney!
No, you don't mane to stay on the shelf.

For shure aren't we willin to greet ye?
Do we see ye now every day?
Come—when boys are so shirvin to meet ye,
Why, bedad, you'll find somethin to say!

So dhrop all them Astern suggestions;
Give yourself now an iligant rest;
And there's plenty and plenty o' questions
Jist as burnin and hot in the West!

Thin give us a nod to imply it,
Jist to say it was niver your choice
To see the ould land—thin deny it
The foine sound of your eloquent voice!

The Church Congress.

SCENE—Clapham Junction.

First Passenger. Been at Croydon?

Second Passenger. Yes.

First Passenger. What is going on this evening?

Second Passenger. Oh, there is "Intemperance" in

one room, and "Public Amusements" in the other!

oysters, and the horrible barbarity of opening them alive. If the painful operation were performed under chloroform, would there be any bad taste given to the savour of the fish? Must write to the *Lancet*, to propound this weighty point.

3 P.M.—After a delicious and most leisurely repast, followed by a smoke and forty winks of wholesome sleep, I felt strengthened for my speech at the great meeting on behalf of the young burglars who, although convicted on the very clearest evidence, have been brutally condemned to the confinement of a gaol. A vote of want of confidence in our present jury system was most clamorously carried, and a subscription for supplying the poor sufferers with tobacco, and some tracts to read on Sundays, was started with success.

While walking home, I caught some little urchins in the act of catching sticklebacks with the aid of crooked pins. I boxed their ears soundly, and broke their rods and fishing-bottles. A Stickleback Protection Act is certainly much needed. The *egis* of the law is now a safeguard to the Salmon, and should, in common fairness, be extended to the Stickleback, and even to the Shrimp.

Having weighty work before me, I could spare scant time for dinner: my frugal meal consisting of some soup, a bit of fish, a slice of beef, and half a goose. Is it true that geese are made tenderer by being plucked alive? This is an important public question, and should be decided by some practical experiments.

Under the influence of the walnuts, which, when washed down with old Madeira, usefully excite my organ of benevolence, I conceived two noble schemes of practical philanthropy: namely, first to start a fund for giving cough lozenges to lamplighters; and, secondly, to set on foot a Cabmen's Anti-Chilblain Mutual Assurance Company for supplying them with foot-warmers and fur-lined winter gloves.

Then to the *soirée* of Anti-Vivisectionists, where I proposed a resolution that, in order to prevent all unnecessary bloodshed, nobody should be allowed to shave himself, excepting in the presence of a doctor duly qualified; and that nobody without the aid of proper anaesthetics should ever be permitted to cut any of his friends.



CONSIDERATE.

Mistress (on coming home from the Sea-side). "WHY, JANE, WHAT'S BECOME OF THE BULLFINCH?"

Jane. "WELL, YOU SEE, M'M, IT DIDN'T SING MUCH, AND LOOKED DROOPIN' LIKE, SO COOK PUT IT OUT OF ITS MISERY, AN' I 'AD IT STUFFED FOR MY 'AT!'"

A POET ON LEGAL PROCEDURE.

MR. PUNCH, feeling that certain circumstances connected with a recent trial may have shaken the belief of some of his readers in the majesty of English judicial procedure, has thought it as well to apply to a distinguished foreign pen, accustomed to dispose, with ease, of all national and social difficulties, for a few assuring lines upon the subject.

MR. PUNCH is happy to say that he has received them from Paris by return of post, and has therefore much pleasure in subjoining them as under:—

"A criminal is before you, and you will acquit him. And why? Because the acquitted criminal is the antithesis of the Judge. To rob the Judge of his antithesis, is to insult the equanimity of the outsider. And the outsider is of age. The Usher would hesitate to say to him, 'My view;' the LORD CHANCELLOR would not dare to say to him, 'My judgment.' For the Usher and the LORD CHANCELLOR are two Poles. They are the two Poles of conflicting opinion. Opinion is not evidence. Evidence is the prerogative of the examining counsel. The examining counsel makes evidence, and the Judge makes notes. The examining counsel conferring with the Judge is the apotheosis of irregular procedure. But it is magnificent. It is Ingenuity kissing Intelligence. And it is this spectacle that startles the Jury. To expect nothing of the Jury, would be to disfranchise experience. And why? Because they have something to give. The something they have to give us is their verdict. Do we thank them? No! But we may pity. Fatigued, dusty, given to distractions, the Jurymen smile superbly, and work miracles in the field of new law and the field of astonishment. But his situation creates his conclusion. The conclusion of the Jurymen is the triumph of discomfort over fog."

"And do they manage these things better in France? Yes! How? It is by confabulation. For the criminal to escape confabulation is for him to be deprived of the severest of chastisements."

THE MARSHAL MACMAHON.

AIR—"The Widow Malone."

DID ye hear of the Marshal MACMAHON,
MACMAHON!
The head of a mighty consarn?
Ye'll larn,

Sure he thought he would be
At the top of the tree,
But he isn't, this Marshal MACMAHON,
MACMAHON!
But he isn't, this Marshal MACMAHON!

And Misther GAMBETTA so bold,
I'm told,
Said his Opposition would hold
When poll'd,
"If my three-sixty-three
Aren't four hundred," said he,
"I own I shall be rather sold,
Yes, sold,
I own I shall feel rather sold."

And the Marshal they all thought so sly,
For why?
Found that he on but few could rely,
My eye!

And the three-sixty-three
Were three-twenty may be,
No great triumph, no small victory!
—oy!
No great triumph, no small victory.
Says France to the Marshal MACMAHON,
MACMAHON!
"From this, moderation ye'll larn,
MACMAHON!
GAMBETTA the same;
Sure I'll think ye to blame
If the lesson ye both fail to larn,
To larn,
Both GAMBETTA and Marshal MACMAHON."

RAILWAY ENTERPRISE IN CHINA.

On and after the 31st October next, the service on the Woosung Line will be conducted entirely by gunpowder trains.

But the chastisement of the accused is the vindication of the Law. The accused engaged in confabulation with the accused is Dereliction taking tea with Justice. Will you find this in England? No! In Paris? Yes! For Paris leads England by her civilisation, her *cafés*, her triumphs, her *dîners à deux francs*, her logic, her omnibuses, and her destiny. When Paris takes off her boots, England is comfortable.

ITUR AD ASTRA.

THE following advertisement recently appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*:—

THEATRES.—Three PERSONS who have never acted WANTED to support Star Actor. Salary given. Apply, by letter only, to Dramaticus, &c.

What an original notion for a Star Actor to have hit upon! Fancy Mr. IRVING supported by three "PERSONS" who had never acted before in their lives! What does "Salary given" mean? It ought, of course, to mean that a salary would be given to the eminent Star by the Three Persons in question. This, at least, would be a practical way of "supporting" the Star, for they surely can't expect a Star to support *them* off the Stage with a salary, in return for the support which they would give him on the Stage. Perhaps it has all been arranged by this time, but if not, there is still a chance for Mr. IRVING or Mr. J. L. TOOLE (now twinkling in the provinces) to pick up a few faithful supporters—if the terms suit. They have only to apply to "Dramaticus." And what a queer sort of 'cuss "Dramaticus" must be!

JUST SEW.

THE latest suggestion for what to do with Cleopatra's Needle—Leave it with Mr. Alderman Cotton.



"WHEN WE'RE IN ROME" &c.

STATISTICS AND SWILL.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON's belief that paternal legislation of the Permissive Prohibitory kind is wise, may possibly have been a little shaken by the sensible speech delivered the other day in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester, to some members of the Church of England Temperance Society, by the Duke of WESTMINSTER. In that rational address, counter-attractions to the public-house, such as reading-rooms, working men's clubs, and places of refreshment specifically unintoxicating, were pointed to as preferable, in the interests of sobriety, to tyrannous restriction.

Doctrine suitable this to a Free Trade Hall. Is Free Trade in liquor compatible with Protection from it? What good may be expected of the latter, fussy fanatics can see if they choose to, and are not blind, from some statistics cited in the House of Commons during the discussion of the Licensing Act, tending to show that in places where public-houses are the most numerous there is the least drunkenness. The more public-houses, then, the more sober, if not the merrier, the population. But is not this just what a philosopher who understands human nature, would expect? Jolly companions are notoriously mutual promoters of that excess of liquor which augments jollification, until it begins to produce the stupidity in which it ends. As to most other people, when they congregate, they dispose one another to drink the more in order to raise their spirits, which need stimulation to enable them to endure one another's society. The more numerous the public-houses, the fewer of their frequenters would be gathered together in each. The less debate there would be about politics and theology, on which subjects, and especially the latter one, your argument is very much conducive to our getting "half-seas over," and sometimes all the way. As republicans and sinners, and sinners whom publicans give occasion to sin, should not the maxim of Temperance's temperate friends, be "*Divide et impera*"? If this is not logic, does it not at least look something like it?

BEYOND THE POWER OF THE POLICE.—The Channel Rough.

GENT, NOT GERMAN.

OLD COCKALORUM, PUNCH,

ME and CHARLEY avin jest returned from our trip to the Continent, was disgusted at appenin to read the following story in a newspaper Correspondent's letter the other day from Rome:—

"A numerous party of German tourists were lionising the Capitol yesterday under the Mentorship of a venerable white-haired cicerone, when one of their number climbed on the base of the equestrian statue of MARCUS AURELIUS, and was proceeding to take a seat behind the emperor on the ample quarters of his bronze steed, when the Capitoline guard on duty requested him to dismount, observing that he had only to render himself as famous as MARCUS AURELIUS to enjoy a similar monumental seat in his own country."

As if are a German tourist, or any other muff of a forrener, could ave the self-reliance and sperrit to be up to the feet of climbin that moniment with the Latin name, and tryin to set the oss. In course you'd suppose the only feller capable of doin of it was a English gent—as was the fact. The party a lionisin the day it was done was no Germans, not they, but a livelier lot, rayther. Along with me and CHARLEY, and other pals, we was all feller-countrymen; and allow me, tho' peraps I needn't, to inform you oo distinguished hisself by the act of darin for which e got complimented by the century. It was me. 'Im you do the honer of sometimes callin the irrepressable and ubiquitus "ARRY;" and which I sign myself

Yours truly,
'ARRY LOVER.

P.S.—Unfortnity I wasn't aloud to remain on the moniment and cut out my name, as I meant if I ad ad time to, on the oss or the rider, as a Record for Porserty. But there's lots of istorical moniments, and remanes, and walls, and eddifies elsewhere.

THE TOURIST'S BAROMETER.

(Read on the Channel.)

Splendid Weather.	I never mind the sea myself. The rougher for me the better. Have a cigar?
Very Fine.	One certainly does feel that only Englishmen can be sailors. Somehow or other they take naturally to the sea—now, don't they?
Fine.	Yes. I always come by Folkestone. I never could see the use of the <i>Castalia</i> . We are not Foreigners, you know. Most of us have our sea-legs. Eh?
Moderate.	Yes. Perhaps a little brandy-and-water would be a good thing.
Sea slight.	The very roughest passage I remember. But I am an excellent sailor. Still would you mind putting out that cigar?
Rather Rough.	It's simply disgraceful. The <i>Castalia</i> ought to be established by Act of Parliament. Shall write to the <i>Times</i> . I shall go down below—to think about it!
Rough.	Oh! Here, somebody! Will it be more—than five minutes? Oh! oh! oh!
Very Rough.	(Far too dreadful for description.)

A Spelling-Book for Scotland.

THERE has been little agitation in Scotland, but there is some room, for orthographical reform. A Gentleman writes from Edinburgh, and asks, "Did the Swan of Avon wear a Cygnet ring?" What a question to be propounded by a citizen of the Scottish capital! The man who, as Dr. JOHNSON used to say, spells the synonym of a seal-manual "Cygnet," and inquires if SHAKESPEARE wore a Cygnet ring, might as sensibly likewise request to be informed whether Scott's father was a Writer to the Cygnet. It is, perhaps, desirable that the "Spelling Bee" should be resuscitated for the benefit of Auld Reekie.



CAUTION.

ALWAYS LOOK TO YOUR OWN GIRTHS, OR YOU MAY COME TO GRIEF LIKE YOUNG MILDWAY (WHO "SHOPS" FOR HIS SISTERS), WHEN HE MOUNTED IN THE HIGH STREET, JUST AS THOSE NICE GIRLS FROM THE GRANGE WERE LOOKING HIS WAY!

IRELAND'S LATEST VISITOR.

He will address himself to the task of overcoming the prejudice of the Irish peasantry against Fish as an article of food; and will demonstrate to them by copious quotations from IZAAK WALTON, OPPIAN'S *Haliœutics*, and AGASSIZ, that there is no description of sustenance more wholesome, inviting, or economical.

He will institute a thorough examination of the national vehicle, the Jaunting Car—its history, construction, cost, convenience, and employment—and will compare it, in all these respects, with the carriages used by the principal nations of antiquity.

He will study the national tuber in every possible light—in the field, the garden, the market, the saucepan, the oven, the pie, the stew, in their jackets and out of their jackets, and at the table alike of the humble cotter and the lofty Duke.

He will wear linen of the finest Irish, always envelope himself either in an "Ulster" or a "Connacht," never stir abroad without a stout shillelagh in his hand, and do his best to impart a touch of the brogue to his speech. The Ladies of his party will encourage home manufactures by wearing Irish poplins, Irish lace, Irish gloves, and ornaments of bog oak and Irish diamonds.

He will dine with the Lord Lieutenant, and try the LL. Whiskey.

He will visit the Lakes of Killarney, and (on this occasion only) blow his own trumpet—to test the famous echo.

He will pay his respects to several disestablished Bishops, Deans, and Archdeacons, and satisfy himself, by personal intercourse, as to the views and feelings of disendowed Apparitors, Parish Clerks, Beadles, and Sextons.

He will kiss the Blarney Stone, and possibly say a few words from its summit.

He will make a thorough inspection of the Round Towers, and start an entirely new theory respecting those structures.

Should he be tempted to deliver any speeches, he will be careful to introduce quotations from MOORE, LOVER, SWIFT, SHERIDAN, CURRAN, GRATTAN, and O'CONNELL.

He will exchange repartees with those reputed masters of wit and humour, the Dublin carmen.

He will buy Belleek pottery, taste potheen, win smiles from most charming girls, listen to "Saint Patrick's Day," be taken to a fair, a wake, and a bog, and be shown some encumbered estates, some Irish bulls, and some absentees.

He will satisfy himself that there are no tertiary strata, and no venomous reptiles in Ireland.

He will master the Irish harp, and sing Homeric ballads to its accompaniment.

He will use many packs of post-cards.

He will write an article, a pamphlet, perhaps a book on Ireland on his return, and

(As Mr. Punch hopes) he will greatly enjoy his visit, meet with the hearty welcome he deserves, stick to his prudent resolution not to make political speeches, and so please everybody (including the pigs).

A WORD FOR WESTMONASTERIENSIS.

(Spoken in time by DR. BUSBY.)

SURELY "*In patriam populumque*"'s the line?

Don't I think of it oft as I wander through Hades?

Though I'm told that of late you and others incline

Just to tack on "*hoc fonte derivata clades*"?

Now by this though you hint that the plague's on the spot—

A small fact that sane men won't believe in a hurry—

Were I you, I should stick to my motto, and *not*

Change the old Abbey's shade for a brick-field in Surrey!

Anecdote of 'Arry.

OUR own 'ARRY overheard a Gentleman remarking that "VICTOR Hugo's latest work, *Histoire d'un Crime*, was most interesting." Only partly mastering the meaning of the title, our 'ARRY exclaimed, "Istory of some Cream! By Jove, I should like to 'ear the 'istory of some London Milk!"

SHAKSPEARIAN STUDIES.



"The Pedigree of the Egyptian or Gipsy charmer who gave the handkerchief to *Othello's Mamma*." By MR. CRESWICK.

"A Memoir of Humphrey Hour (referred to in *Richard the Third*), and how it happened that he called the *Duchess of York* to breakfast, with a conjectural menu of the meal in question." By MRS. BATEMAN.

"Some account of CLARIBEL, Queen of Tunis, and her popular ballads, with a satisfactory Answer to *Antonio's* question, 'How should that CLARIBEL measure us back to Naples?' in the *Tempest*.' By SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

"Extraordinary Revelations of the Infernal Practices used by Mother Prat of Brentford, aunt to *Mistress Ford's* maid in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*." By MRS. JOHN WOOD.

"Incontrovertible proofs that the *Clown* in *Anthony and Cleopatra* who brought up asps on figs was an ancestor of MR. FRANK BUCKLAND." By MR. LIONEL BROOK.

"Where *Thersites* got the 'almonds of which his Parrot was so fond. A Botanical research into *Troilus and Cressida*." By MR. JEFFERSON.

A QUESTION OF COLOUR.

Angelina. What are you reading, EDWIN?

Edwin. Upon the Colour-Sense.* GLADSTONE's article

Angelina. I've not a particle
Of patience with that man!

Edwin. I dare say not,
Few people seem to have. He gets it hot
From every quarter. But his present work
Is not to slate the *Popo* or scourge the Turk.
His talk's of tints and colours; such might be
Art-gushers' "crack" at an æsthetic tea,
Or some sweet She-Symposium's eager chat
Over the last *Le Follet*.

Angelina. Fancy that!
That grim old man go in for aught that's nice?
That iron mouth, close clenched as any vice,
Talk about colours? What has he to say
About the *teintes dégradées* of the day?

Edwin. Humph! I confess, so far as I have seen,
He does not touch those most important questions.

Angelina (scornfully). Of course! Just like him! Do not his
suggestions

Always shoot wide of the main point? No doubt
He'd write a book on Beauty, and leave out
The very name of Bonnets!

* In the October Number of *The Nineteenth Century*.

A RRANGEMENTS have been made by the Editor of the new Magazine, *The Year After Next*, for the publication of the following Shakspearian studies, by some of the most eminent histrionic artists of the day:—

"An Enquiry into the Religious Principles of the Second Grave-Digger in *Hamlet*." By MR. J. CLARKE.

"On the addresses and probable terms of the Three Tailors' undone by *Touchstone's* extravagance in *As You Like It*." By MR. ARTHUR CECIL.

"Some Remarks relative to the Angelic Temper displayed by Peter, servant to *Juliet's* Nurse, when suffering from the Mumps." By MR. J. B. BUCKSTONE.

"Who was Pillicock? Did Pillicock's Hill entitle the proprietor to be enrolled among the landed gentry, in *King Lear's* time?" By MR. EDGAR.

"Some account of CLARIBEL, Queen of Tunis, and her popular ballads, with a satisfactory Answer to *Antonio's* question, 'How should that CLARIBEL measure us back to Naples?' in the *Tempest*." By SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

"Extraordinary Revelations of the Infernal Practices used by Mother Prat of Brentford, aunt to *Mistress Ford's* maid in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*." By MRS. JOHN WOOD.

"Incontrovertible proofs that the *Clown* in *Anthony and Cleopatra* who brought up asps on figs was an ancestor of MR. FRANK BUCKLAND." By MR. LIONEL BROOK.

"Where *Thersites* got the 'almonds of which his Parrot was so fond. A Botanical research into *Troilus and Cressida*." By MR. JEFFERSON.

Edwin. Well, he might; Such is male cecity to Fashion's light.

Angelina. What does he mean by Colour-Sense? The power
Edwin. Of seeing colours.

Angelina. Nature's common dower.

Edwin. By no means. HOMER and his Greeks scarce knew
Difference 'twixt red and brown, or green and blue.

Angelina. Absurd!

Edwin. Why, ANAXAGORAS, a great sage,
Opined that in the very earliest age
Man had no sense of colour.

Angelina. Gracious me!

Poor things, how awfully horrid! Well, you see
Edwin (suavely). It simplified some matters, did it not?
One dress would do for all occasions.

Angelina (staccato). What!!!
Oh, that's just like a man! I see it now—
"Tis GLADSTONE's nasty satire!

Edwin. Smooth your brow.
The joke was mine—not his. He does not jest.
But fancy, dear, a whole assembly drest
In monochrome!

Angelina. Oh, monstrous!

Edwin. Or a ball
Where room, and guests, and garments glittered all
Like *Mephistopheles*, in red and black!
For to distinguish these was the first knack
Of crescent Colour-Sense!

Angelina (decisively). I don't believe

A bit of it. I always pitied Eve
For her scant wardrobe; but this notion adds
A terror to Antiquity. Such fads
Amuse a scribbling, science-dallying fellow
Like GLADSTONE. Don't tell me, Sir!

Edwin. Red and yellow
Were next discriminated; then came blue.
Fancy the joy when eyes of your own hue
First gleamed in native azure on the gaze
Of an enraptured lover! In his daze
Of strange delight he must have looked and looked
Till all was blue.

Angelina. Though you've adroitly hooked
A compliment upon your theory's peg,
I won't accept it.

Edwin. But observe, I beg,
That HOMER of the rainbow spoke as though
'Twere uniform in colour, which must show—

Angelina (triumphantly). But wasn't HOMER blind? Aha!
what geese

GLADSTONE and you must be!

Edwin. But—

Angelina (promptly). There, pray cease.
Edwin (resignedly). Well, well, the modern Iris should be
drawn

Polychromatically; ne'er was dawn
So multihued, so subtly graduated.
Man's colour-sense has surely culminated
In Fashion reigning Motley.

Angelina. You object

To couleurs tendres?

Edwin. Nay, when I reflect
On early days, when every dainty hue
From *drap de neige* to serge of navy blue,
From fawn to *pourpre foncé*, now might mark
Save as dull interchange of light and dark;
When all the world, as WHISTLER well might say,
Was a mere symphony in black and grey,
Why then I swear I do not envy HOMER,
And think the Golden Age a strange misnomer.
Fancy a Golden Age in which no fellow

Could tell dull leaden grey from bullion yellow!

Angelina. Horrid to see no difference between

This rose's crimson and that myrtle's green!

Edwin. Or, worse, between the violet of your eyes

And cherry of your lips!

Angelina (addressing space). He always tries

To end an argument with something—silly.

Edwin. Like this? (*Labil susurration*.) Ah! from your
cheek that drives the lily.

Angelina (archly). But brings no "coal-black" rose?

Edwin. Non, Dieu merci!

Though Art in "Black and White" may take being,

Nature, and your sweet sex, in that same guise,
Would have small charm for colour-cultured eyes.

PARIS DURING THE ELECTIONS.

WHAT THEY DID NOT DO.

THEY did not insult Generals through omnibus windows, *à la Victor Hugo*, to the great alarm of their more peaceable fellow-travellers.

They did not set fire to the Elysée, and shoot the Marshal President as he attempted to escape from the flames.

They did not overturn the Kiosks on the Boulevards, and use them for the construction of barricades.

They did not seize the Grand Hôtel, and lower by force all the tariffs.

They did not surprise the scores of diners at the Splendide Hôtel *table d'hôte*, and appropriate their much-prized meal to their own uses.

They did not shoot a single English "Mee," or insult a veritable "John-bull."

They did not treat the English Church as if it were merely a sight to be gaped at, and walk about the sacred edifice, laughing and talking, during the hours of divine service.

They did not kill any Foreigner for doing the same sort of thing at Notre Dame and the Madeleine.

They did not shoot any High Church Parson in mistake for a Priest.

They did not pull down the Column in the Place Vendôme.

They did not stop the Diner de Paris and block up the Passage Jouffroy.

They did not seize *Punch* and the English newspapers on the score that they were immoral.

They did not steal the cab-horses, nor cut the telegraph wires.

In fact they did nothing suggestive of a revival of the much-dreaded Commune.

WHAT THEY DID DO.

They got up in the morning and went to Church.

They took (some of them) the early train to Chantilly.

They drove (others of them) in the Bois de Boulogne and Champs Elysées.

They walked under the trees and enjoyed the sunshine.

They recorded their votes in a perfectly regular manner.

They laughed and chatted, and were the essence of good-nature.

They (those of them being fathers of families) took their households to enjoy the usual Sunday dinners at the favourite restaurants.

They (those of them being engaged) took their respective and prospective brides to pleasant walks in the country.

They (those of them having no domestic ties) seated themselves in their customary cafés, and envied in an amiable sort of way the greater happiness of their more fortunate fellow countrymen.

They passed their day perfectly quietly, respectably, and happily.

They stayed up until two o'clock in the morning, waiting for and reading the latest editions of the evening papers.

In fact, they behaved like a rational, peace-loving people, and utterly falsified the sinister predictions of the quidnuncs of the English Press.

"WHERE IS THE PHILISTINE?"

SIR.—Among the light literature provided by Mr. WILLING for passers-by, and the scraps of pathos and bathos in the second column of the daily papers, I have been thrilled by one earnest appeal for information as to the present haunts of the Philistine. Wiseacres advise me not to trouble my head about the matter, as they feel certain that this is only a way of heralding the virtues of a new sauce, or sherry, or safe-maker. But I differ with them, and recognise in the brief sentence the lamentation of one friend for another. Therefore, being in a position to furnish full details as to the present whereabouts of this missing link between the snob and the cad, I hasten to offer them through you to his sorrowing friend, merely pausing to remark that, if I had lost sight of him, and found a region where he was not, I should have exercised the virtue of resignation, and taken no active steps for his recovery.

I saw him only this morning travelling by the Underground Railway, with his dusty boots on the opposite cushion—in close proximity to a Lady's white dress. Last night he was in the pit of one of the theatres, wearing a very tall hat, which prevented those behind him from seeing the stage, save when the drop-scene was fitfully visible as he nodded his head in time to the orchestra. Meanwhile those in front lost the best points in the piece owing to the loud tones in which he was disclosing his most private and confidential affairs to a friend. He is to be met with every day in High Holborn, staring in Ladies' faces, and whispering endearments as he passes them. On Sunday he goes to St. Paul's, and generally sits in an easy attitude—with his back to the choir, so that he may best stare out of countenance any young Lady who finds favour in his eyes. He wears a very large snake ring, but modestly veils its glories under yellow gloves—which might be cleaner. He reads the *Daily Telegraph*, and regards its leaders as magnificent specimens of English. He pores over the second-hand gossip of penny-a-liners in the omniscient weekly papers, and quotes it on the authority of "a friend of mine."

But I shall "no longer seek his errors to disclose," and in return for all this information will merely beg one scrap of satisfaction on this subject of the Philistine, "Where is he not?" Who can tell your

INQUIRER?

A SHOCKING EXPERIENCE IN THE LIFE OF A GOOD GIRL.

I PASSED adown the silent street,
All drenched with rain and driving sleet,—

I was alone.

There came from out a window-seat
A dreadful kind of plaintive bleat—
A dismal moan.



It shocked my ears—there, by the Sea,
Where all so calm, so pure should be—

To hear these groans.

I paused, and listened anxiously;
A voice then cried (it seemed to me)
In mournful tones :

"Look out, my Love—look out once more!
Perhaps the rain has ceased to pour.

I long to gaze
But once upon that wave-washed shore :
We've never been outside the door
For five long days !

"For five long weary days we've sat
And heard the ceaseless pit-a-pat
Of dropping rain.

My nose is really worn quite flat,
With pressing, day by day, on that
Confounded pane !

"We've read these books just three times o'er,
And can't get out to fetch some more.

I'm very loath
To send the girl. O! what a bore!"
Just here the voice broke down, and swore
A Horrid Oath!



Adown that rain-swept street I tore,
And, shudd'rung, left that heathen's door—

He was so wroth !

That silent street—that wave-washed shore,
I'll never, never visit more—
Adieu to both !



AN EYE TO THE MAIN CHANCE.

The Major. "YOU'RE A VERY NICE FELLOW, TOMMY! DON'T MOST PEOPLE TELL YOU SO?"
Tommy. "YES, THEY DOES. AND THEY OFTEN GIVES ME SOMETHING!"

THE FASHION FOR FRANCE.

LA BELLE FRANCE loquitur.

Ha! they twit me with being a volatile dame,
 As fickle in love as I'm changeful in fashion.
 Bah! Their taste is too *triste* and their temper too tame
 To invent a new *mode* or to feel a grand passion.
Ma foi! here's a fit that is much to my mind;
 That it suits me one surely may see at a glance.
 They offer me others—exceedingly kind,
 But this, after all, is the Fashion for France!
 Many *toilettes*, 'tis true, I have tried in my time;
 Here's one I have stuck to for several seasons.
 Such constancy some may consider a crime,
 But I don't mean to change it—for various reasons.
 The red is too gaudy, the lily too pale,
 A violet vesture I hate & outrance;
 All those robes are *rococo*, or tawdry, or stale,
 This, *à mon avis*, is the Fashion for France!
 Scarce so *chic* or *coquette* as some costumes, I own,
 Yet I think that the whole is in excellent taste.
 My Costumier swears, with a shrug and a groan,
 It's too short in the skirts, or too loose in the waist;
 That the tint is too *voyant*, the trimming too fine,
 That the cap wholly fails my best charms to enhance;
 Yet still to the cloth and the cut I incline,
 And find, on the whole, 'tis the Fashion for France!
 I am tired of much change. In this dress I'm at ease,
 And I think it becoming, and likely to wear.
 My *Marchand des Modes* may protest, if they please,
Chacun à son gout, and for theirs I don't care.
 Would the meddlesome creatures but let me alone,
 They'd my comfort consult and my fortunes advance.
 To this trim *tout ensemble* accustomed I've grown,
 And I feel quite convinced 'tis the Fashion for France!

RAILWAY TALK.

(What it will come to.)

First Passenger. Good morning, Sir. May I ask what you have in that large box?

Second Passenger. Certainly. A box of surgical instruments. I find them most useful after a collision.

First Passenger. A wise precaution. I am sorry to say that I have been disappointed of my usual travelling companion.

Second Passenger. I presume you allude to your wife.

First Passenger. No; I mean my Doctor.

Second Passenger. Ah, to be sure. By the way, have you seen this little work—*Railway Athletics*; or, *How to be Thrown Out of a First-Class Carriage in Thirty Different Ways without being Killed?*

First Passenger. An excellent idea. They are very attentive on this line.

Second Passenger. Yes, they always devote half a dozen trucks to the conveyance of hearses. So comforting to the survivors, don't you know.

First Passenger. Very nice feeling, indeed.

Second Passenger. Oh yes, the Directors are most humane. They only appoint men in the last stages of consumption to the posts of engine-drivers, stokers, and guards.

First Passenger. I see; so that a collision only anticipates matters a little, poor fellows!

Second Passenger. Precisely. May I offer you a patent buffer? You will find it very useful when our carriage is converted into a telescope.

First Passenger. Thank you very much.. You think we shall have an accident to-day?

Second Passenger. I am afraid so; there has been no serious smash since the day before yesterday. Will you kindly give me my leaping-pole?

First Passenger. Here it is.

Second Passenger. I am afraid I must say good-day to you. At this point the train always leaves the line.

[Scene closes in, in the customary manner.]



A DECIDED PREFERENCE.

FRANCE (*surveying herself in a Looking-Glass*). "AFTER ALL, THIS STILL SUITS ME BEST, AND I MEAN TO WEAR IT."

THE PLEASURES OF THE CHACE.



A YOUNG Cambridge friend of ours has just finished up the "Long" with a week's amusement at Lord SWELLINGFORD's place, Castle Golddust, where the son of the house, a College chum, had brought him to land.

His father, a country Clergyman of good family, does not depend upon his living, but he will not be able to afford much aristocratic *délassement* for his boy at this price.

MY DIARY.

October.—Awfully jolly! Stopping at Lord SWELL'S. Awfully nice people. Had everything new, from my boots to my studs, of course—must dress like the others. Went out shooting. New breechloader from town—on tick, of course. Bad

shooting, missed every bird. Tipped the Keeper a fiver. Awful swell, the Keeper, takes nothing under "paper." Had to give the boy who loaded my second gun half a sovereign. Splendid dinner—sat down five-and-twenty. Sent a bouquet to Lady Ida. Came from Covent Garden by express. Dirt cheap—only thirty shillings, including carriage. Played Pool after dinner. By Jove! how the men seem to know the table!—five shilling lives. Starred every game—never took a life. Hand unsteady. Must do as the others do, you know. Got to bed with JOHN's help—remember tipping him at the door of my bed-room. Late at breakfast. Subscription for Village Ritual—had to give a guinea; looked quite small by the other subs. Bazaar in the Vicarage. Awfully jolly girls—regular bandits! Cleaned me nearly dry. But I got a lovely pen-wiper, which Mamma will accept with delight. Too wet afterwards to go out. Sat in and played "Napoleon." Never held a card—lost all I had. Obliged to borrow a fiver (four-fifths of which went in tips to the servants and the rest) to pay my fare home. Must economise this Term, or the Governor will cut up rusty. Awfully expensive, but deuced jolly life!

RITUALISTS AND RELICS.

THE Church of England can at any rate claim one relic. It is a portion of the stake believed to have been used at the cremation of the living Bishop HOOPER in the reign of beneficent Queen MARY. But the Church of England has not claimed this relic in the sense of asking to have it. The memorial of HOOPER's martyrdom has, according to a contemporary, been purchased by the two Members for Gloucester, Mr. MONK and Mr. WAIT, associated with a few other gentlemen who helped to contribute the sum needful, and it will be preserved in the Gloucester Museum. But is that the place for it?

In letting the remainder of HOOPER's stake get into lay hands, what an opportunity has been missed by advanced Ritualists! It would be a happy advance on their present advancement if some one of their Clergy would, in addition to vestments, incense, wafers and the like in his Church, establish a reliquary. The piece of charcoal above specified would have served capitally for the first deposit in such a receptacle; for the Ritualists, whatever they may think of HOOPER, belong to the Church which considers him a martyr, and stand condemned by the other Church that declares both him and them heretics. A Ritualist Reliquary might be enriched by degrees. Persecution in these days, to be sure, will not provide Ritualists with anything like a piece of a stake to show; but sufferers by prosecution under the Public Worship Act, though not exactly martyrs, will, as constituting a sort of Confessors in a kind of way, have plenty of citations, summonses, and monitions which have been served upon them, to exhibit as attestations of the legal torture they have undergone. And amongst the relics of this kind of Confessors there might possibly be some which Father Confessors in particular could contribute; namely, the whips and sticks they have been cruelly chastised with by gentlemen who caught them in drawing-rooms at private theatricals, playing "*The Priest in Absolution*."

DISAPPEIRPOINTMENT.

WHY has the American Minister left so suddenly? This question is answered by one of his compatriots, as follows:—

MR. EDITOR, SIR,

I RECKON you, as a man of sense, don't want to be informed why the Representative of our irrepressible Star-spangled Rag has left your heaven-forgotten country to fits and consumption. No, Sir! I've a notion you've been in our splendid country, and you have interviewed for your own personal satisfaction the grand men and pretty women of our U-nited States. Your paper is some cunning, I guess, and we can laugh over our cousins in your columns, and find sport in the Britisher along with you, Sir. But, Sir, it ain't for one moment doubtful why our Honourable Rep has extinguished the light of his glorious countenance in your little island.

No man who has brains in his head, and sane mother-wit in his constitution, could sit down long in this village of yours, and absorb many Sundays with a serene mind or an unruffled physiognomy.

Buck-wheat cakes or green corn are luxuries you know nothing about, so's fish-balls; and it is not to be expected, in an old worn-out country like yours, that innovations are to be attempted in the culinary art. Hot new baked bread is a misdemeanour, and hot rolls a mortal sin, on a Sunday, and may only "shine by their absence," and no well-regulated American digestion can be satisfied with dry bread and toast on any morning, be it Sunday or no. No, Sir! I, for one, would prefer hot bread and the back woods to all your Morris decorations, when mixed up with the malignant melancholy of a London Sabbath.

Where are your letters? Not to be delivered? Where are your papers? Only in the Clubs? What, in fact, is left for a stranger in your town on a Sunday but misery and suicide?

Our Rep, Sir, cares for his personal comfort, and has no notion of cutting his political career short by a lightning swoop over Waterloo Bridge parapet. So he skedaddles. Why, suttainly; and so will your well-wisher, Mr. Editor,

JABEZ K. DIGGS, Consulate.

SERVICE REWARDED.

A VERY large pension, but one of an amount, ample as it was, not perhaps disproportionate to the services it required, has just lapsed to lighten the expenditure of a grateful nation, by the death of a Balacava hero. Newspapers announce that Private JAMES MALANTY, late of the 13th Hussars, recently died at Leeds. Mr. MALANTY, according to a reporter, "was one of the light cavalry brigade who 'rode into the valley of death' on the morning of the 25th of October, 1854." He was also one of the three who volunteered, along with Riding-Master JOSEPH MALONE, to capture an escort of the enemy's cavalry and the baggage they were conveying to Sebastopol. For this act of daring Mr. MALONE was presented with the Victoria Cross; and no doubt Mr. MALANTY's participation in the exploit was considered in the allotment of the liberal retiring allowance which he lived to enjoy, but of course also to cost his country, four years. On the 20th of January, 1873, after twenty-seven years of service, Mr. MALANTY got *rude donatus*. He was discharged from his regiment with a pension of no less than 1s. 3d. a day. Regarded as a return for value received, the magnitude of this sum, however considerable, will hardly be deemed excessive. It is necessary that inducements should be held out to enlistment in an army entirely formed of and recruited by volunteers. One of the most effectual of those attractions is perhaps the prospect of an adequate provision for old age. And the veteran past work, but having as much as 1s. 3d. a day to live upon, can live in comfort, if not in luxury, and thoroughly enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*, if only his pension is considerably supplemented by his parish with a sufficiency of out-door relief.

TREACLE AND BEER.

AT Lambeth Police Court one day last week, a beershop keeper, named DEAN, was summoned by the Inland Revenue Board for having in his possession, on his licensed premises, a quantity, namely about two quarts, of treacle as a substitute for malt, by which he had rendered himself liable to a penalty of £200. His Solicitor having urged in his defense that he had no intention of using the treacle for the purpose of adulteration, the defendant was fined in the mitigated penalty of £50, the lowest that could be imposed by the Magistrate, who, however, recommended the case for further reduction. Beershop-keepers beware! Mind how you keep contraband of liquor to be drunk on the premises. What shall be said of any one who, rightfully or wrongfully, has had to pay at least £50 for having been in the possession of half-a-gallon of treacle? "He dearly rued molasses, O!"

THAT LASS 'O TOWERY 'S.

By the Authors of *Several other Things, &c., &c.*

CHAPTER III.—“Meet me in the Lane.”

THE Reverend THOMAS TITT and NEGUS BARCROW seated themselves in the patent bucket. EMMA BEERIE stood above, with her large eyes full upon them, winding them up to the mouth of the coal-pit, and grasping the handle of the windlass.

“This eer windlass siz ther ony lass i the playz arz thars na nonsenz about, thiz iz,” she said, pausing for a second in her work, “boot itz ar lass az fetchus um onnyow.”

Then she went at it with a will, turning it so violently that the bucket nearly flew up in the air at the mouth of the pit, and would have sent its occupants flying, but for the Old Engineer, who seized her wrist, and held on to the chain.

“Woah! EMMA!” cried the Old Engineer.

“Owd Ingineer,” she returned, “Y’ let me arlown, an’ oillet yo arlown.”

“But, my dear gal,” expostulated the little Curate, quite out of breath, with his rapid ascent.

“Littul Parson!” she exclaimed. “Fur ar littulpopo o’ ar mon loike thee, yo’s thur beeegust foo’oi nose onnywares. Zo get out, littul Parson, or oil woipe thee onf th’ faze o’ th’ urth wi’ thiz eer kole-skewp. Yo let me arlown, an’ oil let yo arlown.”

“Good night,” said the little Curate, nervously, and disappeared.

“Mayn’t I have the pleasure of seeing you home?” asked the Young Engineer, uncovering to EMMA with as grave a courtesy, as though she had been the finest lady in the land.

“Nay,” she replied, as a faint quick colour mantled on her cheek, and she gave him a not ungracious dig in the ribs with her handsome forefinger. This action on her part caused him to repeat his bow rather sooner than he had intended. Still his movement was not without a certain quiet dignity.

“Oil zee thee farther fust, an’ then ar wunna,” blushingly. “Zo theer! young Ingineer.”

“No offence,” said the Young Engineer, as, bending to the ground, he laid his hand on his heart, and sighed heavily.

“Wortz th’ marter wi’ yo, yo foo’?” asked EMMA, with all a woman’s gentle instinct.

“Nothing,” he answered, turning away politely, and then remembering that she had been brought up at the mines, and would understand a professional answer, he explained, “I was only taking a *lode* off what I call my *mined*.”

Then he strode away.

She watched him long after he was out of sight. Then she wrapped her shawl about her, and pondering over the Young Engineer’s joke, walked wearily away.

As she turned the corner of the road, a dark, cruel, lurching figure slunk out before her from beneath the shadow of the hedge, and confronted her with a threatening gesture from the heavy knobstick he swung to and fro in his grimy hand.

“Oil du for yo now!” cried the man, raising his deadly weapon. EMMA held up her hands instinctively. “Wot!” she cried, horrorstruck. “Wot!! Iz ‘t yo! Owd Feether!!” *

CHAPTER IV.—*The Mill in the North Country.*

SHE knelt before him in the moonlight.

DAN BEERIE’s formidable knob-stick was just about to descend on the handsome, upturned face of his daughter—such matters were of everyday occurrence in Swiggin—when the weapon was whirled through the air, and a strong hand was laid on the brute’s shoulder.

Shrieking a curse, DAN BEERIE turned on the man who had dared to interfere with his evening’s amusement.

It was NEGUS BARCROW, the Young Engineer.

“Yo domm’d dummer-tailed bolthead,” roared DAN BEERIE, fiercely. “Yo young poopy-cum snig-snagged bolter! oil jewdy thee putty tappet naws; an giv yo siecan shuy i’ th’ oi, as yo’ll reccomember fur ivvir, domm’d av oi doon’t, th’ oi gows t’ gallus fur’t!”

And he sprang on him with a ferocity that would have sent into the second week of the middle of the year after next (counting from the date of his receiving the blow) any man less physically powerful than NEGUS BARCROW.

EMMY raised a loud cry.

“A fyt! a fyt! T’ owd feether’s fytin an’ millin Yung Ing’neer! Coom an, av yo be coomin! tiz ar reel beet o’ jam, tiz!”

And she clapped her hands together, crying, “Gow’t, Yung Ing’neer. Gow’t t’ owd feether!” and, as one or the other got the worst or best of it, her interest in the struggle never flagged, but with all a woman’s tenderness she would compassionate the sufferer, and exclaim,

“Yo’s gat ar narsty un an t’ smeller, Yung Ing’neer! Ar’s poot yer peepers into moornin’, t’ owd feether!”

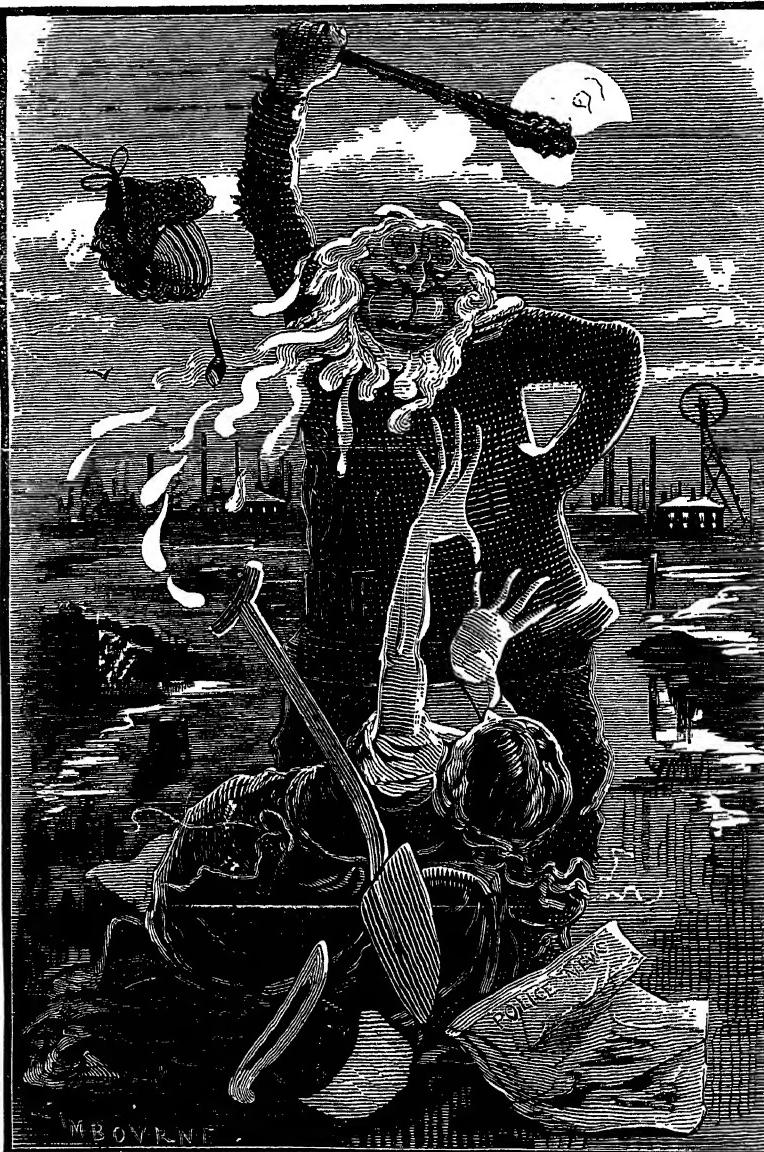
In less than five minutes all Swiggin was aroused, and out to see the fight. They were fond of sport, and laid their bets freely. The two men were evenly matched in everything but science, and there NEGUS BARCROW had, as the miners afterwards expressed it, “seex t’ fower

t’best o’t.” But at the time they did not know what was the exact state of the odds.

* Our Special Commissioner with a dictionary has not yet returned from the North, nor has he sent us either a line or a telegram. He was sent there to inquire into the dialect and the character of the people as represented in this story. Perhaps Miss Rose LACLERQ, who is now performing most admirably in *Liz*, would kindly look in one morning and give us her opinion on the subject. Need we say we should be only too delighted to profit by her experience.—ED.

Extract from Letter of the three Co-Authors of the New Provincial Novel Company Limited, to the Editor.—“We say! isn’t it going on capitally? Here’s your fine fresh dialect, eh? Post the lin, sagacious Redacteur, et croyez en nous à jamais, as we say in Old Gaul. Never was such local colouring, eh? Worth all the money! And then the Curate! that fetches the Sunday readers. No harm where there’s a Curate.

“Yours ever,
Co-AUTHORS.”



M. BOYKIN.



"WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY."

Liberal Scotch Farmer (giving his Workpeople a Dram). "AWM SORRY, MRS. McDougal, YE CANNA TAK A GLESS ON ACCOUNT OF YOUR TEMPERANCE PRINCIPLES!"

Mrs. McDougal. "Hoot, MAN! YE JIST POOR'T ON MA BAP, AN' I 'LL EAT IT!"*

* "Bap," a roll.

The Rev. Mr. HOAKER BARCELL, the Vicar of Swiggin, looked out of his bed-room window. Being in his simply embroidered robe de nuit, it occurred to him that this would look like a surplice, and so, as it were, officially arrayed, he might vastly improve the occasion. "My Christian brethren," he began, extending his hands towards the crowd outside his garden hedge, "let dogs delight to bark and bite—"

But at this moment a lump of slushy mud and coal-dust, thrown with well-directed aim by EM BEERIE, caught him full in the most open part of his open countenance. He retired to bed with a somewhat anxious expression, and his wife shut the window.

"You don't understand these people," said his niece ANICE SORTIGAL, through the partition wall that divided their sleeping apartments.

He did not. His little Curate did, and remained in his little house, in his little bed, in which his little housekeeper had tightly tucked him up.

Meanwhile the fight was furious. NEGUS inwardly regretted that he had ever been mixed up with such unlicensed spirits. BEERIE stood his ground stoutly. In spite of all his science, NEGUS felt that a mull could be made, even with the materials he had at command. BEERIE, accustomed to deal with huge quartz in the mine, saw, in aiming a blow, where his pints were to tell. He was as used to coming to blows as he was to going to tap. He had within him Courage Entire. But this was not enough. NEGUS was strong, and at first was very hot; but becoming cooler and cooler under repeated blows, he stirred himself for one supreme effort. The result was a tremendous crash, and BEERIE's head went off at a single blow, and he lay grovelling in the dust.

It was not the first time by many that DAN BEERIE had lost his head. The rough colliers put it on again for him, but not as it had been before.

"T'owd feether's 'ead's toorn'd," said EMMY, as she led him home walking backwards all the way. Before she went, she addressed herself to NEGUS BARCROW in these words:—

"Av yo wunt onnythin' dun fur yo ar 't' onny toim, yo cum to EM BEERIE, moind tha', an' yo'll zee wot yo'll git fur leekin t'owd feether."

"You do not blame me?" he asked her in a low voice.

"Appen oi dunna blaym nun fur leekin t'owd feether, yo leest ov arl," she replied, dropping her lovely eyes far more often than she dropped her lovely "h's," and speaking with an unaccountable tenderness in her voice.

He bent over her hand, and kissed it.

"Yo munna doo thart," she said, simply, as, with her disengaged hand, she gave him a reminder which rang in his ear long after the sound of her voice had died away from it.

So they parted.

"Yung Ing'neer's coortin th' lass," and "Tha' there NEGUS iz sweet an EM BEERIE," were the comments of the sharp-tongued Swiggin folk as they retired to rest.

Were they right? or was it ANICE SORTIGAL of whom NEGUS was thinking, as he staggered away down the dark lane?

(To be continued.)

"Othello's Occupation's Gone."

THE Vestrymen had said "Delenda est Cremorna," and now, o'er Mrs. SIMPSON's property is written "Troja fut." Mr. BAUM, the late Manager of these disestablished Gardens, sits, like MARIUS (not of the Strand Theatre, but the ancient Roman, his ancestor) among the ruins, wearing a suit of sables, explaining to

"Any one who asks him

"The reason why he wears it,"

that he has adopted the costume of a Cre-mourner. O Chelsea! O mores!

A TEETOTAL SONG.—"Drink to me only with thine ice."

QUESTIONS FOR TRAVELLERS.

(Coming Home.)

IN ITALY.



If you cannot get a very good idea of Venice by putting your head in a wasp's nest and floating down the Regent's Canal? The stings of the first will faintly suggest the bites of the mosquitos, and the atmosphere of the latter will feebly recall the glories of the Rialto.

If you visit the Italian Picture Galleries, is it not as well to choose a Guide who objects to garlio?

On the whole, does a Guide tell you more than your guide-book?

Does the fact that the Guides of Milan wear chimney-pot hats and gloves when on duty compensate for the drawback that they are all so imperfectly acquainted with the English language that you cannot possibly understand them?

Is the Lago Maggiore so *very* much finer than the Serpentine? Do not both look very much alike by moonlight—especially the Serpentine?

Is it worth while to be jostled and jumped about in a carriage over the Simplon for the sake of seeing a few tints and inspecting Brigue from various altitudes?

When you have seen the Inns at Duomo Dossola, and have exclaimed "How Italian!" do you notice anything else in Italy particularly characteristic of the country?

Is it any wonder that you never find organ-grinders in the land of their birth?

Is it not a proof of national amiability that Italian shop-keepers, when detected in gross fraud, receive your imperfectly expressed abuse with bland smiles?

After seeing Rome and its obelisks, can you care *very* much about the site of Cleopatra's Needle?

Minus the Art Galleries, the scenery, the Palaces, the Cathedrals, and the shops, would Italy be worth seeing?

This granted, can't you see the Art Galleries and the other &c., in any photographer's shop without leaving your native Strand?

EN ROUTE FOR LONDON.

When you are not able to stay in Paris, does not the French capital look more inviting than ever?

Do you not hate the man in evening dress who is smoking his cigar and looking at the theatre-bills, in the courtyard of the Grand Hotel, as you enter your *remise* bound for the station?

Is a bundle of umbrellas and sticks *much* improved by a couple of alpenstocks?

Are the three hand-bags belonging to your wife as convenient to her as they are certainly inconvenient to you?

Having left Paris bathed in sunshine, is it pleasant to find Boulogne drenched in rain?

Is it particularly delightful to be detained at a French watering-place out of the season for three days, when you might have stayed on in Paris had you only known the state of the weather?

Does not your bitterness reach its climax when the man in the only English newspaper shop you can find in Boulogne tells you that you may not purchase a *Times* in advance, but must take your chance with the other customers?

When you at last venture on board the boat, are you pleased to find that sunshine and a white crested sea do not mean a calm passage?

And, finally, when you are utterly bored with foreign parts and the discomforts of travel, do you not come to the conclusion that, after all, there is no place like home?

The Potato Norfolk-Howard.

At the entrance to the South Kensington Museum there have been placed four drawings of the Colorado Beetle in its different stages, magnified. As are this vagabond's dimensions, thus depicted, so, by some accounts, is the alarm which he has excited. But, be that as it may, let nobody who captures him give him any more quarter than Bashi-Bazouks and Cossacks give one another.

A BARD FOR BUCKMASTER.

POETICAL MR. PUNCH,

As the late MR. WRIGHT, performing *Muster Grinnidge* in *Green Bushes*, said—"Things isn't as they used to was." Among those things may be specially mentioned potatoes. They are not the things they were in the pre-potato-blight period. Where are the red-nosed kidneys of our youth? Echo answers, "youth!" Nevertheless, the first time for ages, I have just eaten some really very good potatoes, and feel impelled by gratitude to record the fact. Others of the same sample had proved indifferent. But those others had been "steamed." The rest were cooked after the manner prescribed in a lecture delivered by MR. BUCKMASTER. For the benefit of the many, I have ventured to versify that truly great Teacher's recipe for

PLAIN BOILED POTATOES.

"How d'ye like your 'aters done?"

Howe'er done, of course done well.
Learn then, how to do, my son,
Pommes de terre au naturel.

Choose your tubers, with good heed,
Of a size and of a sort;
Different sizes difference need,
In the boiling, long or short.

Scrub them clean, but peel them not;
Let not knife go nigh their skin;
Pack them, ready for the pot,
Tight as possible therein.

In a quart of water throw
A teaspoonful of salt, and pour
On your tubers, till they show,
Just each eye the water o'er.

Bring them to a boil; so brought,
For a simmer set them by.
When you think them soft, your thought
With a probing skewer try.

If you find them tender, boil
A moment, and then strain the lot;
Cover with a cloth awhile,
Then to table send them hot.

The foregoing poem, if not exactly worth a laurel crown, may perhaps be allowed to deserve a wreath of garden-stuff intertwined with cabbage-leaves, carrots, and specimens of Irish wall-fruit. In relation to the latter, permit me to subscribe myself

Your most obedient and humble Servant to command,
PHILo-MURPHY.

A TALE OF TITLES.

(A Dream of the Atheneum Advertisement Columns.)

By the Elbe,
One Golden Summer,
It Might Have Been
Two Years Ago,
Cripps the Carrier,
A Woman-Hater,
Wooed and Won
Madcap Violet,
His Second Wife,
Against Her Will.
Did She Love Him?
As Long as She Lived,

Held in Bondage,
She Trod the Thorny Path,
South by East,—
A Year in South Africa,—
Five Years in Bulgaria;—
Through France and Bel-
gium,—
With Harp and Crown,
Storm-Driven,
Crying for Revenge.
What He Cost Her!
What She Came Through!

Books—"in Buckram Suits."

SHAKSPEARE.

At the Conference of Librarians a paper was read "On Buckram as a Binding Material." We will make the able writer a present of an appropriate name for the style of binding which he advocates—let it be called the "Falstaff" binding.

WILLS'S NEW HISTORY.

Drury Lane Notes.—*England in the Daze*, &c., has yielded to Amy Robart. Mr. CHATTERTON having already said something to the effect that SHAKSPEARE spells Ruin, and BYRON Bankruptey, now adds that WILLS spells *Won'ts*.

GOOD NEWS OF NEDDY.



ME. PUNCH YER HONNER, THE Times is gone by, Ser, wen a Coav cood Injoy the intelectial Entertainement in a lundun Subsub of beoldine Moak bein balenced on the topp of a Lader restin on is Oner's chin. No longer is eerd the wunce fermillier voice of Jo MUGGINS a cryin "Tuppence moar and hup gose the Donky!" Then there wasn't no Cruelty to Hanmiles in them days. Ar, we shan't never see sitch Times again!

Howsomever Mr. Punch i ham appy to Tel yer donkeys is riz, tho differn't from wot they used to be on Jo MUGGINS on his Laddar. No doubt but wot you can phancy the Felins of my buzzum wen at our littery and scientifick Instootion Mount Plezzant paradise Roe i redd the Passidge Roe i redd the Passidge Roe i redd the Passidge Now copy from the times—

"HIGH-PRICED DONKEYS.—The price of male donkeys in Poitou ranges from £200 to £400. The one belonging to Mr. SUNDERLAND, Coombe, Croydon, first prize at the Dairy Show, cost £300."

When I redd this ear my Art as it wear lep up and which you'll Reddily cunsieve wen i Menshun i'm the Appy propreriator of a donky i'll bak at enny donky-sho agin are another i Nose. In the wurdz of a wunce popular Song witch U ser in coarse are famillier i Mite almost say as

"i keeps a reglar tare and flare up
Moak wot cost eleven bob."

onely Mine cost a litel moar than that rayther modderat Summ but nott so verry mutch neither. And now to find myself Blest with sitch a treasur as a Hass wot praps may be wuth from £300 to £400. my ownly dout is wot to do with im, e bein a jackhass i shood tell yer Ser, and wether ide Beter try and sel im or putheus a help meet for im and go in for donky-bredin, in coarse that depends on ow mutch tood cost Me to by Eddard a Anggleener. Meanwiles i ve the Sattisfaction to no i've got a Ass of the Clarse A wun.

Ser, there's a nobel Lord, witch e goes About doin good and is Delite is to permeat the appiness of is feller oreters. Ser, i ope and trust that are Nobelman is at this momint injoyin the same appy feelins as i Do consarnin is Donky. U, ser, recolex ow me and othere of our umbel but Useful Callin not long agoe presented a testimonial in the Shape of a Moddle Donky to the Herl of SHARTSBERRY. It wosn't the Valley of the gift at the time but so mutch as that's Increasesed, it's bound to make is Lordshipp walley that wallyable hanimle All the Moar. Ser i ope lord SHARTSBERRY's donky is stil alive and kickin i was goin to Say, but Won't for Hobvious Raisons.

Ser, a Ass that'll fetch £300 or moar ain't one of them Asses yer Nose so menny of yer'd like to By at yure Prize and Sel at their home. Donkeys wots costs all that munny may old up their Eds along with wot's inwidius called that Noble hanimle the Oss, and no more hojus caparisons. In coarse donkys will soon be road in Rotting Ro, donky races won't be no more the wulgar things they used to be thort, and in a yere or so there'll be donky derbys and numarkets and goodoods. Mr. Punch, ser, i'm sure that most of your uther Correspondents must feel theirselves particklär flaterd to find Donkys a lookin up so, besides your obegiant umbel survant,

WILHAM CORSTEER.

P.S. Ser, did yer never see a Donkey with a nosebag on? We shal soon.

French Polish.

ELECTION, we all know, is a synonym for "choice;" but the French language at election-time is anything but choice, as witness the foul words which have been lately flung about by the Press of Paris. What a nosegay of the strongest, if not sweetest flowers of speech might be gathered in the columns of *Le Pepe!* Among the politest nation in the world, what a pattern of politeness is M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC! Certainly, whether meant to stir the people to revolt or not, it cannot be denied that his language is revolting.

LIBERTY AND HER LOVERS.

FRENCHMAN (ardently). I love thee!

Liberty (sadly). Neither wisely nor too well,

I fear.

Frenchman. Doubt from thy lips is doubly barbed!
Have I not proved my passion?

Liberty. It may be;

But never yet thy faith. With thee I feel
As Marguerite o'er her blossom: leaf by leaf
I pluck: "He loves me—nay, he loves me not."
But perfect love is perfect trust, and thou
Wouldst clasp, but canst not confidently cling,
Wouldst woo my smile, but darest not bravely share
Its benediction with the brotherhood
Of all who gaze upon the common sun.
Freedom is no man's mistress, but a Queen
Whom all true knightly hearts may purely serve
In self-forgetting love and loyalty.

Frenchman. But, Queen, they would betray thee; they malign,
And have misjudged thee!

Liberty. 'Tis the general cry
Of every clamorous claimant for the right
To my most private and exclusive favours.

Frenchman. To slay the false Duessa is true service
To the right Sovereign.

Liberty. If each man's view,
Partial and purblind, of my changeless person,
Be a Duessa to all gazers else;
If each hot champion of his own desire
Projected in my image fiercely tilt
Against all rival semblances, 'twill be
A spectral tourney, where the lists' true Queen
Sits lone as ARTHUR at his Table Round,
When all his fellowship of Knights had gone
To follow wandering fires.

Frenchman (hotly). The traitors!

Liberty (calmly). Ay!
But blindly so. And thou?

Frenchman. I'd not betray thee
To buy NAPOLEON's glory.

Liberty. Then have faith;
And fear not for thy neighbour or thy foe
The dower thou desirest; for my gifts
Are general largesse, not a straitened shower
For any private Goshen. Where they fall
They purify as surely as enrich.
I am my own best safeguard; churlish stint,
Or fearful and suspicious portioning,
Foils the fruition full of Freedom's seed,
Whose husbandry is no man's private charge,
But the prerogative of Faith and Time.

TRIAL BY JURY; OR, HOW IT'S DONE!

THE Jury then retired to consider their verdict.

* * * * *
Foreman. Well, Gentlemen, what shall it be? For the Defendant or the Plaintiff? I say for the Plaintiff—damages £1000.

Number Two. Nonsense! you mean the Defendant. He was in the right, and nothing shall make me give in if I stay here all night.

Number Three. Don't say that. Because I have a dinner-party at seven!

Number Four. And I promised my wife to be back by six.

Number Five. I say ditto to Mr. Foreman. Only make it a farthing damages. Nothing shall move me from that!

Number Six. Which was the Plaintiff?

Number Seven. Why, the one who refused to pay the bill, don't you know.

Number Eight. Lor' bless me, I thought he was the Defendant!

Number Nine. Come, Gentlemen, it's getting late. Make up your minds. I don't care which you give it for; in fact I thought both sides in the wrong.

Number Ten. Did you? I thought both sides in the right.

Number Eleven. It's no use talking. I tell you I mean to stick to the Defendant.

Number Twelve. And I to the Plaintiff. Damages £1000. Not a penny less, mind you, not a penny less!

Foreman. I see, Gentlemen, we must decide it in the usual way. I will toss the shilling, if you will be good enough to cry Heads or Tails.

* * * * *
The Jury returned after a few minutes' absence. Verdict for the Plaintiff—damages forty shillings.



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE-WOMAN. (A SIGHT OF SITES!)



"FAMILIARITY BREEDS CONTEMPT."

Keeper (who wants to drive the Pheasants to the Squire's corner). "Hooo-o-o-sh! HERE, BILL, COME HERE! THEY 'ON'T GET UP FOR ME! THEY KNOW ME TOO WELL!"

REASONS FOR GOING TO BRIGHTON.

(*By the Cynic who stays in London.*)

BECAUSE "everybody" is there, and it is consequently so pleasant to see St. John's Wood, Bayswater, and even Belgravia, so well represented on the Esplanade.

Because the shops in the King's Road are *nearly* as good as those to be found in Regent Street.

Because the sea does not *always* look like the Thames at Greenwich in a fog.

Because some of the perambulating Bands play very *nearly* in tune.

Because the Drive from the Aquarium to the New Pier is quite a mile in length, and only grows monotonous after the tenth turn.

Because watching fish confined in tanks is such rollicking fun.

Because the Hebrews are so numerously represented on the Green.

Because the Clubs are so inexpensive and select.

Because the management of the Grand is so very admirable.

Because it is so pleasant to follow the Harriers on a hired hack in company with other hired hacks.

Because the half-deserted Skating Rinks are so very amusing.

Because it is so nice to hear second-rate scandal about third-rate people.

Because the place is not always being visited by the scarlet fever.

Because it is so cheerful to see the poor invalids taking their morning airing in their bath-chairs.

Because the streets are paraded by so many smart young gentlemen from the City.

Because the Brighton belles look so ladylike in their quiet Ulsters and unpretending hats.

Because the suburbs are so very cheerful in the winter, particularly when it snows or rains.

Because on every holiday the Railway Company brings down such a very nice assortment of excursionists to fill the streets.

Because Brighton in November is so very like Margate in July.

Because, if you did not visit Brighton, you might so very easily go farther and fare worse.

PICKINGS FROM PAPERS.

CONJECTURE may possibly supply omissions which render the following extract from the *Market Harborough Advertiser's* report of a "School Treat" at Great Bowden slightly obscure:—

"Preceded by their respective banners, the girls and boys marched in procession through the village, kindly lent, as usual, by JOHN CHATER, Esq., containing upwards of fifty infants."

The infants were contained not, of course, in a village lent by Mr. CHATER, but probably in a van, which followed the procession of boys and girls.

The *Sporting and Dramatic News* must have puzzled most of its readers, by stating GALE the pedestrian to have "erroneously been described as of Cardiff by the uninformed," he, GALE, "having been born in Clerkenwell, and at present a native of Penarth." Perhaps Mr. GALE is at present a citizen of Penarth, which circumstance would not be incompatible with the fact that he is, at the same time, a native of Clerkenwell.

Strikers and Maulers.

THERE have been reports of want of skill on the part of the foreign stonemasons engaged by Mr. BULL for the New Law Courts. These reports are contradicted; and it is now declared that the Germans, in particular, are excellent hands at "mauling." Let us hope they may not be compelled to put their skill in this respect to the test by any active attacks on the part of their British brethren on strike.

Bedding Out.

MR. PUNCH offers a humble suggestion to the authorities who are about to beautify the Bayswater side of Hyde Park. If beds of flowers are to be made up, will the bed-makers be good enough to allow them to look somewhat like old-fashioned parterres, whereas those on the Park Lane side resemble nothing so much as lobster salads and open tarts.

"Hear, Nature, hear our prayer! Dear goddess, hear!"

A VERY PARTICULAR MAMMA.



HERE is an opening, from a recent number of the *Guardian*, for a lady really fond of children, and with a temper above proof.

TO LADIES fond of Children, and desiring a Home. A Lady has attended to her first child (eighteen months) entirely herself; perambulating him, doing everything (without exception) for him herself. She is unwilling to risk his health, temper, pronunciation, by entrusting him, even for a minute, to servants. He is consequently healthy and fine tempered. She is anxious to do the same for her second infant. She seeks the assistance of a Lady, in the conscientious and patient discharge of these two duties. She is visiting the most beautiful and healthful places in the United Kingdom choosing where to settle. Indispensables—good health (out of doors whenever weather permits) patience, cheerful disposition, real Christianity, the training and education of a lady, the purest (University) pronunciation, the refined pronunciation of the best society. Total abstainer preferred.—Address, stating age, antecedents, educational acquirements, remuneration, &c.

Only fancy, Mamma and her Lady-help at loggerheads over this most precious of babbies!

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

A Peep into Paris—Something of Importance—Back to England—Theatres—Off again.

SIR,

THE situation in France is *vin blanc*—i.e. *Grave*.
Me voici! Here I am on the spot, and red's your player in hand, as I said to the Marshal t'other night at billiards. Don't be afraid. I am as calm as Victor Hugo on the night of "The Crime."

There is nothing like being Victor Hugo-ish. It always tells. The other morning the sweeps came early to my house in the Rue de Double Gras aux petits pois. A tremendous row. Servants terrified. At one bound I leapt from the bed, and put on *ma robe de chambre*.

My wife, who has not yet mistress'd the French language, exclaimed,

"Où goez-vous?"

"*Hu go est—moi!*" I returned, with one of my readiest and choicest *jeux de mots*, all fresh, home made, and warranted to keep dry in any climate.

Then she pulled herself together.

"Que vas tu faire, mon ami?" she cried.

"Mon devoir."

Elle m'embrassa, et ne me dit que ce seul mot:

"Fais!"

Then she added, *sotto voce*, "Et ne me boiterez pas." After which she sidled off into a sweet slumber.

Then I descended to the front door. The concierge was shivering in his bed, crying, alternately, "Vive le Maréchal!" "Vive la République!" and "Vive la Compagnie!"

I opened the porte (it requires no corkscrew to open the porte in France), and admitted the Sweeps. *Ils me sauèrent*.

I do not assign any deep political signification to this incident. But it merely shows that, at all events, I am ready.

With two Countesses and a Duchess I went to see *Bébé* the other night. We all recognised the outrageous improbability of the ingenuous farce, and were immensely amused.

A propos of such a piece as *Bébé*, I was struck by the absence of ingenuity on the part of the English playwrite (*Vide* my new Dictionary:—"Wheelwright, wrighter of wheels. Playwrite, writer of plays") in his adaptation to the English stage of *Les Dominos Roses*. In Paris, there is just that *soupçon* of possibility about it claimed by *Puff* for his plot which dealt with "things so strange that, though they never did, they might happen." (Anent all this, study *Puff* in Act I.) But in London, with its vulgar Cremorne (what would the Adapter do now that this elegant resort of the 'Arry-stocracy is abolished?) and its totally different life, there is not the slightest *soupçon* of possibility, and certainly not of probability, about the whole affair. And this is just why the *Pink Dominos*, being utterly extravagant, can have no more moral or immoral tendency than have the knavery, the cruelties, and

the gross indecencies (if seriously considered) of the *Clown* and *Pantaloons* at Christmas time. *Clown* robs shopkeepers, knocks off tall people's heads, makes violent love to all the ladies in the street, going so far as in some instances to rob them of much of their attire, and then he defies and contemns the Law, by causing the policeman to come down heavily on the butter-slide. *O tempora, O mores!* O Cakes and Ale! The Licensor was no more to blame for passing the *Pink Dominos* than he is for permitting half-a-hundred Pantomimes. And what is the meaning of the office of Licensor, if there is to be no Licence?

At the request of the Marshal I went to see *La Cigale*, and was able to report most favourably of Mdlle. CHAUMONT's acting, for whom the piece was written. We are to have *The Grasshopper* at the Gaiety, with Miss NELLIE FARREN in what is professionally termed "the title rôle." *A propos* of the Gaiety, I left my house in the Rue de Double Gras aux petits pois on purpose to come and see Miss NELLIE FARREN as *Faust*, and Mr. TERRY as *Mephistopheles*, in their marvellously funny imitation of the great Zazel feat. It is capital; but I think that there might be more dialogue between Miss FARREN in the cannon and the Mr. FARRENI out of it. Perhaps, however, this might have overloaded the great gun trick. The choice of the subject was excellent, were it only for the sake of Miss KATE VAUGHAN in *Marguerite*. Mr. ROYCE is very funny in *Valentine*, and HERL LUTZ's arrangement of the music is thoroughly well done. There is a grotesque but graceful quartette dance of the principal characters, and a duett dance, where Miss AMALIA as *Martha* (why wasn't it the "*Martha*"—i.e., ARTHUR SKETCHLEY's *Mrs. Brown*?) executes some very pretty steps. The biggest fun of the piece is in the imitation of the Zazel feat, and the serenade under the window, the former being quite enough of itself to make a burlesque. Good notion getting Mr. SOUTAR to play the *Old Faust* at the commencement. And, by the way, the first scene is, properly speaking, the only really burlesque one in the extravaganza, which is rather a comic version of a story in which *Faust*, *Marguerite*, and *Mephisto* are leading characters, than a burlesque of either poem or play (such, for example, as was Mr. BYRON's *Lady of Lyons*, the best of all burlesques); and this is what is intended, I suppose, by its being described in the bills as "The Gaiety not the Goethe Version." The Last Scene, "The Market-place at Seidlitzberg," is one of the prettiest that has been seen at the Gaiety.

I shall have to run round and see Mr. HONEY, as *Engaged* by Mr. GILBERT at the Haymarket, and *La Marjolaine* at the Royalty. Amy Robsart has re-appeared at Drury Lane, and Mr. WILLS is going to have a piece produced at the Duke's Theatre. It is called *Camomile*, or *Camille*, I forget which; but we shall soon know. Ere this appears, the International Theatre, under ALEXANDER (the Great) HENDERSON, will have opened with a piece from the French, called *Russia*. Several novel experiments are advertised by the new lessee of the late Queen's, in order to make his theatre popular. A promenade and cheap tariff, and also that, though the lowest price is only sixpence, you need not go in unless you like. This is a great boon to the public, and the Manager is to be congratulated on his tact. Why doesn't he start a Circus, and produce Mr. WILLS on Pegasus, by kind permission of Mr. CHATTEBTON?

The Opéra Comique is to re-open with an "Eccentric Absurdity," libretto by Mr. GILBERT, music by Dr. SULLIVAN,—unless, in order to keep up the idea of eccentricity and absurdity, they have arranged that the libretto should be by Dr. SULLIVAN, and music by Mr. GILBERT.

And now I must return to the Rue de Double Gras, to meet the Conseils Généraux, and to vote nineteen times in as many arrondissements.

"Please to remember
The Fifth of November."

"The 'Ides have come," as the Tanner said. Ay, Marshal, but not gone. Under which King, Parisian? speak or die! I am off again from Victoria or Holborn Viaduct.

Whenever the sea I'm obliged to cross over,
I go by the London, Chatham, and Dover.

Preferring as little of the Channel as I can possibly have for my money; and then the buffet at Calais is most refreshing to such a weary but cheery traveller as is

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

Notices of Removal
(That we shouldn't mind).

THE Bow Street Police-Court to the top of Helvellyn;
The Duke of York's Column to the bottom of the Bay of Biscay;
The London Statues, generally, to Tierra del Fuego;
The Charing Cross Station to the Goodwin Sands;
The Wellington Arch at Hyde Park Corner, to the centre of South Africa;
The Blackfriars Obelisk down the crater of Vesuvius; and
The Roof of the Albert Hall right over the top of the North Pole.

EXTREMES MEET.



SCENE—

LOOMY Inn, on a dirty day, in an out-of-the-way spot, seven miles from anywhere.

INTERLOCUTORS—Our old friend 'ARRY and a Swell. Both weatherbound, and compulsory companions pro tem.

'ARRY (aside, after an appalling spell of silence). Oh, blow this! Silent System's a joke to it. Must speak, and chance it. (To Swell.) Mis'able day, ain't it?

Swell. Ya-a-a-s!

[Glares stonily.]

'ARRY (unabashed). Wretched 'ole this Hinn, eh? 'Owever, any port—or port-'ole—in a storm, yer know. Ha! hal hal! Twig?

Swell. No-o-o! (Aside. Insufferable cad!)

'ARRY (aside). Stuck up as a cat's-meat skewer with a cocked 'at'on! At 'im agin. (To Swell.)

'Ave a weed? (Offers cigar-case.) Ain't arf bad, I can tell yer.

Swell. Tha-a-ns, no. Wather not. (Aside. Hang his impudence!) (After prolonged silence.) Confound it, this is awfully slow! Cad's chatter's better than dead silence. [Yawns.]

'ARRY (aside). Oh, I say, I earn't stand this bloomin' wet-blanket anyhow. I'll ave another shy, and chance it. (To Swell.) Beastly business, this War, eh?

Swell (with mitigated languor). Ya-a-s! Vewy.

'ARRY. 'Ope them Rooshuns 'll git jolly well licked!!!

Swell (with inadvertent warmth). By Jove, Sir, so do I. Infernal lot of snub-nosed wuffians! Bound to be in the wong with those noses. Fellows without pwoofiles always bwutes.

'ARRY (uneasily conscious of his own uplifted organ). Well, I don't know so much about that. Any 'ow, they're a seedy lot, and no mistake. And as for the Hatrocute business—

Swell (eagerly). Wot! All infernal wot! I'm sick of the sentimental woy that GLADSTONE and his gang have kicked up over a few wretched webbellious wose-gwoers!

'ARRY. Well, I'm not nute on Snivel myself; and as for GLADSTONE, yah! 'E's played out, I can tell yer. Music—all turned 'im up long ago. You should 'ear the "Immense Cad" reckon 'im up in his last new patriotic song about the "Tallow-nosed Bear and the tight little Turkey." It's proper, I tell yer. If the Wood-chopper could 'ear the 'owls every time the "Immense" gits 'is knife in 'im, Lor! he'd cut hisself down sharp, and no chips! And then the Telegraph! Don't it jest wire into the "People's BILLY" as wos—a 'ot un, that's all!

Swell. A-h-h! Don't read the D. T. myself, and don't go to Music Halls. But the P. M. G. polishes him off prettily; and the Clubs are against him to a man.

'ARRY. Ah! when the Clubs and the 'Alls pulls together, it rayther nobbles the Sentimentals, eh?

Swell (scarcely relishing the concatenation). Ya-a-s!

'ARRY. Sentiment! Wot's sentiment got to do with it? About as much as princerpel. Princerpel may be a good dog, but Cop'em's a better. "British Hinterests, and blow Furriners!" that's my motter.

Swell. Ya-a-s. Sentiment's a nuisance. Gush wuled while GLADSTONE was in. Awful baw and beastly bad form. Society, thanks to the Conservative weaction, has now got the upper hand again, and Society is down on gush like a hammer. Gushers naturally don't like it, and waise a wow.

'ARRY. Yah! But they ain't in it now, old man, are they? Number One and no Gammon! That's the tip, eh?

Swell. Ya-a-s, that's pwactical politics, certainly; though, perhaps, it wouldn't go down at St. James's Hall.

'ARRY. St. James's 'All be jiggered. I wasn't there. 'Catch me! Bloomin' lot of 'owlers ought to be shut up sharp, and no mistake. Proper fellows those Turks, ain't they? Chaps as can fight like that can't be a bad sort after all. If they did let the Bulgarians 'ave it rayther 'ot, I dessay they deserved it, and the Rooshians was at the bottom of it, I'll lay a pot. They're a bad lot if yer like, want to sneak Constantinople and India; that's their lay, not elpin' the Christians. What do they care for the Christians more'n you or me? Walker! 'Ow fur's Constantinople from India?

Swell. Haw! Can't say. Never could make out Maps, don't you know.

'ARRY. Don't cotton to 'em myself. Anyhow, I'm for "the innercent and peaceable Ottermans."—D. T. that—and 'ere's to 'em.

[Drinks.]

Swell. Ya-a-s. No end of bwicks. Gentlemanly fellows too. Got pwoofiles, don't you know. That accounts for it.

'ARRY. Ah, 'obby of your's that, I see. 'Ow about old Wood-chopper, eh? Got a beak, and no error, big again as yours or mine. (Aside.) One for his Nob, that!

Swell (recollecting, and chilling sensibly). Ya-a-as, dare say.

[Yawns with elegant indifference, and takes up paper.]

'ARRY. Well, the wet 'oldin' hup, so I'll be trottin'. Ta-ta!

Swell. Haw! Good day to you!

'ARRY (aside). Stuck-up party, but 'e's got proper notions enuff, when you get at 'em. Didn't know the swells was so wide-awake.

Swell (aside). Cad, but cute, wather. Demagogues won't make a woawing Wadical of him in a hurry. Wong stuff altogether. Low slang not so bad as sentiment, after all. One wants polish, t'other's too soft to take it. Does one good to see even such a cad sound at bottom.

[Exeunt severally.]

TOUCHING UP THE LAKE DISTRICT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THOUGH you will possibly not discover from my language that I am a Citizen of the United States of America, such is the fact. I commence my letter by telling you this, to prevent all misconception. In spite of my nationality I am fond of the old country. After the grandeur of the American Continent, the smallness of your island is refreshing. The object of my letter is as follows. In perusing one of your Contemporaries this morning, I came across the enclosed paragraph:—

"THE ENGLISH LAKES.—At a meeting of hotel proprietors, held at the Queen's Hotel, Ambleside, it has been unanimously resolved to take the necessary steps to form an Association for the Lake District similar in character to that of the Black Forest in Germany, and in operation at many of our coast watering-places. The Association, among other useful work, will undertake the erection of guide-posts over the less frequented mountain-passes, and of finger-posts where needed, repair the footpaths and improve the approaches to the various waterfalls, investigate all causes of complaint, improve the district as much as practicable, and generally promote the comfort and convenience of visitors during their stay, as well as bring the claims of the lake country, as a summer resort, more favourably before the public. The Association is intended to embrace the whole district, including Ambleside, Bowness, Coniston, Grasmere, Keswick, Patterdale, Windermere, &c. Resolutions were passed for holding public meetings at Ambleside and Keswick, the two chief centres of the district, so as to secure the co-operation of all persons interested in the tourist system of the district."

Now when the Natives are about improving the English Lakes (for which at least there is room, if there ain't for most things), I would suggest that they had better make a complete job of it, instead of the one-horse scheme at present in contemplation. In this connection, I would suggest that they should advertise in the principal journals—

1. To Oilmen and others.—For tenders for French polishing the Lake District. The district to be divided into lots of fifteen square miles or over, to suit convenience of contractors.

2. To Painters, Gilders, &c.—For tenders for gilding the Pillar Rock, white-washing, cleaning, and scraping Helvellyn, and generally for fixing up and putting in complete ornamental repair the other principal mountains. Also estimates for freshening up such of the rocks as are beginning to look weather-beaten.

3. To Upholsterers and others.—For tenders for stuffing, covering, and re-seating WORDSWORTH'S Seat; also for putting a new tail on to the Eagle Rock.

4. To Dairymen and Milk-sellers.—For tenders for supplying sweet milk and cream daily to the beck in Sour Milk-Ghyll. The beck to be placed under the supervision of the public analyst, and full penalties to be enforced if water is detected in the milk.

5. To Quarrymen, Masons, and others.—For tenders for the erection of neat cut-stone boulders, at regular intervals, round the edge of Thirlmere.

I also think that when the Association are about it they had better get estimates for a few dozen miles of lead-piping, so as to lay on a fuller water-supply to some of the waterfalls, and also gas to the chief mountain-passes. This would save many disappointments arising from the fickleness of your climate.

Yours respectfully, JAS. D. BROWN.

A METEOR UPSIDE-DOWN.

THE Rev. H. ALDHAM writes to the papers describing a magnificent meteor which "rushed perpendicularly into the air like a huge fiery poker." Raining pitchforks we may have heard of, but we never saw pokers rush perpendicularly into the air,—except in a Pantomime.



RENOVAR E DOLOREM!

THE BLENKINSOPS CAME BACK YESTERDAY FROM THE CONTINENT. THE BOYS HAVE GONE BACK TO SCHOOL AND COLLEGE, THE GIRLS ARE WITH THE GOVERNESS. MR. B. AT LAST IS HAPPY. HE HAS JUST PARTAKEN OF HIS FAVOURITE BREAKFAST (TEA, CRUMPETS, AND A BROILED RASHER OF BACON, WHICH CANNOT BE GOT ABROAD), AND IS ABOUT TO LIGHT A REAL CIGAR, BEFORE PLUNGING INTO HIS *TIRES*, FROM WHICH HE HAS BEEN PARTED FOR TWO MONTHS. TO HIM, SUDDENLY, MRS. B., WHO, AS USUAL AT THIS HOUR WHEN AT HOME, IS DEEP IN THE SUPPLEMENT OF THAT JOURNAL:—

"PAPA DEAR WHAT DO YOU SAY TO BIARRITZ FOR NEXT YEAR? JUST LISTEN TO THIS ADVERTISEMENT OF A HOUSE THERE ?"

IN THE MUD.

"*J'y suis, j'y reste.*" Indeed, mon Maréchal,
Your *locus standi* few will think of grudging.
'Twere hard indeed did Honour's urgent call
Fix you in quicksands and forbid your budging.
But Honour often seems to bend her face
In the direction of our private leaning.
Are you quite sure that, in the present case,
You have not, let us say, misread her meaning?

"*J'y suis, j'y reste.*" The phrase ironic sounds
When the proud phrasier in a mudbank founders.
A rushing flood his dwindling stand surrounds,
And in the mire poor Honour slips and flounders,
Unsavoury mire, my Marshal! Were your scent
Fastidious as your flourishes declare it,
With such surroundings you were scarce content;
And Honour,—could her dainty nostrils bear it?

"*J'y suis, j'y reste.*" CÆSAR'S THRASONIC style
Scarce suits a soldier-servant of the nation:
Plotters and priests on lurk for loot may smile,
A grin half mockery, half jubilation,
But to what issue, Marshal? Bonds and blood
Again for France, the old curst spell upon her?
Or you and Honour floundering in the mud?—
A nice alternative for you and "Honour!"

PLAYED OUT!

THE SHAH OF PERSIA proposes paying England a second visit next year. Mr. Punch begs to state that the following programme will be observed on the occasion:—

On his arrival the SHAH will not be received by the British Fleet. When he arrives in London, Her MAJESTY may, let us hope, for a wonder, be housed in Buckingham Palace.

The SHAH will, consequently, not be able to use the royal apartments as saloons for the exhibition of the noble art of self-defence, and to surround himself in the Palace of Her MAJESTY with acrobats, and comic singers.

He will not be taken in state to Covent Garden Opera, surrounded by an escort of Life Guards.

He will not be invited to review the British Army at Windsor Park.

He will not be encouraged to "promote" a Company, with a capital consisting of that very unknown quantity—the vast mineral and other resources of Persia.

He will not be cheered by the multitude as the peer of the Emperors of Germany, Russia, and Austria.

He will not furnish the subject of numberless articles in the daily press, nor will he be recognised as the successor to the *prestige* of ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

He will not receive the homage of the LORD MAYOR and the freedom of the City in a gold box.

In fact, he will not be *feted* as a powerful Sovereign, but will be permitted to maintain his well-merited *incognito*, as a small and very much out-at-elbows Eastern despot of highly disreputable character.

ALARMING FAILURE OF THE PRATIE CROP.—Mr. GLADSTONE declines to make speeches in Ireland.

GREAT FEAT IN TABLE-TURNING.—By the Russians in Armenia.



STUCK IN THE MUD.

M. LE MARÉCHAL (*loq.*). “J’Y SUIS!—J’Y RESTE!” (?)



PLAIN TO DEMONSTRATION.

Customer (nervously). "Ah! THEY MUST BE VERY IRKSOME AT FIRST."

Dentist (excavantly). "NOT A BIT OF IT, SIR! LOOK HERE, SIR!" (Dexterously catching his entire set.) "HERE'S MY UPERS, AND HERE'S MY UNDERS!"

"THE HISTORY OF A CRIME."

(An Extract by anticipation, from the Record of the next English Revolution.)

I ENTERED the omnibus with my friend. The omnibus then carried two men. Before it had contained only passengers. There is a great difference between a man and a passenger. History has proved it.

The omnibus started. It was going from Brompton to the City. It was going farther. It was going to the scene of a great drama. I was the hero of that drama. I, a man, an inside passenger—one of twelve inside passengers. Why did I take more room than these others? Why? Because I had a mission and a large umbrella. The man in the conductor's clothes did not ask me to pay for this umbrella, although it occupied an extra place. Why not? Was it because there was something in my eye warning him not to be impertinent? Should I have paid? Certainly not. I should not have paid. The large umbrella (like myself) had a mission. That mission was to fight, to conquer, to secure victory! Victory, which is another word for Freedom!

The omnibus arrived at Charing Cross. There we found a regiment commanded by a General. By a General! No, by a man wearing the uniform of a General!

I let down the window (much to the alarm of the other "insides"), and called to this man. The man approached, and asked me what I wanted.

"You are a traitor, for you serve traitors!" I cried, with my head through the window. Had the opening been large enough, I would have threatened him with the umbrella also. But the opening was small, and so I could not do anything more aggressive than shake my fist. I shook my fist in the face of the man in the General's uniform.

"You are a villain, a scoundrel, a 'rough,' an atheist, a cad!" I cried in my loudest tones. The trembling "insides" begged me to desist. But I pointed out that the man in the General's uniform said nothing, and there was therefore no cause for fear. When I had told them this they grew calmer.

"Look at this fellow!" I screamed (always through the omnibus window), pointing at the man in the General's uniform, and addressing his regiment. "Do not obey him—he is a traitor, a villain! It is a good thing to shoot down traitors and villains. It is sometimes lucrative too. Men in Generals' uniforms have frequently well-filled purses."

The conductor of the omnibus having now completed the number of passengers, wished to move on. I forbade him, and continued to hurl maledictions at the man in the General's uniform. When I had screamed (always through the omnibus window) for about half an hour, I was roughly seized by a Creature dressed in Blue.

"Leave me!" I shouted, and attempted to defend myself.

"Nonsense!" said the Creature in Blue. "We have had enough of this. You must come along with me."

At this the other "insides" in the omnibus cheered. Was I not right to refuse them the title of *men*? They cheered, and urged the Creature in Blue to remove me speedily. He seized me!

"On what charge do you dare to arrest me?"

The Creature in Blue merely laughed and dragged me out of the omnibus. The other "insides" (miserables!) cheered again, declaring that I was a "bore," a "nuisance,"—I know not what!

"Do you know who I am?" I cried, shaking my umbrella.

"I don't know," returned the Creature in Blue, "and I don't want to know. But I will teach you to insult a gentleman when he is only performing his duty."

"Do you allude to that thing in tinsel?" I cried, pointing to the man in the General's uniform.

"Of course I do," returned the Creature in Blue.

"Why, I was only denouncing him," I replied, in an explanatory tone, because I recognised Force. The Creature in Blue had got me by the scruff of the neck. The Creature in Blue was consequently Force, and as Force I recognised and respected him.

"You were using language calculated to cause a breach of the peace," said the Creature in Blue, "and that is punishable."

"And what are you going to do with me?"

"To lock you up."

And locked up I should have been had I not been saved by Diplomacy. Diplomacy has many shapes. On this occasion she was called (by the Creature in Blue) "Two half-crowns." But was not Diplomacy also a bribe? Yes, but a bribe is a wild sort of justice. It is also better than being locked up in a police-cell.

You who read this will ask me, "Shall you again insult a man in a General's uniform?" I reply "Yes." But I add something. Listen. I add, "I shall insult a man in a General's uniform, but at my own time."

You will ask, "When, then, will you commit this outrage?"

And I reply—frankly, with all my heart—I reply, like a patriot, a free man—you understand I reply like one who fears nothing, "I will commit this gross outrage when a Creature in Blue is not observing me."

"When he is not looking, in fact?" will be your question.

And my reply—"Yes, when he is not looking."

Are you satisfied? Well, then, cry with me, "Long live the Republic!"

A KNIGHT OF THE THIMBLE.

Poor ARTHUR ORTON sunk we scan

To but the ninth part of a man,

Since, by direction of his gaoler,

He has been turned into a tailor.

O base and ignominious fate

Of Nobleman unfortunate!

Inglorious result of trying

To great audacity in lying!

He thought to win broad lands and riches,

Instead of which he's making breeches.

O House of Tichborne, lo thy Claimant

Employed in stitching convicts' raiment!

His high ambition's bourne was Tichborne;

The bourne he has attained is Stitchbourn.

On change of heir his mind he set,

But change of air is all he'll get—

For plots to grab what wasn't his'n—

To Portsmouth gaol from Princeton Prison.

"THAT'S THE WAY THE MONEY GOES."

"The Porte is determined to carry on the war to the last man and the last shilling." So says Our Own Correspondent from Vienna. Can any further proof be required that the miserable Turk is supplied with English money?

THAT LASS 'O TOWERY 'S:

By the Authors of Several other Things, &c. &c.

CHAPTER V.—“Love me little.”

NEGUS BARCROW, having knocked down DAN BEERIE, determined on finishing the evening by knocking up his friend, the little Curate.

As he passed the Vicarage, he thought of ANICE SORTIGAL, and could not help comparing EM BEERIE with her.

“Ah!” he said to himself, “if she could only have had her advantages! And yet—how happy could I be with either!—or,” he added to himself, “both!”

But this last thought, as a man of principle, he dismissed from his mind as he stood before his friend’s door.

The Reverend THOMAS TITT, the little Curate of Swiggin, lived in a little house with a little door, and three little windows up above, and two little windows below. There was a little garden and a little gate, a little bell (which went a long way), and a little knocker. He had only lived there a little while, was little known to his parishioners, did a little work, thought little about it, and as he little thought he should ever like the work a little, he was a little surprised when he found himself liking it a little more than he had expected. He had a little father and mother, of whom he saw a little now and then, and with whom he went to stay a little while a little way out of town.

The little Curate did nothing great. He ate a little, drank a little, smoked a little, talked a little, walked a little, fished a little, read a little, danced a little, sang a little, played on the flute a little, and, in fact, did a little of everything, and knew a little of everybody. He had a little bed, and he slept little, consequently he was a little astonished to hear a knock at his door a little after midnight. He considered a little. Could it be thieves? Would thieves knock? Did they do it as a rule? or even as an exception? He knew that thieves often went away with a ring, but did they come with a ring? Would thieves come to his little house where there was little to get? Being a little disturbed by these reflections, it occurred to him that to put his little head beneath the counterpane, and to call out, in a little voice, “Not at home!” would be the best thing he could do under the circumstances, or rather under the bed-clothes.

But NEGUS BARCROW was not a man to be put off with a mere formality, and in another minute the Young Engineer had stepped back three steps, had taken a short run, and leapt, head foremost, through the lower window, the self-acting shutters of which immediately closed behind him, with “Taken him in!” painted on them in legible characters.

Then he stood before his little friend. Stood—but not upright; for had NEGUS drawn himself up to his full height, the little Curate would have been compelled to have made a hole in the ceiling of his little room; and even then the Young Engineer’s head would have lifted the slates, and there would have been a tile off directly.

“What do you want at this hour?” inquired the little Curate.

“Tea,” replied NEGUS BARCROW, who, now that the excitement was over, began to feel its effects. He sank, exhausted, on a little chair by the little table.

The Rev. THOMAS TITT took a little time to put on his little dressing-gown and little slippers, and then he rang the bell for his little maid.

“POLLY,” he said to the drowsy girl, “POLLY put the kettle on, and we’ll all have tea.”

As they sipped the invigorating beverage out of little cups, the Young Engineer told him how he had been engaged that evening.

“Engaged! To whom?” faltered the little Curate, trembling. His friend explained. Then he added, “ANICE SORTIGAL will be anxious about me.”

The little Curate turned a little pale.

“I can’t go round there now, and tell her I am all right, can I?” asked the Young Engineer.

The little Curate gave a little start.

“NEGUS!” he cried, “you love ANICE SORTIGAL!”

The Engineer groaned.

“NEGUS BARCROW!” stammered out the unhappy little Curate, “I knew what it would be if you came here. ‘Wherever there’s NEGUS going,’ I said to myself, ‘there’s sure to be a Spoon.’ O my friend, if you love ANICE SORTIGAL, so do I!” And he hid his little face in his little hands.

But the Young Engineer heeded him not. The strong man had given way at last; and the little sympathising cane chair having given way too, he fell heavily on the ground in a dead faint.

CHAPTER VI.—“Down among the Coals.”

FOR some days after this the little Curate saw less of NEGUS BARCROW and more of ANICE SORTIGAL, while the Young Engineer found himself more frequently in the mine, and especially in that part of it where EM BEERIE was at work.

Her duties were entirely confined to coal-scooping, or, as it is termed in these districts, “going on the scoop.” On her part she seemed rather to avoid than encourage the Young Engineer. Sometimes, on seeing him

approach, she would get up, and run away through the dark alleys and passages of the coal-mine until stopped by a cul-de-sack-o’-coals, where NEGUS would catch her gently, but firmly, round the waist, and whisper in her ear—

“Why did you upset the coals and scuttle?”

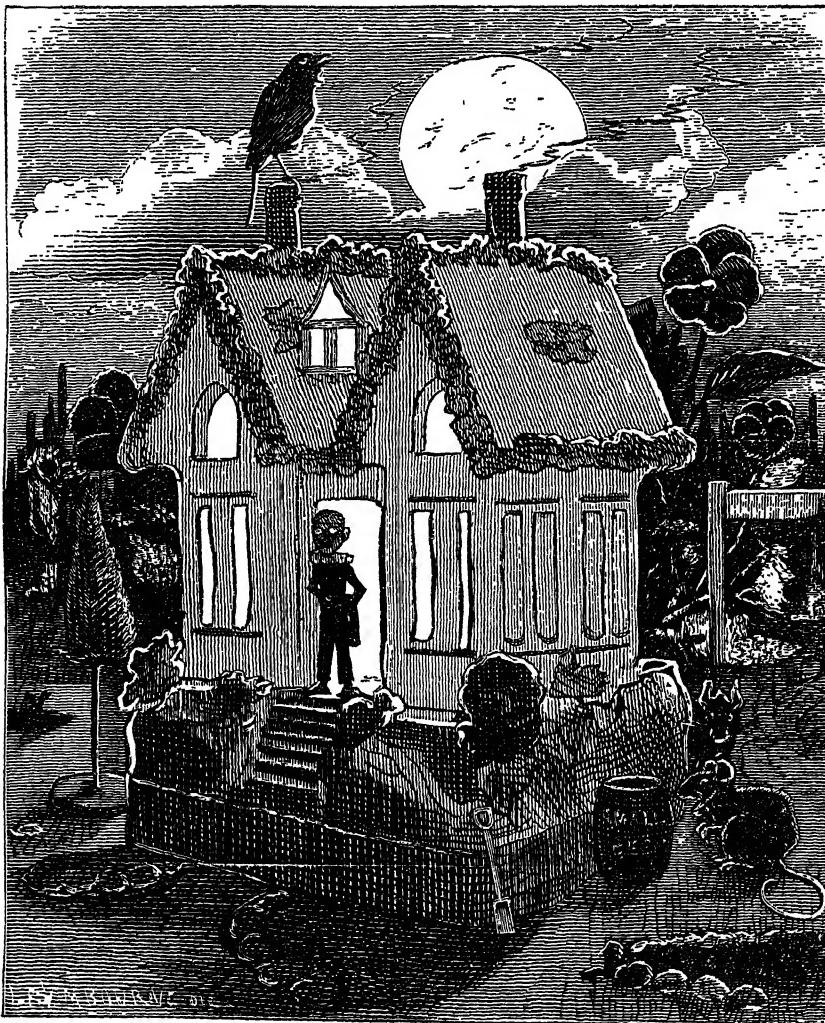
“Yo munna kees mer,” EM would say, and then the sound of two smacks would ring through the mine, the first being what NEGUS BARCROW gave EM on her cheek, and the second being what EM gave NEGUS BARCROW for his cheek.

“Yo let me arlown an’ oil let yo arlown,” she said to him, as he reeled again.

Then EM would return to her work with one big white spot on her grimy face, and NEGUS would resume his walk among the men, unconscious of one great black smudge that came from the side of his chin right across his lips and the tip of his nose.

“Young Ingineer’s ar bin’ t’ coortin’ EM BEERIE,” the old hands would say, winking at one another. But she took no notice.

At other times the little Curate would come to the top of the





"A FELLOW-FEELING MAKES US WONDROUS KIND."

"WHAT! GOING TO LEAVE US, JAMES?"

"YES, SIR, I'M VERY SORRY, SIR, BUT I REALLY CAN'T PUT UP WITH MISSUS ANY LONGER!"

"AH, JAMES! TBINK HOW LONG I'VE PUT UP WITH HER!"

shaft, and whisper soft nothings to her out of the Catechism. One day he ventured farther than he had done on a previous occasion, and EM BEERIE, finding him in the pit, hauled him over the coals.

Then the little Curate went to ANICE SORTIGAL and complained. From that moment this young lady took an interest in Em.

"I've tried to teach her the Catechism," said the little Curate, hopelessly. "I ask her 'What's your name?' and I told her the answer was 'M or N,' as the case may be.' But she stuck to it that her name was 'Em,' and not 'N' at all, and that if I'd leave her alone she'd leave me alone."

"And did you leave her alone?" asked ANICE SORTIGAL, eyeing the little Curate severely.

The Rev. Mr. THOMAS TITT blushed.

From that moment ANICE SORTIGAL resolved to try her hand with the obstinate EM BEERIE on the very first occasion. At present she contented herself with ordering the little Curate not to have anything more to say to the girl.

"She is jealous," murmured the little Curate to himself that evening in his little house, as, after his usual exercises of turning his white pocket-handkerchief into a puppet, and making it preach a sermon over the back of a chair, he sank to rest in his little bed.

About three in the morning he was aroused by a terrific bang and a fearful flash. He sat up and listened.

CHAPTER VII.—Beerie back again.

To ascertain what it was that had so troubled the little Curate's repose, it will be necessary to retrace our steps for some distance in the story. We beg the reader to follow us.

NEGUS BARCROW was a young man, and fond of novelties. He saw, on his arrival at Swiggin, the miners hot and tired. Remem-

COMBINATION AND COALS.

The Times reports the proposal of a hopeful expedient with a view to the augmentation of

"MINERS' WAGES.—The Central Board of the Miners' National Union, which numbers about 90,000 members, have decided to commence, at an early date, a special conference for the purpose of taking into consideration the great need of putting into operation some plan whereby the over production of coal can be checked."

By the "production" these clever fellows of course mean the procuring of coal. There is too little fear that too much coal will ever be produced underground. The production of coal in British coalfields having ceased long ago, over production of that is production over and ended. Miners themselves might wish to encourage it if they could, and not to check it. The over production of coal they want to check is the supply, which they imagine too plentiful. It does not, perhaps, strike them that if they succeed in checking the production of coal, they are very likely also to check its consumption, and bring about a general economy of coal profitable neither to coal-merchants, nor proprietors of coal-mines, nor coal-miners. In thus retarding the exhaustion of British coal-measures, they might be earning their country's gratitude indeed, but it would be as a set-off against their own lower wages.

PLANTS AND INSECTS.

To the pleasing announcement that Sir JOSEPH HOOKER has returned, in excellent health, from his three months' tour in the United States, the *Athenaeum* adds the observation that

"From the results of his travel may be expected further contributions to our knowledge of the physiology of plants."

Yes; and especially from the experience he may be supposed to have enjoyed at New York—a location so celebrated for producing that very peculiar class of Plants growing, like certain mysterious cryptogams of the toadstool family, in Rings.

The *Athenaeum* further says:—

"Sir J. Hooker is, we believe, of opinion that the key to the botany of the United States is to be found in Colorado."

Of course, the Conservator of Kew Gardens must know where to find the key of Botany. But Colorado is less intimately associated in the public mind just now with Botany than with a sister science. Between its Botany and its Entomology, however, that very interesting State seems likely to acquire exceptional scientific importance.

bearing the custom in drawing-rooms, theatres, and balls, he endeavoured to introduce inexpensive Japanese fans among the men. To this, as something new-fangled, the latter objected, as did also the proprietors, who considered the outlay useless.

In vain Negus showed them how not only useful, but ornamental, these fans were; in vain he pointed out how all the women might be attired in short skirts, with their head-dresses of a peculiar fashion; how a band of music might play from three to four, and from eight till ten, with real water rushing down, here and there, to complete the picture, and cool the atmosphere.

After considerable difficulty and irrepressible perseverance, he obtained the consent of the proprietors to making the use of fans and white kid gloves on Saturday night compulsory on the leaders of the gangs in the Wöemma Mine. The first object of the proprietors being to preserve their "hands," Negus pointed out to them, that for *this* purpose, nothing could be so useful as gloves.

BITTER BEERIE was one of these leaders of the new compulsory fashion, and he vowed he would pay out "t Young Engineer," not only for the thrashing he had received, which had, as we have already seen, completely turned his head, but also for this additional insult.

"Happun oil smarsh t' Young Ingineer! smarsh 'im, arn t' ammer 'im t' ar' blonk mongsh, tho' ar'm foind ar timur fur 't art-wuds, ar mun do't, an' ar wull do't!" he had been heard to say. And in this determination he was joined by two of the most villainous of the leaders of the other gangs.

EM BEERIE had one eye on her father. The other signalled to NEGUS BARCROW. The Young Engineer approached her cautiously. Then she whispered, "Stewp doon; oi mun spik t' yo."

(To be continued.)

LIFE IN HIM YET.



A TELEGRAM from Rome gives us reason to trust that the fine old POPE is by no means growing feeble, as has been untruly reported. He still shows himself quite capable of acting with vigour enough. It is asserted that the General of the Jesuits, by the POPE's peremptory command, has pronounced sentence of expulsion from the Order on Father CURCI. Father CURCI, for many years Editor of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, a journal which, considered as an organ, might have been better named the *Vatican Gazette*, is said to have offended PIO Nono by having so fallen away from the faith as latterly to have "not been so blindly devoted to the cause of the Temporal Power as the POPE expects his zealous champions to be." Father CURCI has, in his works, dared to countenance the idea that the Temporal Power of the POPE is not a necessary institution. His Holiness has sharply let him know what he thinks of that.

"Hath he so long held out with me untired?"

So, we are happy to think, we hear the Holy Father exclaiming, as energetically as if he were Mr. IRVING in the part of *Richard the Third*. Perhaps he has, in fact, read *Shakspeare*, and is capable of enjoying him, and quoting him, as above, with gusto. If CURCI won't go, let him be not CURCI, but cursed. But, in fact, CURCI can't help himself. Needs must, when the Pontiff drives!

MR. GLADSTONE IN IRELAND.

THE following communication has been dropped into *Mr. Punch's* letter-box. The article was, apparently, intended for an American paper, but the Sage of Fleet Street, using his discretion, has made up his mind to publish it in the interest of the British public. *Mr. Punch's* readers will observe that Mr. GLADSTONE's reticence in Ireland has not been confined to his appearances in public. This fact is very gratifying, and must plead an excuse for the rather irregular appearance of the subjoined report.

(To the Editor of the "—— Herald," New York.)

Having received your instructions to seek an audience with Mr. GLADSTONE, Your Own Interviewer immediately journeyed to Ireland, and presented himself before

THE GREATEST STATESMAN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Mr. GLADSTONE was a little out of temper, and asked Your Own Interviewer what he wanted. Your Own Interviewer immediately replied that he had come to ask him several questions of the greatest international importance. For instance, he would like to know

WHAT MR. GLADSTONE THOUGHT ABOUT IRELAND.

The Great Man returned that he believed Ireland to be a part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Although pressed to add something more to his rather meagre answer, Mr. GLADSTONE refused to augment his statement with any

FURTHER INFORMATION OF IMPORTANCE.

Your Own Interviewer then questioned Mr. GLADSTONE about Home Rule. The Great Man turned his back, and begged to be relieved of Your Own Interviewer's presence. As this was not at all satisfactory, Your Own Interviewer suggested that

HOME RULE WAS A SHAM AND A DELUSION!

Although this suggestion was repeated several times, it failed to produce any comment so far as Mr. GLADSTONE was concerned. The

Great Man seemed very displeased, and made a movement as if he would leave the room. Your Own Interviewer, acting with characteristic decision, rushed to the door and turned the key, and in a moment

MR. GLADSTONE HAD BECOME A CLOSE PRISONER IN THE CENTRE OF IRELAND!

The Great Man upon this explained that he had determined not to lose his temper, and that, consequently, he should quietly accept the situation. From the appearance of Mr. GLADSTONE's countenance, it was Your Own Correspondent's opinion that

THE BRITISH STATESMAN DISDAINED TO RESENT THIS DASTARDLY OUTRAGE.

Your Own Interviewer produced his note-book, and mentioning that he considered "silence to give consent," expressed his opinion that

MR. GLADSTONE BELIEVED IRELAND TO BE IN A VERY BAD WAY! The Great Man took no notice of this remark. Not at all disheartened by Mr. GLADSTONE's reticence, Your Own Interviewer observed that, from what he knew of the institutions of America, he was sure that

IRELAND COULD ONLY BE SAVED BY ANNEXATION TO THE UNITED STATES!

At this point Your Own Interviewer discovered that the Great Man was fast asleep. He rose from his chair, and, gently blowing a fog-horn in the slumbering Statesman's ear, soon restored him to consciousness. From the expression upon his countenance, he was quite sure that

MR. GLADSTONE HAD NEVER BEEN MORE ASTONISHED IN HIS LIFE! Unhappily, the noise of the fog-horn attracted the attention of the household, who rushed to the Great Man's assistance. The door was forced open, and Your Own Interviewer had only time to express a wish that

MR. GLADSTONE WOULD SOON BECOME A CONTRIBUTOR TO THE NEW YORK HERALD, before he was taken by the shoulders, removed from the apartment, forced down-stairs, and (to put it concisely) kicked out.

BLUES AND YELLOWS.

ON the evening of Monday last week, the birthday of EDWARD THE SIXTH, founder of Christ's Hospital, certain Gentlemen, formerly educated there, constituting the "Society of Blues," celebrated that anniversary by dining together at the Albion, Aldersgate Street, under the Presidency of the Rev. R. LEE, M.A., the Head Master. The banquet was followed by a number of toasts and speeches, but in the latter a topic of peculiar interest seems to have been left untouched. Nobody either asked or explained why the Bluecoat Boys continue doomed to go about in the grotesque costume which renders them objects of pity to the sympathetic and of derision to the inconsiderate spectator, also subjecting them too often to the unfeeling chaff of other youth clad in modern and customary attire. In connection with this subject it may be asked, Wherefore, if the reason why a miller wears a white hat be recognised, does a Bluecoat Schoolboy run about with his head uncovered in the cold? All that can be said in answer to this inquiry is, that his cap has somehow come to be too small for the head it must once, one would think, have been meant to cover.

An Additional Postage-Stamp.

LIVE Colorado Beetles having been detected in mails received from the United States, whence fools have sent them to this country secreted in letters and newspapers, the American postmasters, at the instance of the British Government, have been instructed to look out for the Potato-bug, and detain all packets in which it may be found. A good way to put a stop to the transmission of these dangerous insects by post, alive, would perhaps be to stamp every letter with a special machine constructed for the purpose of stamping flat not only the letter but any Colorado Beetle which might be contained in it.

Victor Hugo Junior.

MR. CHARLES READE has lately come to the front in his usual warm-hearted, impulsive style. In one paper he has been bravely summoning Judge and Jury to the bar of public opinion, while in another he has been instructing a brother dramatist how to protect himself against American piracy. A friend in need will find a friend in READE.



GENTLE IRONY.

Impatient Driver. "Now then, Bill! 'Avin' the old bus photer-grarfed, hay?"

IMPALING THE BADGER.

WHY, of all harmless four-legged things, unearth the poor Badger in the *Times*, particularly when, not satisfied with intruding on the domestic privacy of the British Bear, with descriptions of how Mrs. B. makes him wipe his feet before he comes into the parlour, what hours he affects, the sort of table he keeps, the way he brings up his family, and so forth—how would that other British Bear, Paterfamilias, like to be interviewed, and to have that house which he calls his castle invaded in the same style?—"Our Own Correspondent" ends by bringing the poor Badger into the privileged circle of big game, and coolly asks to be allowed

"To testify to the amount of sport which these animals are capable of affording to any one who cares to make a midnight excursion in pursuit of them."

Adding, to make matters worse, the expression of his conviction

"That they are not nearly so scarce in England as people generally suppose."

If not so scarce now, "Our Own Correspondent" in Friday's *Times* has done his best to make them even scarcer, by some very uncalled-for information,

"The badger, as is well known, is in the habit of searching for food during the night-time, and on these excursions will often wander a long way from his hole, and it is then that it affords the sportsman (?) the opportunity of capturing it, which is done by previously 'bagging' its hole, and beating round the woods, and in that manner alarming the animal, which immediately makes for home. One person is generally stationed a short distance from the 'earth' with a trustworthy dog, in order to prevent the badger's escape, for he not unfrequently notices that something is wrong, and, having got sight of the bag in his hole, will turn tail, and if you have not a dog with you, all chance of catching the animal is lost."

All the better for "the animal." Oh, if *Punch* could only turn the tables! The *Ursidae* are among the most human of quadrupeds.

THE SITE FOR CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

To Mr. Punch.

VENERABLE PUNCH,

THE true site for this great monument has not been yet suggested. I suggest it now. I do so through your columns, of course, as to them the world looks for final judgment on all things under the Sun—and indeed over it—"usque ad cœlum."

Let the obelisk be erected in front of the Royal Exchange. The associations of the spot leave nothing to be desired. Threadneedle Street adjoins it. The adjacent Bank of England will recal the banks of the Nile. Capel Court is in the immediate neighbourhood, and the dealers in Egyptian Bonds there may daily pass this great memorial which looked down, so many centuries back, on Egyptian bonds which their victims found not less hard to get off their hands. There, too, Moses may still be found amongst the Bull-rushes, as in the days of PHARAOH. Nor will the site be without its moral uses; for revellers going to Lord Mayors' dinners with Aldermanic appetites may be reminded by it of the Skeleton at the Feast.

THE SHADE OF CHAMPOILLION.

P.S.—At the same time my own countrymen might advantageously remove their obelisk of Luxor from its present inappropriate site to the Place de la Bourse.

NOT QUITE GOOD STYLE.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

LORD BEACONSFIELD wrote last week to Mr. CAIRD, of Glasgow University, regretting his inability to take a personal farewell of the students on the expiration of his Lord Rectorship, and requesting him to "assure them that their original confidence, and, still more, their repetition of their kind feelings, are among the happiest and proudest moments of my life." Doesn't this strike you as bearing a strong resemblance to the speech of the newly-decorated *Maire* in a recent Palais Royal *vaudeville*? "Cette croix, Messieurs, est le plus beau jour de ma vie." Surely, the PREMIER isn't going to devote his spare time to adapting from the French?

Yours,

Nov. 2, 1877.

GLASGUENSIS EXPECTANS.

SIGNS OF AN EARLY WINTER.

THE leaves of several Christmas Numbers have already fallen upon the Railway Bookstalls.

If they could only be human enough to forget all humanity, turn upon "Our Own Correspondent," and have the hunting of him, bagging his door, and beating up his haunts, and when he makes for home, being down upon him with a trustworthy dog. What, *Punch* would be glad to know, has the poor Badger done, that he should be thus held up to be harried and hunted? Is it not enough that he is already but too liable to become the central figure of the "ratting sports," which are among the pet pleasures of sporting blackguardism, and as such to be brutally baited with bull-terriers.

It makes *Punch's* blood boil to think of a harmless, nocturnal, wood-haunting recluse, who neither kills, nor is, game, being held up as "capital sport" for capture by trustworthy dogs, hounded on by bloody-minded and butchery "Correspondents," who usurp the name of sportsmen. "Sport to you, Gentlemen," the Badger might say, "but death to me."

The last sentence of the letter is but too good an illustration of the reasonableness of Badger's plea and *Punch's* protest:—

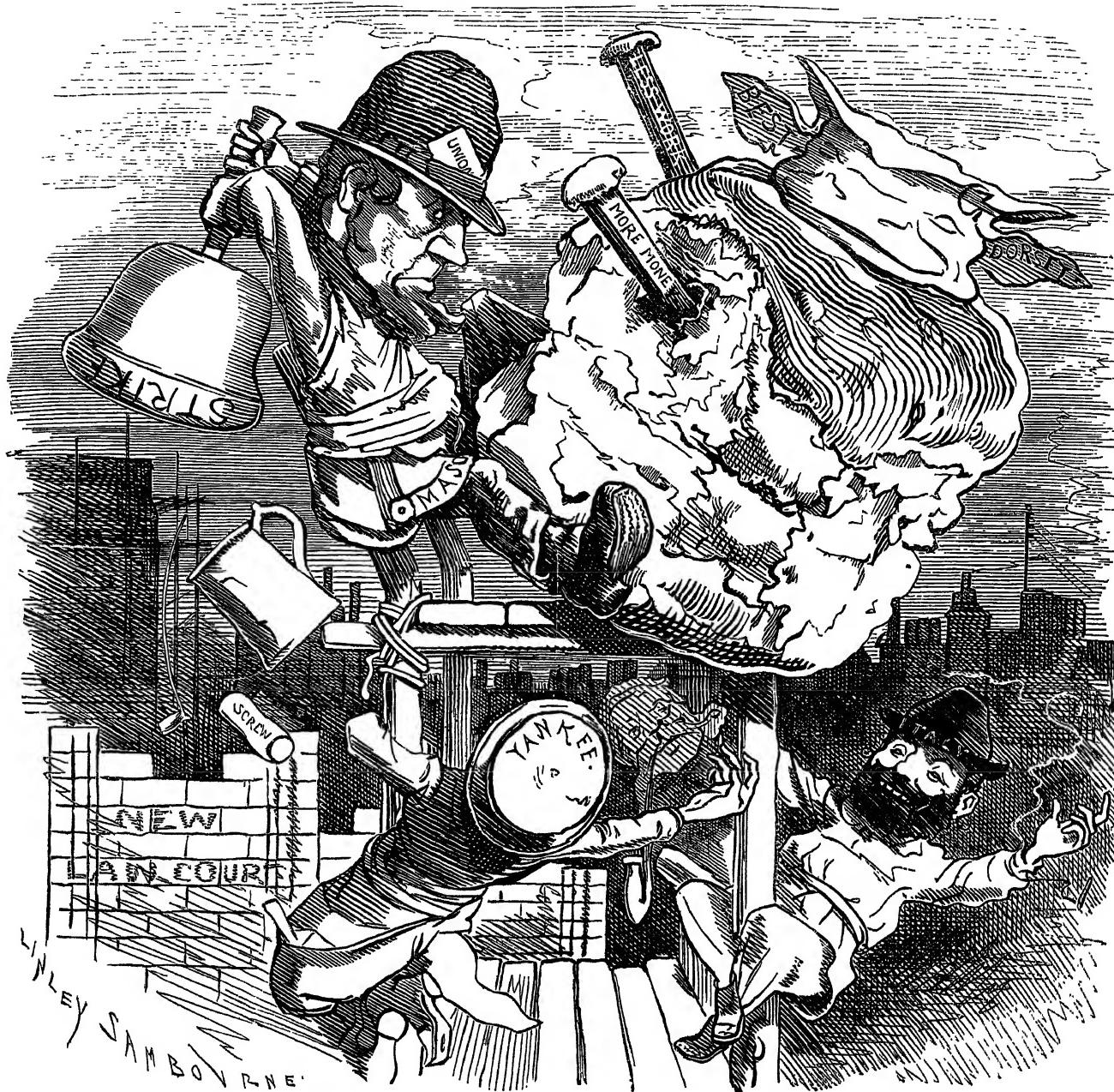
"While on a visit to a friend in Gloucestershire this year, I witnessed the capture of a fine male badger, which weighed over 20lbs., and was a valuable addition to a collection of stuffed animals."

How "valuable"? Is there anything to be learnt from such a specimen? Or was the friend a professional taxidermist, who looked on his twenty pounds weight badger in the light of £. s. d.?

The writer's unconscious lack of humanity is well brought out by the sentence in which he informs us that:—

"If captured while young, badgers will become very tame in confinement, and take food from the hand."

And yet it never occurred to this noble sportsman that this readiness to become domesticated, and to show love for, and confidence in, man, was a reason for not bringing the Badger within the savagery of "sport," and handing him over to the fate of so many innocent and beautiful things now persecuted by sportsmen and gamekeepers under the broad brand of "vermin."



A FREE AND ENLIGHTENED MASON
STRIKING AT HIS OWN BREAD-AND-BUTTER.

" PLEASE TO REMEMBER THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER."

In a few days the **LORD MAYOR** will be celebrating his call to the office of the First Magistrate of the City of London by holding the usual annual dinner within sound of Bow Bells. It would be no very difficult task for *Mr. Punch* to prophesy the purport of the various speeches that will be made on the forthcoming interesting occasion. However, the Sage of Fleet Street prefers to be original, and begs to predict what the speakers might, but certainly won't, say on the night of the Ninth of November:—

The **LORD MAYOR**, in addressing his guests, will be careful to avoid all allusion to the Aldermanic veto. He will not boast of the representative character of the City Institutions, and take for an example the recent proceedings aenent the Ward of Cheap. He may possibly touch upon the success of the Indian Famine Fund, but

will ignore certain meetings held in St. Thomas's Hospital. If he has anything to say about Middle-Class Education, he will carefully forget the existence of the Bluecoat School. If he boasts at all about the dignified position occupied by the Corporation at the Central Criminal Court, he will say nothing about the Ladies who grace (?) the Bench when there is an interesting trial for murder.

The **SOLDIER** who returns thanks for "The Army" will make no unpleasant allusion to the relationship existing between the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary of State for War. He will say nothing about the Retirement Scheme, which still keeps veterans past work on the active list, and sends officers in the prime of life adrift. He will not attempt to defend the introduction of the "Albert hat" into the British Army, and will say nothing about the desertions from the Militia.

The **SAFETY** who returns thanks for "The Navy" will keep a discreet silence about the organisation of our Dockyards. He will not allude to the difficulties and differences between Sailors and Engineers, or the combatant and non-combatant Officers of the



STRANGE EFFECT OF SEA-AIR.

Mrs. Jones. "DEAR ME, MR. BROWN, I THOUGHT YOU WERE AT THE SEA-SIDE WITH MRS. BROWN AND THE CHILDREN! HOW ARE THEY?"

Brown (who had evidently been lunching at his Club). "FAM'LYSHWELL, BUR AH DURRO WHARITISH, THERESH SHOMETHIN' I' THE SHE AIR DOSHLIT SHEEM T' SHUIT ME!—ALLAYS FEEL OURASHORTSH AF'ER DINNER—P'RAPS FISH DIET—P'RAPS—DURRO!"

[*Mrs. J.* had by this time discovered his condition, and makes off hastily.]

Service. If he talks about our Iron-clads, he will not describe the many modes we have of losing them.

The CIVILIAN who returns thanks for "the Volunteers" will say nothing about the bribes offered to recruits in the shape of gratis suppers and new uniforms. He will not talk of the Easter Review as a farce, or the Wimbledon Encampment as a pic-nic. If he refers to the patriotism of the force, he will say nothing about its discipline.

The AMBASSADOR who returns thanks for "the Diplomatic Corps" will be careful to avoid any allusion to the Constantinople Conference. If he praises the Russians he will not neglect to applaud the Turks. While admitting the blessings of peace, he will not forget to insist on the great benefits accruing from intervention.

The MINISTER who returns thanks for "the Cabinet" will carefully avoid any allusion to British Interests, and will ignore a certain speech addressed to the LORD MAYOR exactly a year ago. He will not boast of the results of the last Session, and will say as little as possible about the intentions of his colleagues. He will not attempt to explain the sudden departure of a handful of soldiers for Malta, and will ignore the geographical position of Gallipoli.

The PEER who returns thanks for "the House of Lords" will courteously refrain from making any allusion to the proceedings of the House of Commons.

The MEMBER who returns thanks for "the Third Estate" will not boast of the "scenes" that disgraced the last Session. He will not attempt to prove that "work" is more popular than "talk" in the Lower Chamber. He will keep a discreet silence about Messrs. BIGGAR, PARNELL, and the other ornaments of the Party of Obstruction, and will strive to forget the humiliating Present in the glorious Past.

The LAWYER who returns thanks for "the Bench and the Bar" will say nothing about Trial by Mob as an excellent substitute for Trial by Jury. He will not insist upon the great saving of time resulting from long preliminary investigations before the Police

Magistrates. He will not enter into the question of the differences of opinion between the LORD CHANCELLOR and the LORD CHIEF BARON, and he will reserve his congratulations upon the completion of the Law Courts for some future occasion.

The GENTLEMAN who returns thanks for "the Ladies" will make no allusion to the females who patronise the Theatre Royal Old Bailey.

And, lastly, the SHAMELESS LIBELLER who rises to abuse *Mr. Punch*, will not dare to utter a single syllable. N.B.—The "Shameless Libeller" is an imaginary character, invented to bring the article to a genial conclusion.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

A PROPOS of Mr. W. H. MALLOCH's Article on this subject in the *Nineteenth Century* last month, the following replies have been received by *Mr. Punch*:

MR. GLADSTONE, writing from Ireland, says No, with three Special Correspondents dogging one's footsteps, and a Reporter in the disguise of a footman behind one's chair at dinner.

Cleopatra's Needle, adrift in the Bay of Biscay, is doubtful; it does not like such treatment at its time of life.

La Marjolaine, at the Royalty, cannot make up her mind; English taste is so vivified by a course of high class drama.

MR. OCTAVIUS SPENDER says it depends on how much longer his Oxford tailor will wait, and on whether he can get his cousins to come up to next Commemoration.

MISS NEARSSA says decidedly No, while MR. GEORGE stares so shockingly at her sister ALICE all through the sermon on Sunday mornings.

Mr. Punch says Rather, as he thinks of all the Young Ladies he met in his Autumn Vacation, and whose Pictures will adorn his Almanack for 1878.

IMAGINARY BIOGRAPHIES.



"A great discovery has been made, according to the *Zemar and Bassiret*, a Turkish newspaper. Mr. GLADSTONE is of Bulgarian descent. His father was a pig-dealer in the vilayet of Kustendje. Young GLADSTONE ran away, at the age of sixteen, to Servia, and was then, with another pig-dealer, sent to London to sell pigs. He stole the proceeds, changed his name from TROZADIN to GLADSTONE, and became a British subject," &c. —*Daily News*.

THE Earl of BEACONSFIELD was changed at nurse, and is really the son of a Turkish Effendi. Young DISRAELI (his real name is TANCREDIMAN) was a precocious boy, and ran away from school, being dissatisfied with the slender acquirements of the Head Master in Modern Languages and Physiology. After wandering about the Caucasus holding horses, "tenting" birds, and doing other jobs, he secreted himself, as a stowaway, on board a ship trading with figs, sponges, and washleathers, between

Smyrna and Hartlepool. Having ingratiated himself with the owners of the vessel by his extraordinary talent for imitating the notes of birds and other animals, he became supercargo, part owner, junior, and finally senior partner in the firm. As a young man, before he entered Parliament, Mr. DISRAELI was fond of domestic pets, and for several years kept a tame Russian bear in honourable captivity. One day the creature, while engaged in play with its master, overstepped the bounds of moderation, and knocked him down with its paw in the front garden of the house which he then occupied in St. Petersburg Place, Bayswater. Bruin was immediately sold to a neighbouring hairdresser; and those who have closely watched the PRIME MINISTER's career, date from this occurrence the commencement of the antagonistic feelings towards Russia with which he is credited. Lord BEACONSFIELD is passionately fond of angling, and during the season, when the weather is favourable, and there are no Cabinet Councils, may generally be seen in a punt, on the Thames, not far from Richmond Bridge, eating chocolate and fishing for gudgeon.

The Earl of DERBY received his education at Christ's Hospital, the LORD MAYOR having kindly given him a presentation for that noble foundation. As a Blue-coat boy he was distinguished as the ringleader in bolster matches, and for his steady perseverance in acquiring the mastery of the bassoon. Very early in his career he became famous for his reckless daring as a gentleman jockey in steeple-chases, and it was this revelation of equestrian talent which secured him his first start in official life as Equerry to H.R.H. the Duke of SUSSEX. Afterwards he became Master of the Horse, under SIR ROBERT PEEL, but exchanged this appointment for the Buck-hounds when the Corn Laws were repealed. The FOREIGN SECRETARY is an inveterate smoker (Latakia), and writes all his despatches in bed, seldom rising before noon, when he calls for his carriage and four and dashes down to Epping Forest or Clapham Common, where in seclusion he prepares himself for the Debates in the House of Lords. He is a great poultry fancier, and has carried off the principal prizes at all the leading shows in the kingdom.

Nothing remarkable is recorded of the boyhood of the Marquis of SALISBURY, except his partiality for India pickles. At Oxford he developed a taste for pugilism, and his leaning towards one of the more pronounced schools of Nonconformist theology, even then excited feelings of uneasiness in the minds of his family and friends. His Lordship is Chancellor of the University of London, one of the Patrons of the Society for the Abolition of the Established Church of England, and Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. His palatial town-house—built by SIR GODFREY KNELLER—is in Cecil Street, Strand, and in his stately park at Burleigh—close under the shadow of Salisbury Cathedral—is to be found the only herd of wild buffaloes now remaining in this country.

Mr. BRIGHT is the son of a Leicestershire clergyman, who was also the Squire of the parish, and a noted foxhunter. After passing

through Eton, where he was Captain of the "Eleven," Mr. BRIGHT obtained a Commission (through family interest) in a Cavalry Regiment, and distinguished himself in the Chinese War. He sold out of the Army at the Peace, and turned his attention to agricultural pursuits, becoming an ardent sportsman, a strict game-preserved, and a fearless Chairman of Quarter Sessions. He still retains his hereditary love of the chase, and is one of the Stewards of the Jockey Club. Mr. BRIGHT is Chairman of the Eldon Club, and patron of ten livings. He married a daughter of the Archbishop of BOMBAY; and his landed estates are strictly entailed.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Excuse for staying—A little Dinner with some choice spirits, and some account of how the evening was finished.

MY VERY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE not yet returned to my flat in the *Rue Neuve de double gras aux petits pois*, having received a very kind and characteristic letter from the Marshal to say "wait a week or so," and finishing epigrammatically with "*J'y suis, ou, je vous suis.*" Therefore before taking my walks abroad, I am doing a few of our home amusements.

The other evening I was dining with a few choice spirits at the Chopsteak Tavern, with H. E. H. E. (of Westminster), in the Chair, faced by ARCHIE, C. T. (of Canterbury), and supported by some first-rate members of the Fancy, as, *entre nous*, we call the Revisionary, or Visionary, Committee; and a pleasanter party never stretched legs under a mahogany. It was real old times revived. Well, after a song in praise of whiskey from the C-rd-n-l, who had to leave early in order to speak at Exeter Hall, a Rural Dean who was up for one day only, and had to be off to-morrow morning by the first train, proposed an adjournment to some place of theatrical entertainment. The Registrar of the Diocese suggested *Zazel*. But this was at once negatived by a Canon of Westminster. Dr. LIGHTFOOT was for the ballet at the Alhambra, but everyone had seen it several times, and the same reason was given for not going to *Pink Dominos*.

"If there were a good circus going on," observed His Grace (after dinner) of Y-rk, "there's nothing I should like to see more than the delineation of Archbishop TURPIN's ride to the Cathedral City of the North."

Just at this minute, however, a secretary looked in, and whispering that unfortunately YORK was wanted, the excellent Archbishop finished his tumbler and retired.

"Let's have a paper and see what's going on," I suggested. Carried *nem. con.* "Nine hundredth night of *Our Boys?*" No, even the Rural Dean had seen this twice. "Russia," at the New National Theatre (here Canon L-nd-n left the room with MALCOLM M'C-LL), but as *Russia* was advertised for seven o'clock (an hour that will effectually prevent the stalls from ever seeing the F^N Act, which appears, "from information received," to be the best), this was out of the question for us. *Russia* was also advertised for eight. Which was correct we didn't know, and so we would not support the CZAR. It was now just nine-thirty (a number which apparently exercised a mysterious power over some present), and any idea of amusement had been generally abandoned, when suddenly the new B-sh-p of SODOR and MAN, who had been studying a newspaper, exclaimed,—

"Bedad! if ye will go to a place of amusement, and won't stop here for a quiet game of Loo, eighteenpenny and four-and-sixpenny"—all declined—"then that's what I'd like ye to see, boys!" And he flourished the front page of the *D. T.*

"What?" we all asked in a breath.

"Erin! a ballet at the Metropolitan Music Hall! Whoop! Ould Ireland for ivver!"

"At the Metropolitan!" said the Pr-m-te, brightening up. "That sounds well; though I should have preferred the Canterbury for choice."

Hansom's were called, and away we went to the Edgeware Road. What *Erin* (the ballet in question) was all about, it would be impossible to say; but there was "the Genius of Old Ireland" represented by a lady who, like most true geniuses, was modest and retiring, and kept perpetually (with the harp that once did, but doesn't now) in the background. There were some beautiful dancing Irish lasses and Irish lads with shillelaghs, an undramatic gentleman who would have sung Irish ballads charmingly but for a cold, for which he apologised with pantomimic action expressive of coughing, finally putting his hand, in an exhausted manner, to his chest, as much as to say, "Excuse my mustard-plaster! nothing but a mustard-plaster will draw any notes out of me to-night! but I'll do my best," and he did, too, being much applauded for his efforts. And then there was a very dramatic young lady with a powerful voice, who gave us three Irish melodies, including "*The Minstrel Boy*," with stirring effect. I couldn't catch the words, and had forgotten "*The Minstrel Boy*," but I fancy, if her dramatic action

was correct, that the Minstrel Boy was catching it heavily from her (the singer in question) for having gone to the wars at all; in fact, judging from her action, it seemed to me that she did not believe in the Minstrel Boy having gone to the wars, but that this was simply a shabby excuse for getting away, and leaving her. I own that if this is a misconception on my part, then it is my fault for not being more thoroughly acquainted with the Minstrel Boy.

Then there was a Fair Scene, and "all the fun" of it was in the sudden appearance of Messrs. *Disraeli* and *Gladstone* (two excellent masks), both visiting Donnybrook (I suppose) at the same time, accompanied by their friends, the *Sultan* and the *Czar*. *Dizzy* and *Gladstone* were great fun, but the "People's WILLIAM" was hooted whenever he came on with the *Czar*, and was ultimately removed by a shabby policeman; while *Dizzy* and the *Turk* were cheered to the echo. (I wonder how this sort of thing would be stood by my dear friend, the Marshal, in Paris!) So, with another song, and more dancing, representing the sports and racing, at least so I imagine, the Entertainment concluded, and I left long before my companions, who were determined to stop it out, and had all agreed to see the Rural Dean home to his lodgings, where *SODOR AND MAN* still thought they might get a quiet *Loo*.

The remarkable thing about the Metropolitan audience (on this night, at all events) was its respectability and decorum. *Our Boys* have reached the 900th night of their apparently interminable run, and Messrs. *JAMES* and *THORNE* have come back to the original parts, first filled by them in a remote antiquity. Revivalism seems to be up just now in the theatrical world. *The New* appears, in fact, *An Unequal Match for the Old*.—I am now, as ever,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

THE PERMISSIVE CARTE.

(To be left in the Coffee-Room of the future, for—those who like it.)

	£ s. d.
Eau Ordinaire (good condition)	0 1 0
Do. (filtered, LIPSCOMB's brand)	0 1 6
Do. (Sparkling Serpentine)	0 3 6
Barley-Water (1876. Sound)	0 3 0
Do. (Haute, 1872)	0 4 0
Do. (Grand Eau-Cabinet. 1842)	0 5 6
Sherbet (Excellent. Carte Blanche)	0 4 0
Do. (Superior Yellow Label)	0 6 0
Toast-and-Water (Still)	0 3 6
Do. (Très sec)	0 7 0
Do. (Imperial, Crémant)	0 10 6
Pop (from the Wood)	0 2 6
Do. (Cold in Bottle)	0 4 6
Do. (very Old and Tawny)	0 7 0
Do. (the "Comet Pop," in magnificent condition. Only a few dozens left)	0 13 6

Apply to WILFRID LAWSON & Co. (Limited), Water Lane.

PICKING AND STEALING?

COULD not the HOME SECRETARY resolve himself occasionally into a Court of Criminal Appeal, to reconsider a summary conviction by a Magistrate as well as a Judge's sentence. The *Times*' police report, stating that WILLIAM LAMBOURNE, a small child, ten or eleven years old, was sentenced by Mr. BARSTOW at Clerkenwell to twenty-one days' imprisonment and hard labour for picking a house-leek out of a flower-bed in St. Pancras Churchyard, passes uncontradicted. If there is really no mistake about it, surely Mr. Cross might, long ere now, with no excess of lenity, have advised Her Most Gracious MAJESTY to remit the remainder of a somewhat severe punishment awarded to a very juvenile offender. Had he known of it in time, might not the infant's sentence have been commuted for a good talking-to, or, at the utmost, a judicious parental flogging. Such a sentence is not like Mr. Barstow, who has always shown himself a discreet and kindly, as well as pains-taking and intelligent, Magistrate. In this case, however, as it stands on the report, the Clerkenwell Beak seems to have been over-sharp for once.

Gigantic Journals.

OF two great Metropolitan morning newspapers, one advertises itself as commanding the "Largest Circulation in the World," and the other, in like manner, claims a "World-Wide Circulation." Both of them are published within the City of London. Might not these giants be called the *GOE* and *MAGOG* of journalism?

CHEAP JACK.—Evidently not Sir JOHN BENNETT.

PUNCH TO HIS PRINCE.



ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES.

Born November, 1841.

PUNCH, PRINCE OF MIRTH.

Born July, 1841.

My Prince! on this, thy natal day,
'Tis meet that *Punch* should homage pay
His Royal Brother!

The fateful year that gave thee birth
Gave Princes twain to glad the earth—

Thee, and another;
A Prince of Wales, a Prince of Mirth,
To cheer each other.

Together, though apart, we've grown
From childhood up; and each has known
Affliction's stings:

I in my craft, thou by the Throne
Of England's Kings.

Nor Rank nor Wit can stay Death's hand,
Nor hold the ever-ebbing sand

Of Life's hour-glass;
We can but, brave and patient, stand,

And let it pass.

With joy and sorrow, weal and woe,
This chequered life jogs on; and so
The world keeps rolling!
While stars have set, fresh stars have shone—

New friends replace the old ones gone—
Our grief consoling;

And marriage-bells ring on and on

Through death-knells tolling!

Fain *Punch* would wish thee, on this day,
Some special wish. What shall he say?

All Fortune's store

Is thine to grasp; rank, wealth, and all
That poets dream, is at thy call.

What wouldest thou more?

A peerless wife stands by thy side,
All pure as gold in furnace tried,

Without alloy.

Thy children are a Nation's pride,
And *Punch*'s joy.

Having at Home such perfect bliss.
What can *Punch* wish thee more than this,

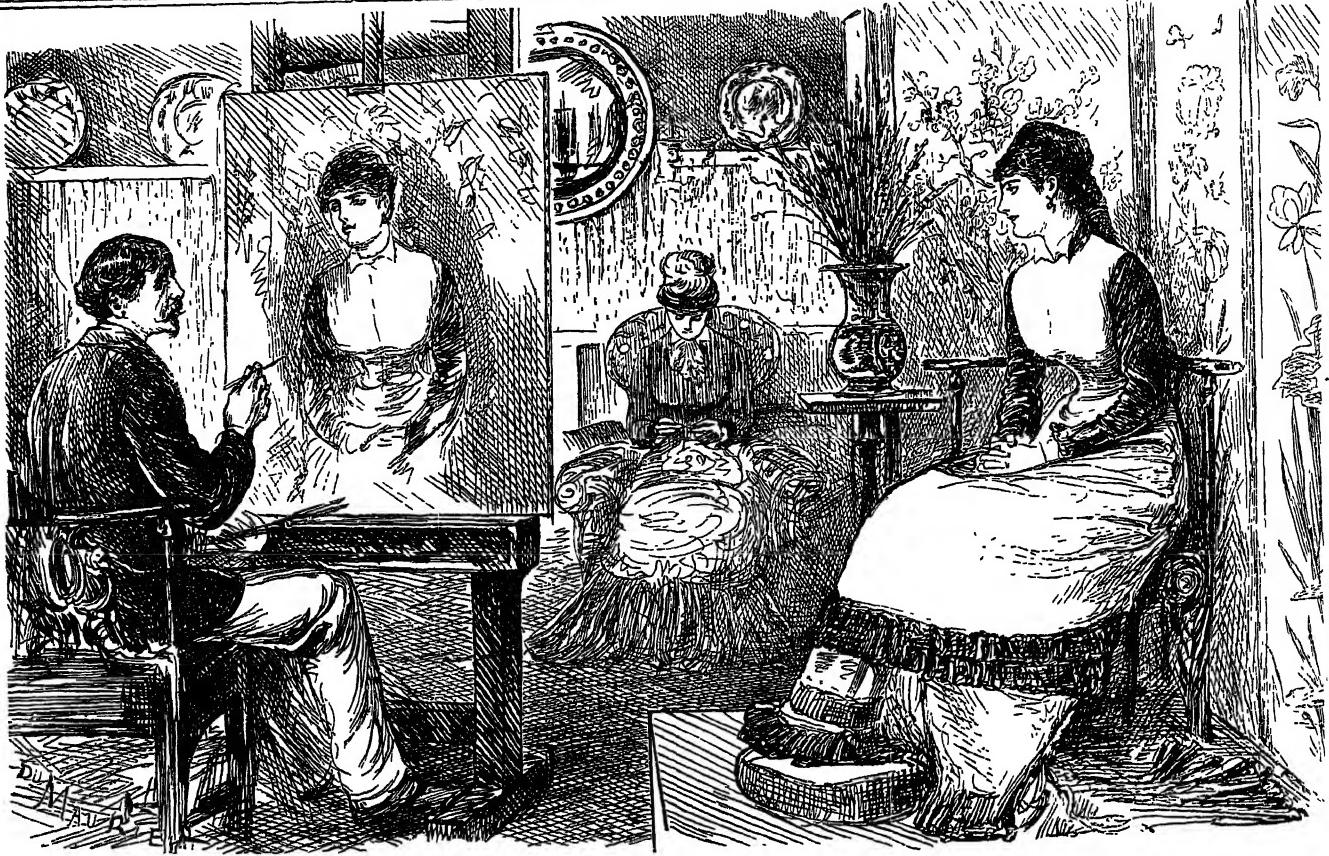
With all his wit?

That as thou wear'st upon thy crest
Thy Father's motto—"Tren und Fest!"

Thou live by it.

PUNCH.

A FLYING VISIT.—In a report of Mr. GLADSTONE's adventures in Wicklow, a newspaper states that at Shillelagh Station he and his party were conveyed by carriages waiting for them to Coolattin Park. So that, in fact, our gentle Woodman remained at Shillelagh only just long enough to cut his stick.



ART AND FASHION.

Our Artist and his fashionable Sitter compare Notes about Paris. He begins :—

"YOU WENT TO THE 'LOUVRE,' OF COURSE ?"

"I SHOULD THINK SO, INDEED ! BEFORE GOING ANYWHERE ELSE ! I SPENT ALL MY TIME THERE ! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL PLACE !"

"AH ! AND WHAT ENDLESS STORES OF NOBLE ARTISTIC WEALTH !"

"YES ! SO ARTISTIC ! AND THE ATTENDANTS SO CIVIL, YOU KNOW."

"H'M ! PRETTY WELL ! BUT ALL IS WELL MANAGED. SUCH CLEANLINESS ! SUCH ORDER !"

"YES ! AND THOSE LOVELY BALLOONS THEY GIVE ONE, WITH 'LOUVRE' PRINTED ON THEM, YOU KNOW !"

[*Our Artist is thinking of the famous Museum: his fashionable Sitter of the still more famous linen-draping and silk-mercing emporium which bears the same name, and where they give you a hydrogen balloon to take away with you along with your purchase. And a wonderful advertisement that balloon is ! Verb. sap.*]

THE SPRIG OF SHILLELAGH.

(*Adapted to the Occasion.*)

OCH, GLADDY's the guest of the nate Irishman,
The Green Isle he's roamin' to twig all he can,
With his Sprig of Shillelagh and Shamrock so green.
His phiz looks good-humoured, his wind appears sound,
But he keeps his own counsel whilst looking around,
Walks and chats, bows and smiles before cutting his stick,
But his illigant tongue makes no speeches, avich !—
For all his Shillelagh and Shamrock so green !

PAT ne'er had the luck in St. Stephen's to stand,
Whilst that guest wid his measures was blessing the land.
That grows the Shillelagh and Shamrock so green.
Will his GLADDY then leave him wid sorra' the spache ?
Has he nothing to talk about, nothing to tache ?
Is there never a wrong in the Isle of the West,
For the cuttin' down spoort that the ould boy loves best,
With his Sprig of Shillelagh and Shamrock so green ?

"My cead mille failean 'tis cruel to balk ;
Sure 'tis sorry he'll be that he grudged me the talk—
For all my Shillelagh and Shamrock so green !"
So sighs purty SHEELAH, as blushing a smile,
She hands him a twig, the Home-growth of the Isle.
But he answers,—"Mavrone, I've a shafe on my shelf,
And prefer, when I want one, to cut it myself,
Being choice of Shillelaghs, nor liking them green."

Sweet SHEELAH may prettily pout and protest,
But our Woodman perhaps, after all, may know best,
To decline the Shillelagh that's offered him green.
Shure he manes no offence to that same Colleen Dhas ;
'Tis not now he first owns to her charms, the sweet lass !
He has fought in her cause like a Trojan afore,
And again, when he's wanted, he'll bring to the fore,
Both his Sprig of Shillelagh and Shamrock so green !

Supplying a Void.

THE DUC DECAZES's retirement from the French Foreign Office is, we are assured, a *fait-accompli*. The Duke, by this timely withdrawal from an untenable situation, shows himself a *seigneur accompli*. How much more dignified to walk out of the Foreign Office than to be kicked out !

It is reported that the Duke's successor is to be the Comte de VOGUE, now French Ambassador at Vienna. Comte de VOGUE would certainly be the right man in the right place. If there is one thing the Marshal wants just now, besides discretion and sound political judgment, it is *Vogue*.

BENEATH THE LOWEST DEEP A LOWER DEEP.

SAYS Sir WILFRED to the Marshal,
"Our worse your bad I'll fit to :
You've a Republican Government,
But we've a Publican ditto."



“ WITH HIS SPRIG OF SHILLELAGH—” !!

HIBERNIA. “ SHURE, YER HONOUR’LL TAKE A REAL SHILLELAGH FOR THE SAKE OF OULD IRELAND ! ”
MR. GLADSTONE. “ THANK YOU, MY DEAR, I PREFER TO CUT MY OWN ! ”

“ Mr. Gladstone then drove by Aughrim through ‘Shillelagh Wood,’ and inspected the famous ‘Shillelagh Oak,’ from which a couple of model twigs were offered to him.”—Report of W. E. G.’s Irish Progress—Chapter “Coolatin.”



A MODERN ATHENIAN.

Southern Tourist (in Edinburgh). "CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO THE ROYAL INSTITUTION?"

Native. (Vacant Stare.) "WHAT EST?"

Tourist (giving a Clue). "PICTURES, YOU KNOW—STATUES—AND—"

Native (after much thought). "Oo!—ET'S THE STUKKY FEGGARS Y' MEAN!"
—*(Pointing.)*—"YON'S ET!"

THE STAGE IN EXCELSIS.

SURELY these are brave times for the Theatres. The Drama dead! Bosh! The Drama is not only alive, but should also be kicking—if that be the natural consequence of waxing fat, and if fatness comes of favour in high places.

For, lo you now, as in the days when *le grand Monarque* shook his awful wig in a Versailles ballet, and MARIE ANTOINETTE played shepherdess in a straw hat in the interludes at Trianon, the stage can once more boast a King for nursing-father, in Norway, and a Grand Duke for manager, at Meiningen. We read in the week's Continental Chronicle of the *Academy* how—

"The King of SWEDEN and NORWAY has completed a dramatic poem, entitled *Minnie från Upsala*, the scene of which is successively laid in the Cathedral, in Odin's Grove, and in Old Upsala. This drama, to which IVAR HALLSTRÖM has written the music, is now under rehearsal, and will be shortly performed."

And, again, in a *Times* Letter, from Dresden:—

"Die Meiningers," as they are called here, have just left us. This troupe, which performs generally at the Court of Meiningen, owes its perfection principally to the Duke, who devotes himself to it with unparalleled zeal. He has gone repeatedly to foreign countries solely for the purpose of studying foreign costumes and house furniture in order to be able to reproduce them on the stage as faithfully as possible. The weapons, for instance, used in the *Hermann Schlacht* are true copies of originals preserved in the Central Museum of German antiquities at Cologne, and those used in *Fiesco* have been in great part purchased from dealers in antiquities in Genoa and Venice."

Talk of your BANCROFTS and HARES in London, and your CALVERTS at Manchester! Here is a real live Grand Duke lovingly presiding over Stage *bric-a-brac*, and "mounting" the play, with no sense that he is coming down in the process, but as if he felt the

"EXEGI MONUMENTUM."

ONE of the trio convicted a few days ago of conspiracy to defraud the Artisans' Dwellings Company made a very pathetic speech to the Court, in the course of which he bore warm testimony to his own virtues, sacrifices, and services to the Working-Man. Besides "supplying building plans to all the Crowned Heads of Europe," he has (as the Old Bailey has now given us abundant testimony) "done wonders at Clapham." "The erection of the Shaftesbury Park Buildings alone," he tells us, "is a monument to his memory," making him at once "revered and respected."

Suppose, by way of tribute to this revered convict, the Shaftesbury Estate were re-christened as "Great Swindhurst"? How would the tenants like it? This monument to the promoter of the Artisans' Dwelling Company, if not quite *are perennius* (the houses on the Estate not being remarkable for solid construction), might at least be something of a set-off against eighteen months of prison reflection, prison discipline, and prison labour. If there be truth in the Latin adage, *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, we may suppose that this benefactor of the Working Man rose to his proud eminence *by degrees* thus:—Swindle, Swindler, Swindlerst.

Adding Insult to Injury.

SOME of *Punch's* readers may remember the press-gang's way of dealing in GOLDSMITH's story of the one-legged Tar. "They first knocked me down," says the light-hearted sailor, "and then bade me stand." So it is with the Chelsea Vestry. They first crack the crown of the Misses CLARKES' cellar with their fifteen-ton steam-roller, and then call on them to pay for mending it.

No, thank you, my dear Bumble. 'Tis excellent to have a steam-roller to break the new-laid granite of your roads—but tyrannous to use it like a Vestry, by calling upon the parishioners whose vaults it cracks to pay the cost of repairs. "Who breaks, pays," should be the motto, whether with cellars, crowns, or statutes.

We are glad to see Mr. D'ENCOURT takes *Punch's* view, and has awarded costs, not against Miss CLARKE, but the Vestry, which first smashed in her cellar, and then summoned her.

SEPARATION OF THE SEXES.

LITTLE or nothing has lately been heard or seen in London of Irish Orangemen. Yet Irish Orangewomen are as abundant as ever.

Manager's Chair at least a stage higher than the Grand-Ducal Throne.

Managers were mighty men before, and in no way given to think small beer of themselves. What liquor will they think of themselves now—Royal Norwegian Spruce, or Grand-Ducal Lager?

King MAX of Bavaria is known to have gone in for WAGNER and the Music of the Future. Many of the stupendous transformation scenes of Bayreuth, almost rivalling the marvels of Drury Lane Pantomime wrought by the wonder-working brush of BEVERLY, are believed to have had their inspiration in the Winter Garden a-top of the Schloss at Munich, where the Royal Poet spends his winters in artistic retirement with RICHARD WAGNER for Prime Minister of his aesthetic pleasures.

Thus the Managers may fairly claim a right to think Bavarian Beer of themselves. And why may not Kaiser ere long rush in where King has not feared to tread, and so uplift the managerial estimate of itself to the sublime level of "Imperial Pop"? To quote HORACE with a difference,—

"Sed si me Regibus manager inseras
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice."

The Argument a Minor.

(For the consideration of MACDONALD, M.P.)

So you suggest that they our coals that quarry
Should shorten shifts to raise black diamonds' price?
But, if so, why should other workers tarry,
Each in his craft, to follow your advice?
Till soon, hauled o'er the coals, like spark in stubble,
Over-production's doctrine goes ahead,
And all trades work half time, and come down double
For beef and beer, for house, and clothes, and bread!

THAT LASS 'O TOWERY 'S.

*By the Authors of Several other Things, &c., &c.*CHAPTER VIII.—*Meeting by Moonlight.*

"LEWK owt fur yo'sel," she whispered to him as he leant over her, pretending to admire her black diamond ear-rings, which were her sole piece of finery. "Owd feather's goin' to giv' yo ar narsty 'un, yo'll zee; zo git owt yo Young Ingineer, an' dunno kum teeklin' mer, or yo'll git ar narsty 'un fra' mee tew, yo wull."

NEGUS was no coward; but henceforth he never went out without a box of fireworks, so as to send up rocket-signals in case of distress, a pocket electric battery to forward messages to his friends, and a reversible coat, which, if riddled through by bullets on one side, would be as good as new on the other. These, with a small fire-escape and a bottle of patent "Pick-me-up" in case of his being knocked down, completed his equipment.

One night he rapped loudly at the little Curate's door. At the same moment he lit a cigar. This sound and this light were what had awaked the Rev. THOMAS TITT from his slumbers.

He sat playing cards with the little Curate till past midnight. Then he left.

It was a warm night, and, regardless of his safety, he had deposited his precautionary measures at the little Curate's door, when a female figure appeared from behind the honeysuckle, and beckoned to him.

He followed her, out into the road.

Then a voice, which he recognised in spite of the mist and hoarseness, said,

"Oi wants tar speek wi' yo, ar dew."

The little Curate, who had been winning a little money at *écarté* (his favourite game, for proficiency in which he had obtained his degree in arts at St. Cad's College), and was in excellent spirits, exclaimed, "Why, bless me, if it isn't EM' BEERIE! And a doosid fine gal, too!" Then he added,

blushingly, "As we used to say at Oxford." Then he called out, "How do, EMMY? How's old Catechism going on? What lark's up now? as we used to say at Oxford," he added, apologetically.

And the little Curate, who had taken a little too much at *écarté*, was about to advance on tiptoe, and raise his little hand to chuck her under the chin in the most conscientious manner, when she replied, shortly, "O yo stewp't leetel tiddlepops o' ar person! Yo levee mer arlown an' oil levee yo arlown!"

And waving the back of her hand towards him with a queenly gesture that well became her, she caught him about the second button of his low waistcoat, and, on the spot, doubled him up. The little Curate was sensible of a sudden and extraordinary change having come over him on being suddenly doubled up. From four feet he became eight, and was unable to re-enter his house except lengthways, as a parcel from the tailor's.

"If I could only reduce myself by two feet," he sighed, "ANICE SORTICAL would look up to me."

Suddenly he brightened up.

"Diet will do it!" he cried. "I'll become a teetotaller, and lower myself."

That night, for the first time in his life, he lay long in bed.

"To-morrow morning," he said to himself, shyly, "I shall shrink from getting up. If I can but shrink just two feet I shall be satisfied."

And he looked forward to the surprise he would give ANICE.

Then he slept.

In the meantime NEGUS BARCROW followed EM' BEERIE along the shadowy road, and across the open ploughed fields where the tall elms and stately oaks made the obscurity of night more obscure, and the closely-planted nut-bushes and carefully-trained wild briars rendered all attempts at walking absolutely impossible. So they strode on, following each other.*

CHAPTER IX.

The Panto-mining Business.

EM' BEERIE stopped suddenly. The Young Engineer approached. "DAN BEERIE's ma owd feather," she said, in a whisper.

"You are as wise as you are beautiful," was NEGUS BARCROW's reply, and he knelt before her in the moonlight as he might have done before any lady in the land.

The girl's strong dramatic instinct led her to place one foot lightly, but firmly, on his outstretched knee, and so balancing herself with one hand on his shoulder, she threw herself into a graceful attitude, her left toe pointing downwards. The Red Fires of the distant furnaces brilliantly illuminated the scene for a few seconds, till the dark curtain of night fell on the tableau.

This recalled her to herself. Jumping down with great natural modesty, she tripped over a moonbeam that had fallen



** Editor's Note.*
Authors. — "My dear Lady and Gentlemen, a ploughed field is not a wood. A ploughed field is 'the open,' not the closed. How could they walk at all where any attempt at walking was absolutely impossible. And again, how could they 'follow each other'? One walked first, and the

other followed. Please alter, or explain — for we are willing to admit that not being personally conversant with the country, and our Special Commissioner and his Boy not having wired or sent any report, it may happen that you are perfectly right in your details; only it doesn't appear so at first sight." — Yours, ED.

Answer from the New Provincial Novel Company Limited to Editor.— "No, it does not appear right 'at first sight,' as you say. But look at it again; take another sight at it. We always do. The fields here are exactly as we have described them. Land is too valuable in the North to be set aside for one purpose alone. A field is not given up to the plough only, but it is increased in size by being let out for all sorts of purposes; and thus, by not wasting the furrows and utilising the ridges, crops can grow in the midst of woods where the game is preserved and the wild strawberries abound; while descending by a staircase, or a sunk shaft, in the corner of the field, we come upon a mine in full operation. Such are the wonders here which have gained our people the title of The Wizards of the North. As to the 'following,' any one who knows the habits of the people here, this description is simply lifelike. Don't ask any more questions." — (Signed) THE COMPANY.



OUR COUNTRYMEN ABROAD.

"ULLA! GARCON, HERE YOU ARE! DAYJERNAY, SE VOO PLAY?"
 "YES, SARE! VAT VIL YOU 'AV, SARE?"
 "OH! OOFFS!"
 "YES, SARE! EUFFS A LA COQUE, SARE!"
 "OH, NONG! HANG IT! HEN'S EGGS FOR ME, PLEASE!"

between them, but recovered herself without sustaining any injury, and stood by his side.

"You are an elegant creature," said the Young Engineer, with a certain tremor in his voice.

"Nay," she replied, in a voice softened by the deep mist. "Oim na' ar Kollumbyne, bart oil tell yo zumth'in' az arl bee arz gewd arz ar panto-mine, eef zo be yo'll lizzen t'm' noo."

"Liz! Liz! O Liz!" murmured NEGUS, thinking to himself what a capital advertisement this would be on the walls of London.

"Nay," determinedly, "ma naym's na Liz' an' yo nose eet." Then, in a subdued tone, "T'owd feether's goin't'a nok yo down. Happen he'z hoidin' about."

"What!" exclaimed the Young Engineer, much interested. "What! Strike me with a feether?"

"Aye," sturdily, but in a whisper, "az yo stip oot uv that there gayt ar' t' ind o' thees field into th' lane, wun on 'um,—than ar three on um agin yo,—wull bee lyin' down i' t' road fur yo to tumbel o'w'r. Then when yo layze sprorlin' in t' road, t' owd feether'll eopp yo o'w'r t' nob wi' ar gewd cloutin' stick."

"And the third man?—you said there were three of them," asked the Young Engineer, following the description closely.

"Thar theerd mon'll bee zittin i' t' edge, zingin' 'rum tum tum tum tiddley diddley rum tum tum tum,' wi'out stoppin', just fur t'keep thru spurruts oop. It's wart they do call i' these parts ther mewzik o' t' panto-mine rally, an' the hands az ar panto-miners zings it az tho' they wore feeddin' awa' fur t' dear loife."

The Young Engineer felt like a coward. He was under her protection, and had only to follow her directions.

They drew near an old exploded mine. They were approaching the Lane. He knew it well by name; Doorie Lane. They walked on, and stood by the entrance to the pit. The doors were only just open. Not a soul was to be seen. She gave him an order to go in and sit down. There he was to watch.

Sure enough, at this critical moment the sound of the third man's

voice, in the hedge, humming the music already described, fell on his ear, and NEGUS BACROW trembled for the brave girl who had risked her life for his.

A minute after, she was lost to view.

What was to happen next?

CHAPTER X.—*The Rally, the Roughs, and the Tumble.*

DAN BEERIE stood, grimly smiling, in the shadow, with a long, thick, pliant stout stick—a "wakkur," as they call it here—in his hand.

There was a malicious sense of humour in his smile, that boded no one any good.

Of his two companions in the plot, the one was humming in the hedge, the other lay with his face downwards in the lane in front of the gate through which they knew the Young Engineer must pass on his road homewards.

DAN BEERIE had given his directions carefully. He had told them, "When yo zee ar mon fall o'w'r ther pal lyin' down i' t' road, joomp oop, lads, an' bang 'im o'w'r t' nut wi' yer sticks."

Then, walking backwards to his place of concealment, he added, "Oil teech thar varmint to mark me carry a fan i' t' mine." He paused; for a familiar footstep in the road fell on his ear.

"Bar'OMFREY DAVY, it's hersen!" he exclaimed, with a fearful oath. "Oil stop the peghedden wench, or she'll spoil orl." And he walked towards the gate, intending to pass into the lane, and confront his daughter. He was on the very track that NEGUS, but for the warning, would himself have taken.

"Oil gi' er zumth'in'," he muttered furiously as he reached the gate—"Oil gi' er a gewd—"

But the sentence was never finished.

There was a violent humming of the "rum-tum-tiddy" music faster and more furiously than ever, as DAN BEERIE stumbled heavily over his partner's prostrate form, and fell, head-foremost, at full length on the road. Before he could explain the fatal mistake, his two friends were on to him violently with their sticks, and were beating him to a jelly, when EMMA suddenly stood before them.

At this instant the light shone through the neighbouring Limes.

Then, as she pointed to the lifeless mass at her feet, the two men drew back aghast.

"Wull, oi nivvour!" they both exclaimed at once. "We've killed t'owd feether!"

They stood thunderstruck.

Then there arose a loud cry of "Bravo!" and a clapping of hands from the Young Engineer in the pit.

The two men heard no more, but ran for their lives.

There lay BITTER BEERIE, "T' pot hat smarshed," as EM sadly said, "ow'r his moog."

This time his head was gone for ever—past all hope of recovery; and BEERIE, the Bitterest BEERIE in all Swiggin, lay in the road flat and dead.

(To be continued.)

SILENCE AND TIME.

(By a Pensive M.P.)

"Before 1832, the Parliamentary Constitution of this country was full of flaws in theory, and blots in practice, that would not bear the light. But it was, notwithstanding, one of the wonders of the world. Time was its parent; Silence was its nurse."—Mr. GLADSTONE on the County Franchise, in the "Nineteenth Century" for November.

If "Time was its parent and Silence its nurse,"

In the primitive ages before Thirty-two,

Then Parliament, surely, has changed for the worse,

Now St. Stephen's 'gainst Time shows a spite most perverse,

And with Silence has nothing to do!

Time and Silence for Parent and Nurse? 'Tis to tell,

In a nursery image, an optimist tale.

Or, if true, ah, had parent or nurse but a spell

To minimise BIGGAR or muzzle PARNELL,

How St. Stephen's their magic would hail!

But the hope and the metaphor too's a mistake,

Though it makes a man envious to ponder it.

Our Parliament now is a wild Irish wake,

With Silence we've nothing to do, except break,

And as little with Time, but to squander it.

RUSSIA'S MOST FORMIDABLE FOES.

In the Camp—General Corruption.

In the Field—Winter Pasha.

"SIGHTS FOR SAIR EEN."

ELEBRATED MR. PUNCH,
YOU, Sir, possess
what your friend'ARRY
would call the 'art that
can feel for another.
You are also up to the
pictorial Art. You will
therefore, of course,
approve of the follow-
ing appeal on behalf
of sufferers who might
derive considerable
comfort from

"ART IN HOSPITALS.—
The Committee of the Sea-
men's (Dreadnought) Hos-
pital, Greenwich, gratefully
acknowledge the receipt of
250 pictures for the wards,
of which seventy are framed.
A £5 note will frame twenty
pictures, so that £40 is
required to place those pic-
tures in all the wards.

Towards this sum five guineas have been received from Mr. GEORGE PARKER, leaving £35 to be still subscribed. The funds of the Hospital are not available for this purpose, and hence this appeal for special subscriptions for the Framed Picture Fund.

By Order, HENRY C. BURDETT, Secretary.

Now, Sir, the above address to benevolent readers appeared the other day in the *Morning Post*, which also contained an announcement relative to Art

regarded from quite another point of view, describing a popular form of it as

"THE STREET ADVERTISING NUISANCE.—At the last weekly meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works, a deputation from the Board of Works of Westminster waited upon the Board, and presented a Memorial asking them to introduce a bill, or to co-operate in some way, to obtain an Amendment of the law for effectually preventing a continuance of the hoardings and other structures for advertising purposes."

The Metropolitan Board of Works, Sir, has actually entertained this request, and referred it to their Works and General Purposes Committee. I trust that body will scout the idea of stripping "hoardings and other structures" of those artistic decorations which render dead walls lively. Instead of limiting the sphere of advertising Art, I would say extend it. Introduce that branch of Art also into hospitals. Think what a soothing effect its innumerable varieties and contrasts of design and colour would exert on the eyes of patients, mostly affected more or less with nervous irritability. Why, Sir, is it not almost as good as a play to survey the scenic illustrations depicted on every practicable surface, which inform the play-goer so nicely of what he is going to see? Hospital interiors embellished with polychrome advertisements would be as gay and cheerful as those of the first-class carriages on the Metropolitan Railway, and impress the minds of the inmates with useful instruction, which, on their recovery, they would bear away with them, to the profit of themselves and others. I have the honour to be, Sir, your ever faithful friend, the Champion Bill Poster, and my name is

PUFFINGTON.

ENGLAND À LA RUSSE.

THE Queen's Theatre has been renamed "The National." To inaugurate the event, the Manager has produced a piece called *Russia*, which illustrates the scenery, manners, and customs of a country as much like the land of the Muscovites as chalk is like cheese. That our Northern brethren may not be jealous, *Mr. Punch* presents them with the outlines of a Drama, which they may call *Great Britain*, and play, if they like, in the National Theatre of St. Petersburg.

GREAT BRITAIN.**ACT I.**

SCENE 1.—*Kensington Palace during a ball. The Lord Mayor, the Prince of WALES, Miss Rose, and Count IVANOFF all dancing in full regimentals. Enter Sir ROB, the Chief of Police.*

Sir Rob (to Miss Rose). You will marry me, Miss.

Miss Rose (to Sir Rob). I will not—I defy you!

Sir Rob. I will be revenged. I must talk to Mistrer O'BLARNEY, the great Fenian millionaire.

[Dances in full regimentals continue. Scene changes to

SCENE 2.—*The interior of the South Kensington Museum by moonlight. Miss Rose, Her Lover, the Count IVANOFF, and others discovered conspiring over the Permissive Bill. Enter Sir ROB and Mistrer O'BLARNEY.*

Sir Rob. I have caught you! In the name of the LORD MAYOR I arrest you. You will all go to the Salt Mines of Epsom.

Count Ivanoff. But I am a Russian Officer.

Sir Rob. It matters not. Remove them!

[*Miss Rose, Her Lover, and Count IVANOFF, are carried off by British Grenadier Guards to the Salt Mines of Epsom.*

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—*The Salt Mines of Epsom. Miss Rose, Her Lover, Count IVANOFF, and others discovered wearily toiling.*

Count Ivanoff. Gentlemen Pickpockets, let us escape.

Mistrer O'Blarney (suddenly appearing). Yes, I have been tricked by Sir ROB, and I will show you the way.

[*The Gentlemen Pickpockets are about to escape when they are overpowered by the Artillery of the British Horse-Marines.*

SCENE 2.—*The Virgin Snow-Forest of the Kensington Gardens. In the foreground a Dead Cab-Horse. Miss Rose, Her Lover, Mistrer O'BLARNEY, and Count IVANOFF are escaping when they are confronted by Sir ROB.*

Sir Rob. So—you are in my power!

Mistrer O'Blarney (aside). I must dissemble. (Aloud.) May I offer you some refreshment?

[*Sir ROB is lured into the Lodge of a Park Keeper and treated to Ginger-Beer. The Lodge is set on fire. Sir ROB escapes.*

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—*The Council-Chamber in St. James's Palace. Miss Rose, Her Lover, Mistrer O'BLARNEY, and Count IVANOFF discovered loaded with Chains.*

Sir Rob (suffering from burns). You are all guilty of attempting to obtain money by false pretences; therefore, by the law of England, you must immediately be hanged.

Enter the LORD MAYOR.

The Lord Mayor. Not so. I pardon them. But you, Sir ROB, must go to the Epsom Salt Mines.

Sir Rob. Never! This medicine which I produce is warranted to cure me, and see, thus I escape ye!

[Takes the medicine and dies.]

The Lord Mayor. And if our kind friends in front will only applaud, they will show that they appreciate the manners and customs of Great Britain.

[Curtain.]

NINE REASONS AGAINST THE BANQUET OF THE NINTH.

(By one who has to weigh his Words.)

FIRSTLY.—I am past the age at which a stuffy and stifling public banquet can be viewed in the light of an agreeable recreation.

Secondly.—On such occasions one has to hear as well as make speeches.

Thirdly.—I can't get on my legs without indulging in a little of that epigrammatic point for which it pleases me to be famous—and points prick.

Fourthly.—I rather think that, as things go, "least said, soonest mended" is the appropriate ancestral wisdom.

Fifthly.—I am not quite so sure how many campaigns the country is prepared for—if any.

Sixthly.—I have no wish, at the present moment, to add to the obvious embarrassments of His August Majesty the Emperor of All the Russias.

Seventhly.—Why set the *Spectator* and its sycophants barking at my heels till the end of the Recess, to say nothing of the laudation of my effusive friends of the *D. T.*?

Eighthly.—If talking is to be done, DERBY will be there; and what is language given him for, but to conceal my thoughts?

Ninthly.—A quiet day at Hughenden is worth a great many Guildhall dinners.

And yet I shall have to go—I know I shall—and to talk too!—

"For this amongst the rest was I upraised!"

A Dublin Dialogue.

First Pat. A cheer for GLADSTONE, is it? Anny thrue Irish pay-off 'ud curse his name!

Second Pat. Arran! why now?

First Pat. Sorra' the man livin' has done so much to deprive us iv our grievances!



SCIENCE IN SPORT MADE REFRESHMENT IN EARNEST

Tar. "WHAT HA' YE GOT THERE, BOY?"

'Prentice (of a Scientific turn). "OH, JUST SCORPIONS, CENTIPEDES, AND THINGS I COLLECTED IN INDIA."

Tar. "WASTIN' GOOD SPERRITS ON DARNED RUBBISH LIKE THEM!!!"

[Drains bottle!]

WHY CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE?

(An Appeal to the Public from a very old Friend, with some interesting Items from the Isle of Thanet.

SIR.—Since I was first erected on this salubrious spot I have never complained. Men may come, and men may go, but I hold up for ever. Not a word have I ever written, or spoken. No one, except His Majesty of gracious presence and ungracious memory, ever made any noise about me, except the boatmen and the Cockneys, but I don't allude to that kind of row. No, Sir, what cuts into my granite heart is this, that whereas Mr. ERASmus WILSON lives within six easy miles of the finest and most sedate obelisk in the world (though I say it, as, perhaps, shouldn't), yet he wouldn't take the slight trouble of coming from Westgate (I'd like to Westgate and jacket him, too!) to see me, but must go gallivanting over to Egypt about that stupid old mummy of an obelisk that isn't half as fresh as I am, and not anything like so respectable, if history is to be believed.

CLEOPATRA's needle! Haven't we got them nearer home than that! Why, there's just as much point about me, and more, I believe, as there is about that Egyptian thing. No one has ever ventured to jeer at me as a *pointless* memorial.

However, I can't quarrel with Mr. ERASmus WILSON if he has got an Eastern fit on him (what he, as a distinguished specialist, would call "*Syria-sis*,"—and Syria's not so very far off Egypt), for every man has his hobby, so why not his hobby-lish?

All I want is that the public should come here, see *Me*, and judge for itself whether, if any Obelisk has deserved well of England, I'm not the one? Let 'em come to Ramsgate. It's easy enough now there's a train from Victoria at 3:15 on Saturdays, that lands you here in two hours exactly, *via* London, Chatham and Dover line. I mention this because I'm about the first object in view when you step out at the Terminus. "Excelsior!" I seem to say, for every-

"OH! THE CLANG!"

(Lines, quite impromptu, by an Agitated Gentleman, forced by circumstances to run the *new* duet to a Lady with a contralto voice, who, for the last THREE weeks, has passed her entire day in learning MOLLOY's "Wooden Shoon.")

Oh! the clang of that "Wooden Shoon!"

Oh! the row in the afternoon!

Try, Ma'am, please, another toon!

Or else go away!

When I leave home,

She's singing with a will!

When I return,

I find her singing still!

Oh! the clang of the wooden— Stay;

It's "Boys and Girls come out to play!"

Yes! 'tis like it. Before to-day

I thought I'd heard the *too-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo*!

Two seconds' rest after this sort of mild Gregorian finish, half Irish, half Breton; then, very much pleased with herself, on she goes again. Agonised Gentleman relapses, and murmurs:

Oh! the bang of that "Wooden Shoon!"

Will she sing all the afternoon?

Never trying another toon.

Down from D to A!

Then her hand comes down

On the keys with such a whack,

Her eel-skin gown

Must be split across the back.

But what cares she

If she the song can learn?

So up to D

She takes another turn!

Agonised Gentleman becomes furious.

Hang the clang of her "Wooden Shoon"!!

Hang her worrying this good toon!!!

I must ask if she wouldn't shoon

Like a new "toon" to play.

[Sits down to write to the Lady in question. Scene closes.]

QUERY FOR MR. FARINI.—Is it true that ZAZEL is going to perform in Dublin? At GUNN's Theatre, of course.

thing's looking up at Ramsgate just now. When the visitors have made out the cuneiform inscription on my base, let them "walk up, walk up," and see the Granville Marina Show. On my honour as a solid Obelisk, I don't mean this as a puff! We don't require puffs where we are so well off for sea-breezes. But when a man has done so much for a place, without effectually doing for himself, as Mr. DAVIS has for my dear, sleepy old Ramsgate, I am of opinion, and so is my friend Lord JETTY, who is one of the most substantial peers of the realm, that his work (which is the legitimate development of the late Mr. PUGIN's original plan) deserves recognition; and though, personally, I protest I don't know the gentleman from ADAM, I may fairly allude to him as

Rara Davis in terrace,

and I'm rejoiced to think that the damage done to his sea-wall has been repaired.

But what a splendid month has October been, and how lovely the beginning of November! Having been a fixture here for years, I have never been able to see Naples and live; but every one says that sky and sea *here*, have been lately quite Neapolitan, and the West Cliff, I'm told, as bright as Monaco. *A propos* of Monaco, I heard a literary gent say that the best short story he'd read for a long time was *The Ruined Man of Monaco*, by Mr. G. A. SALA, in *Mirth*, written with such a freshness as was worthy of even *his* *Sala*'d days.

Remember me to Professor ERASmus WILSON. I bear no malice. And let a just and generous public visit me *here*, and let them, as Britons, boldly declare that they have only got to look at home for a thing of beauty which is a joy for ever, and which begs to sign itself

Your old friend,

THE OBELISK IN RAMSGATE HARBOUR.

PFFTS OF THE PAVEMENT.—Perambulators.



"PLEASING REFLECTIONS"
(SCOTCH AND IRISH) OF A LEADER AND AN EX-DITTO.

HOW TO PLAY THE PART.

(*A Hint or two to a Young Judge.*)

NEVER, on entering or leaving a carriage, attempt to make a spring, but get in or out, as the case may be, slowly, or even cautiously: also, on no account ever be discovered running for your life to catch a train.

If you happen to belong to a Bicycle Club, instantly take your name off the books.

Be careful not to be drawn into a cricket-match and figure with a large score among "Eleven Gentlemen of the Bench against Eleven of the Bar."

When dining out, always enter the room with a slight stoop, and, if expected to listen to a good story and smile at it, do both very severely.

Cultivate a contracted brow, and never let a day pass without frowning quietly at yourself, before a looking-glass, for half an hour.

If you have to refer to the great Exhibition of 1851, don't say you remember accurately the situation of the toys and the refreshments.

Get up the lives of all the early geniuses, and keep in hand a good stock-story of something NAPOLEON said he couldn't have done after he was five-and-twenty.

If, as a child, you have had the Duke of WELLINGTON pointed out to you in the Park, commence a reference to the incident with "Some years ago, I remember meeting the Duke," &c.

Never miss an opportunity of addressing the most venerable Counsel in the Court beneath you frequently and pointedly as "Brother."

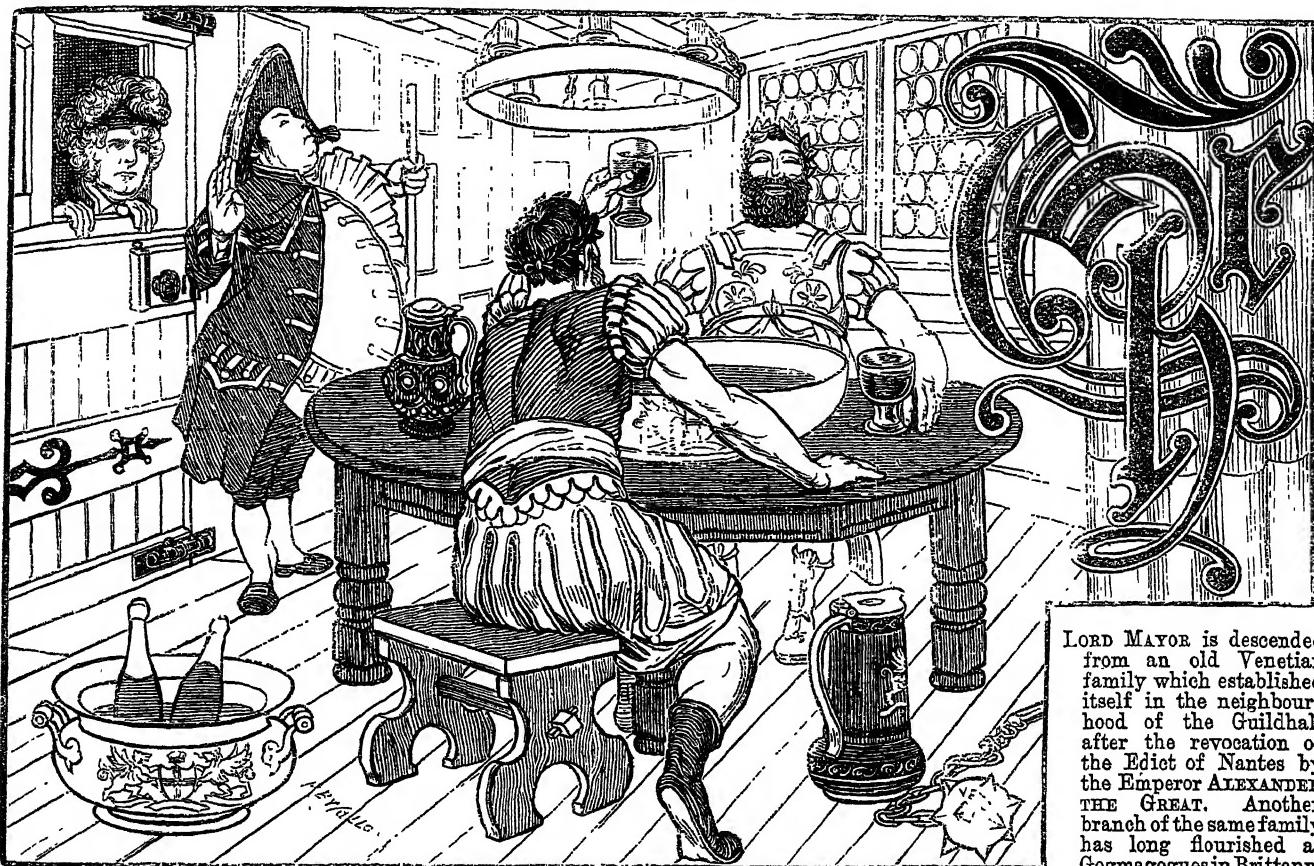
Glance, now and again, impatiently at the open window, as much as to say, "I don't know whether the others on the Bench can stand it, but, at my age," &c.

If inclined, when quite by yourself, either in some secluded country spot or on a silent stretch of sea-shore, to have a good hard run and halloo for very health, do it all with a stately judicial ease, never for a moment losing sight of the fact that you are a Lord Justice of Appeal.

And, lastly, go through the arduous duties of your position with learning, patience, and intelligence; and, in so doing, justify, by your conduct on the Bench, the judgment of those who have raised you thus early to its dignity and responsibility.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

(For Our Foreign Friends.)



LORD MAYOR is descended from an old Venetian family which established itself in the neighbourhood of the Guildhall after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by the Emperor ALEXANDER THE GREAT. Another branch of the same family has long flourished at Gogmagogues in Brittany.

In former times, before

the traffic was forbidden, his Lordship's ancestors were engaged in the exportation of Liverymen to the South Coast of Africa, but his more immediate progenitors were connected with the trade and manufactures of this country as Loriners to all the Reigning Sovereigns of Europe. He himself came up to London in early life from the Chiltern Hundreds, with a Canary bird in a cage, protected from the sun by a silk handkerchief, but slenderly provided with pocket-money, and speedily amassed a large fortune by means of honourable and extensive mercantile transactions with the Island of Ascension.

The LORD MAYOR's official salary is £50,000 a year, derived from a tax which the Corporation of London are empowered by an Act of Parliament, passed in the reign of King ALFRED, to levy upon every box of cigar-lights sold within the City boundaries. His retinue consists of a Wig-bearer, a Standard-bearer, a Chaplain (generally the Junior Bishop), a City Jester—the celebrated JOSEPH MILLER was the first—a Taster, a Toastmaster, and a Remembrancer, who attends his Lordship every morning, while he is dressing, to remind him of the duties of the day, and is paid by the hour.

The LORD MAYOR wears a fur cap on all occasions of ceremony and festivity, and enjoys the privilege of remaining uncovered in the presence of Royalty. His official residence in winter is Temple Bar, which is adorned with exquisite statues, executed by WREN and BIRD, of some of his most illustrious predecessors; and in summer he holds his Court on the Thames in a State-barge drawn by swans with gold collars—some of these splendid birds are centenarians—and manned by Australian Beefeaters from the Tower of London. At the expiration of his year of office, the LORD MAYOR, if a single man, is created a Knight Bachelor, and he is generally expected to defray all the expenses of having his portrait painted, framed, and hung up in the Venetian parlour, without a sigh.

The Sheriffs are always twins. To prevent mistakes, they are distinguished the one from the other by different coloured tapes. They are selected in infancy by a Committee, composed of the wives of the Aldermen who have passed the Chair, from the families of the most eminent among the Liverymen; and they are carefully brought up by hand from their cradle in the exercise of all such faculties and accomplishments—eloquence, for example, a rare judgment of wines, stenography, short whisk, tandem driving, and a minute knowledge of the history of the various Civic Companies—as will befit them in after life for the discharge of their exalted functions. At an early age the future Sheriffs are familiarised with the Guildhall, the Mansion House, and the Old Bailey, and, weather permitting, seats are reserved for them and their female attendants to view the Lord Mayor's Show, as soon as they are able to clap their hands and exhibit other outward tokens of delight.

The duties of the Sheriffs are multifarious. They accompany the LORD MAYOR in his hunting excursions in Epping Forest; assist him in the preparation of his speeches, dine with him (alternately) every Sunday, and supervise the menus of the Mansion House banquets. One of the Sheriffs must be an Alderman, and sleep every night during his term of office in the Bank of England. The Sheriffs write to each other daily, and wear the Lord Mayor's portrait next their heart. They have coals, candles, gas, and water found for them free of cost, and their laundry expenses (up to a certain amount) are defrayed out of the Coal Duties. When the Sheriffs throw off the chains of office, they betake themselves, on an average, to farming pursuits and field sports, and preserve their faculties unimpaired to an extreme old age.

War's Irony.

GRIM War, with uncertainty glorious,
Wheels right-about-face in a crack;
Let a Pasha be dubbed "The Victorious," *
And he's safe to be threshed like a sack.

* Ghazi.

A Thing to be Thankful for.

(After reading Sir FITZROY KELLY's Speech on welcoming the LORD MAYOR at Westminster.)

THAT England's Prime Minister is First Lord of the Treasury, and not Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

A CALL FROM JACK'S CHERUB.



AILORS have always been supposed—and we hope with good reason—to be special objects of JOHN BULL's affections. He loves them afloat—when they are upholding the honour of his flag against the foes they have to fight now and then, or those more terrible foes they are always fighting, wind and weather, storm and tempest, with their great guns of gales, and their red-hot shot of bolt and levin. He loves them ashore, though it is only lately he has thought of helping them to

Homes there. Perhaps he fancied that they "whose Home is on the ocean wave," did not need Homes on *terra firma*. He loves them in their hale and hearty strength and lustihood, their helpless or reckless defiance of land-sharks and pitfalls, their open-handedness—even in their frolics and follies, when they are spending like asses the money they have been making like horses and lions.

It may be that JOHN BULL's Jack Tar is somewhat of a mythical being, as beings made up of horses and lions must needs be, a sort of chimera, in whose creation TOM DIBDIN and T. P. COOKE have had almost as much part as either Royal Navy or Mercantile Marine, training-ship or fuk'sle, boatswain's whistle, or skipper's "horse," watch-yarn and galley-gossip, or cat and knuckle-duster.

But it is not so easy to believe that JOHN loves JACK when he is laid up—not in lawn and lavender—but in suffering and sick-bay, when he is down with fever or scurvy, accident or ill-usage, so long as JOHN with his full pockets leaves JACK's own Hospital if not actually a-ground, barely able to claw off the shoals of short-commons, debt, and difficulty.

At the end of last year the Seamen's Hospital accounts showed a deficiency of more than £1500 to meet the annual outlay of more than £3000. For this money, be it remembered, more than 2000 Seamen of more than thirty nationalities had that year been taken in and tended, through sickness and suffering, to death or recovery.

JACK's Hospital does not look at colour, any more than it takes note of creeds, tongues, or ages. All sick and suffering Seamen who are brought to its doors it receives and does its best for. The Government gives it a building in lieu of the old *Dreadnought*, but there its contribution ends. Greenwich levies, or levied, on the building a Poor-rate of between £400 and £500. The out-ports, whose Seamen have all the benefits of the Hospital, gives, in too many cases too, but little to its funds, but more, *Punch* hopes, than they did in 1875, when Liverpool, as her year's contribution in men and money, sent 158 sick Sailors and 10s. 6d. subscription.

The demands of the last sorry twelvemonths—the contributions to war-funds, and famine-funds, and awful pit accident-relief-funds—are not likely to help the subscription-list of poor JACK's own and only Hospital. Public charity is said to be a pretty constant quantity. You can't raise its level in one place without lowering it in another. What Russ, or Turk, or Rayah gets, JACK in sick-bay is like enough to lose. The QUEEN, as in all things, has here too set a good example, by her gift of £100 in April last. Surely, JOHN BULL will better the example. If there are two things in this world he believes in, it is his Queen and the Blue Jackets. Let him follow the example of the one in the cause of the other.

A guinea qualifies a Governor. As Politicians cry, "Register, Register, Register!" *Punch* cries, "Qualify, Qualify, Qualify!" for a Governor of the Seamen's Hospital, and make it once more a real Dread-nought instead of a Dread-debt-and-deficiency, and, above all, Dread of holding its relieving hand, and leaving its beds empty, while Poor JACK is referred to a certain "sweet little cherub who sits up aloft." That sweet little cherub, while he still "sits up aloft," as of old, has a branch office here below, at the Seamen's Hospital,

Greenwich, where he will be happy to receive subscriptions. Messrs. WILLIAMS, DEACON, & Co., Birch Lane, are his bankers, and the Secretary is Mr. H. C. BURDETT.

BURDETT!—"c'est le premier pas de Coutts."

Think of BURDETT-COUTTS, and do as she does. Give, and give freely.

FROM PUNCH'S OWN SPECTACLE-MAKER.

THE expected arrival of Cleopatra's Needle furnished the new LORD MAYOR on Friday last with an idea for his procession. In like manner the return of the Prince of WALES from India gave Alderman Sir THOMAS WHITE an opportunity of riding behind a dozen Circus elephants in commemoration of the Prince's Progress. If this sort of thing goes on, we may expect to find the Lord Mayor's Show claiming rivalry with a burlesque "topical song." Perhaps this change of front in the annual City pageant may be for the better—it certainly cannot be for the worse. It is, at least, an assimilation, however faint, to the old times when pageants were pageants. *Mr. Punch* welcomes the novelty, and furnishes the programme (subject to "topical" alterations) of the Lord Mayor's Show for 1878-79.

Policemen clearing the way.

First Grand Allegorical Car, representing the Triumph of Law. Justice clothed in a Commissioner's uniform, weighing a Policeman's honesty in one scale against a Detective's salary in the other. A vision of the New Law Courts in the distance.

A Knight disguised in Armour. A Knight disguised in Liquor.

Second Allegorical Car, representing the Triumph of Beer. Britannia is shown listening earnestly to the pleadings of a Licensed Victualler, whilst Sir WILFRID LAWSON weeps over the ruins of the old Aldgate Pump.

The City Marshal. The City Hangman. Third Allegorical Car, representing the Rights of Women. Gog and Magog entertain a number of Ladies at a Pic-nic in the Old Bailey, during a sensational murder-trial.

Circus Horses. Circus Elephants. Fourth Allegorical Car, representing the Glories of the Century. England is seen bestowing rewards upon a Pedestrian who has walked 12,000 yards in 12,000 ten minutes, and a Female Acrobat who has been shot out of a cannon, and dived from a height of sixty feet, one hundred times in succession, without breaking her neck.

A Cheap Jack. A Quack. Fifth Allegorical Car, representing Foreign Policy. The PREMIER and his Colleagues are seen groping helplessly about in a glass case containing a real November Fog.

Grand Procession of Guys. Grand Procession of the Aldermen who have not passed the Chair.

The Recorder. The Aldermen who have passed the Chair. GUY FAUX, with the original lantern from the Bodleian. Band of British "Lion Comiques" (from the Music Halls) singing "Topical Songs."

Lecturers from the Polytechnic, explaining Dissolving Views. Eight Carriages and Six containing "Portrait Models" of recent additions to the Chamber of Horrors.

The late Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Common Sergeant singing a song descriptive of the doings of his year of office. Grand Procession suggestive of the approaching festive season. A Turkey fighting with a Bear. Seconds and Bottle-holders by the Editors of the *Times*, *Daily News*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Morning Post*, and *Pall Mall Gazette*.

The Standard, borne by supporters of the Government. Old Father Christmas

accompanied by Officials of the Lord Mayor's Court. The Lord Mayor's Footmen in big Pantomime heads.

The Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR, accompanied by his Chaplain, Mace-bearer, Clown, Harlequin, Columbine, and Pantaloons.

Guard of Honour of 250 Supernumeraries from the Alexandra Palace.

FEEDING THE HUNGRY.

CATES at the Mansion House when gourmands cram in, Fit place, one feels, for Fund in aid of Famine!

AN OLD SONG RECHRISTINED.—"Britain, Strikes' Home!"

The Goldsmiths' Company and the Ballet from Covent Garden.

Chorus Ladies from the two Opera Houses.

ABDIEL'S WARNING.

"It is for the sake of the country that we have now, during sixteen months of strenuous effort, maintained the task of exposing the injustice and hypocrisy of the present war, and of pointing out what perils it threatens against the future peace and safety of the British Empire."—*Daily Telegraph*.

B. P. loquitur:—



"AMONG the faithless faithful only found." That's me to a (D.) T., good Mr. MILTON. I've blowed my trumpet with no feeble sound, To wake that B. as my best 'opes was built on. Sixteen long months of strenuous tootletoot Is trying to the wind of an old woman. And of my faithful efforts where's the fruit? B. sleeps or sneers at me. It's bage, inhuman!

Ikybod! That's about it. England's goose is cooked, and basted well with Rooshian tallow. I told 'em so, but bless you, where's the use? This 'ere's a wicked war as nought can 'allow. Ain't it agin our interests? O the moles, As can't see not a hinch afore their noses! (I can, tho' mine's a long 'un.) O'er the coals I calls 'em every day, and still they dozes. I've labelled 'em all sorts of awful names, I've credited 'em with motives most hatroshus; I've swore their "spouts" was all self-seekin' games, I've vowed their thirst for blood were jest feroushus; Called 'em unpatriotlike, pro-Rooshian, blind, Traitorous and timid, fackshus and fanatic, But, bless your soul, they don't appear to mind My best abuse, my phrases most emphatic.

I've painted that sweet Turk in bright rose-pink Bland as a hinfant, brave as any Bayard; I've done them Muscovys in blood and ink, I've basted GLADSTONE, and I've bolstered LAYARD; I've giv my telegramms pro-Turkish turns, I've raked up Rooshian crimes that make yer shiver; In wain! Poor BETSY's patriot buzzum burns, And now her faithful soul she must deliver.

Abycadabry,—no, that's not the word. What do seers say when they black doom pernounces? *Defender est Britannus!* That bage bird, The Northern Eagle, on our hemipe pounces. The valiant Turk won't save us any more, Ing'y'll go, along o' that Euphrates; And saub-nosed Cossacks soon will sack our shore, And gorge on England's beef and Ireland's praties.

BETSY has done her best, but WILLIAM failed, And even BENGY met her shrieks with scornig. His'try will tell 'ow Britain's foes prewaied, Because none heeded one old woman's warning. Bogeys? Oh, yes! they mock my terrors now, And parodies my plaints in vulgar werses; But by-and-bye o'er BETSY's tomb they'll bow, And wish, too late, they'd reckernised their mercies!

[Exit, weeping.

A HARD CASE.

(And, if true, it would indeed be a very hard case.)

CAPTAIN F. BURNARY, when he took his ride to Khiva, little expected that he was simply making himself celebrated as a future advertisement for COCKLE'S PILLS. Yet so it is, according to COCKLE.

Owing to a similarity of names, and to a certain personal resemblance (I am about two inches higher and broader than Captain F. B., and of a more generally commanding figure, out of regiments), also to the fact that he has written *A Ride to Khiva*, while I have written *The Ride*, the vendors of patent medicines are perpetually swamping my letter-box, and deluging my breakfast-table-land with applications for future favours, imploring me to try their nostrums.

I submit a few specimens of this persecution to the public and the police:—

SIR.—“When next again you ride abroad,” permit me to draw your attention to “The John Gilpin Jalap.” Warranted to keep cool in any climate. It is an admirable specific in all cases of [here follows a list of every imaginable illness that flesh is heir to]. Please observe our Trade Mark, which is *John Gilpin* on horseback, and the Motto as quoted above. We send you a case of three dozen on approval, and remain your obedient servants,

English and Foreign Depôt.

GNAW, SHUSS, STOUGH & CO.

DEAR CAPTAIN,

WHEN you are riding Eastward, or in any direction for that matter, don't forget to provide yourself with two or three dozen of our Draughts. Each Draught is equal to one for £1000 at a Banker's. Our Label (patented) is a Doctor's Boy playing at draughts—black to win. Motto: “Go it while you're young.” We send a bottle—in case; and are yours truly,

STURR, ITWELL, & CO.,

Diplomatic Chemists (by appointment punctually every morning at 9 A.M.) to H.R.H. the Prince of Gothérungbag.

BOLD AND ADVENTUROUS SIR,

In riding over the Globe, try our Globule! Some allowance on taking a quantity! Apply to

GILDER & CO.

The Box Office, Liverpill Street, E.C.

HEALTHY CAPTAIN,

You can't do better than use for yourself, and recommend to your friends at a distance, our fine old Bolus. The real old “Billy” Bolus. The only genuine article has a picture of BILLY outside, above the Motto, “*Aperiens Docet* or *Aperiens Dose it.*” We forward a packet by post, and are yours faithfully,

PILLBOX & PILLCOX (late BOUNCER BROS.).

I trust to your sense of justice to represent this annoyance in the proper quarter, or I shall have to leave the country on a distant pilgrimage, with a Cockle in my hat, as was the mediæval custom, and shall never again be able to set out on another Ride to Khiva.

IMPRESSIONS FROM ABROAD.

(By Our Susceptible Subscriber.)

IMPRESSIONS on my Hat after going down the Salt Mine at Berchtesgaden.

Impressions on my Alpenstock after looking at the Alpine Peaks from below with an opera-glass.

Impressions on my nose and forehead by the Mosquitoes, when I would be poetical and stay all the evening on the Rialto at Venice.

Impressions on my ears by the bad language of my Guide, when I refused to pay for the echoes awakened on the Rhine by an ancient howitzer.

Impressions on my heart by memories of that pretty little Frenchwoman I travelled with from Turin.

Impressions on my feet by her sweet little bottines.

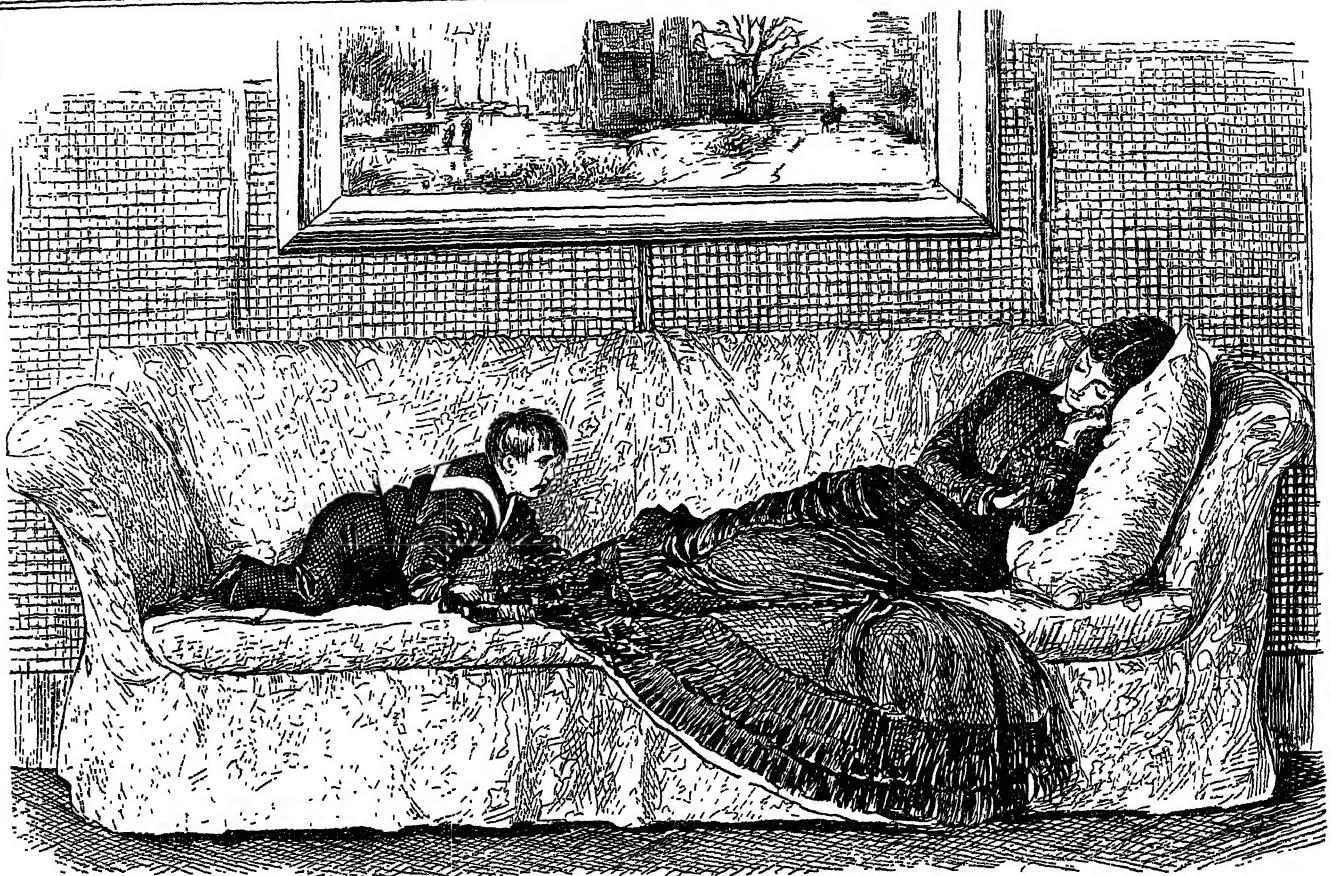
Impression on my mind, after Mrs. P. detected those bottines too near my boots, that it would be better not to be so susceptible another time.

“Examinatus et Exanimatus”

writes to ask the exact force of the attribute “social” in Mr. TENNYSON's line—

“Ground in yonder social mill.”

Does it allude to MIL's *Logic*, or the Examination Mill in which young men of the period are always being ground? In either case he demurs to the epithet.



'TROP DE ZÈLE!'

(*Tommy, a conscientious boy, has been told that he must remain perfectly still, as his Mamma wants to take a nap.*)
Tommy (in the middle of the nap). "MAMMA! MAMMA! WHAT SHALL I DO? I WANT TO COUGH!"

MISTRESS AND MAN.

"Se soumettre ou se démettre."—GAMBETTA on MCMAHON.

MISTRESS logitur :

AN excellent Servant! I'm free to admit it,
 And if you're disposed to remain in your place,
 I haven't the smallest desire you should quit it.
 So suppose that we calmly consider the case.
 Our views of your duty seem slightly to differ,
 You've mentioned your own, I've been telling you mine;
 Your will may be stiff, but I've one which is stiffer,
 To which you will have to submit, or resign.

A Servant should serve. If I wanted a Master,
 Be sure—no offence!—that I shouldn't chose *you*.
 Too much domination has brought me disaster;
 I'm going to try what self-ruling will do.
 Though I welcome the service of Workers and Warders,
 This house, after all, you'll admit, Sir, is mine:
 I mean to be Mistress; and when I give orders,
 My Servants will have to submit, or resign.

You don't like the words or the person they came from,
 You hold him a traitor, a stirrer of strife.
 Who ought to be silenced or driven in shame from
 The house for whose honour *you'd* forfeit your life?
 Well, pique and purblindness perhaps may mislead you,
 That's not your affair, pray remember, but mine.
 He too, if as servant he chanced to succeed you,
 Would have to submit to *my* will—or resign.

You seem to conceive you can't serve without ruling,
 Your pose as a stern male duenna is droll.
 But, frankly, I shall not submit to such schooling,
 And think you have rather mistaken your rôle.

You've made your appeal, and I've answered it plainly;
 There must be one rule in this house, and that's mine.
 If you hope to resist my commands, you hope vainly—
 Your alternatives are to submit or resign.

AN OUT-AND-OUT GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN.

THE probable Flunkey of the Future is a problem that exercises many. Is any light flung on it by this advertisement from the *Dublin Daily Express*, which *Punch*, having read, asks himself, Is this a joke, or but an earnest of things to come? Let his readers answer the question for him and for themselves.

BUTLER, Valet, or Groom of the Chambers in a Nobleman or Gentleman's family; age 50; good height and appearance; has neither corns nor bunions; has an entire and complete wardrobe; very neat and clean; accepts no cast-off clothes from gentlemen; would like his room large and airy, with small room attached suitable for smoking; the cook must be good-tempered and agreeable; also the family to sit down to meals punctually, as I go out to walk after luncheon and dinner; gas in the house; hot and cold water on all the landings; speaking trumpet instead of bells; the entree dishes and sweets to go to the housekeeper's room for the upper servants' supper; is a Protestant; expects a car to take the servants to church; must have entire charge of cellar and cellarettes; wages £20 per annum; would not object to a cottage and the grass of a cow for my wife; willing and obliging; good-tempered and fond of travelling. Address —, Post-office, Bagot-street, Dublin, for a week.

"Who is She?"

AN elderly Lady, much interested in the progress of events in the East, having hitherto been unable to assign any cause for the Russo-Turkish War, was heard to exclaim, triumphantly, on seeing a telegram headed "From Sophia," "Ah! I knew there must be a woman at the bottom of it!"



SWAIN SC

G

MISTRESS AND MAN.

FRANCE. "I MEAN TO BE MISTRESS IN MY OWN HOUSE. YOU WILL EITHER CARRY OUT MY ORDERS—
OR GO!!!"

A FUTURE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.



Civic Officials. The LORD CHANCELLOR, the Archbishops of CANTERBURY and YORK, the General Commanding in Chief, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, and other Law Lords, the rest of Her Majesty's Judges, the Speaker of the House of Commons, Representative Members of the United Service Clubs, the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, the Royal Academy, the Dramatic Profession, Athenaeum and Garrick Clubs, and other principal literary and scientific societies should incorporate themselves in the pageant, and render themselves, by their participation in that triumphal display, subsidiary to the honour, glory, and renown of the City of London and of the Great LORD MAYOR. In so doing, of course not altogether without an eye to Mansion House dinners, they would demonstrate that true gratitude which consists in the lively expectation of future favours.

POLITICS AND PANTOMIMES.

(Showing what happens if a *Littérateur-of-all-Work* is doing a Leader on the Situation in France and a Christmas Piece at the same time.)

At a moment when factions of all colours in France (that reminds me—I wonder if Crummles has engaged a *Harlequin*!), when the President has returned to the scene (by the way, that Transformation must not be entirely left to the Scenic Artist, or I know what will become of my tag!), and a sudden change has come over (by Jingo! why shouldn't we have the *House of Commons* Scene like a Venetian blind, and at one touch of Harlequin's bat change it into New Billingsgate Market!) the political horizon (Mem. not to forget the Setting Sun to back the Desert Land of Despair), the unexpected successes of the Reds (of course that is just the thing we want: all the characters in the Palace of Rougegorge the Rough and Ready shall be dressed in deep crimson or bright scarlet—splendid effect!) Just when the public hopes were sinking (If Crummles does not have that trap made in the right place, my demon is done for), GAMBETTA's address has startled the pacific (Good title! "The Poltroon of the Pacific, or Pantaloons in a Predicament") world from its slumbers. For MACMAHON to make a rapid exit from politics (Happy thought! Exit MACMAHON, afterwards Clown, through a clock-face labelled "Elections") was once expected. The new Cabinet has, however, been constructed (*A propos*—couldn't the wicked Fairy come out of a cabinet à la MASKELYNE AND COOK?) on the old lines (Note—to ask the master Carpenter whether new ropes are required) in such a manner that it is evident the Marshal (This time the Comic Man shall be a Field-Marshal, not a Lord Chamberlain) wishes to listen to the voice of the people (Good chorus of excited populace in big heads and red nightcaps—try OFFENBACH).

No more talk of doing away with the Lord Mayor's Show! The Corporation of London has risen in public esteem. Lord Mayors of late years have judiciously taken to regaling the representatives of Literature and Art. Their enlightened hospitality has duly fructified. They have won golden opinions from all sorts of men, and especially Gentlemen of the Press. City pageantry is no longer a subject of ridicule. The only idea of interfering with the Lord Mayor's Show that could now be dreamt of is that of improving it. It might, indeed, be considerably improved by a proper enlargement of the usual procession.

By the bonds of banqueting the highest personages and bodies in the State are now connected with the City. They—as many of them as possible—should attend and figure in the Lord Mayor's train on the Ninth of November, besides the Aldermen and

During the late Elections a complete reverse (*Order strip-dress for King Bamboozeler—“Ulster” to be converted into night-gown*) was to be expected; and if many of the voters have fallen back on the leading men of the province (*Funny notion—all the characters falling out of Palace-window on to the principal Comic Nobleman, and flattening him into a pancake—“Flattening a Flat” good line in the bill*, France, like a spoilt child (*Confound it! here's a telegram from Crummles, saying he must have that awful Infant Phenomenon introduced. Hanged if I will!*), no longer deceived, by the red-hot principles (*I wish the red-hot poker were really burning, wouldn't I run it into Crummles and his Infant!*) of the Commune, rises conspicuous (*I always said Miss AURICOMA was the one for the centre iron, and she shall be!*) above the petty intrigues of her Press (*Turn the Mangle, Malachi;* "will be a grand chorus for my comic song with topical verses"), where a venal Journaloclast is battenning (*new battens must be put in, or my piece may be as well produced in a barn*) on the prospects of a throne (*N.B. King's seat to be blue velvet and gold*). They have to fight against functionaries (*I wonder how many supers Crummles will give me!*) to whom GAMBETTA is an épouvantail (*The Roost of the Skeleton Scarecrows*) would look well as a Scene—Think over it) who delights in subtle combinations and tortuous transformations. (*I shall never get this article finished. There's the Scene-Painter worrying me through a wire to come and see the Model he has made for “The Boudoir of Bellerophon,” in “The Bright Bounds of Blissful Beatitude.” Bless him! I shall have to sit up all night!*)

A COURAGEOUS NON-COMBATANT.



THE Special Correspondent of the *Times* with the Russian Army at head-quarters in Bulgaria does not, perhaps, "bear a charmed life." He can hardly have been treated with any chemical solution which could have made him shoot-proof, as the son of Thetis, dipped in the Styx, was rendered invulnerable—all but the heel. Nevertheless, this intrepid gentleman wires from Bucharest as follows:

"The order preventing Correspondents going to the front is an absurdity, but we cannot evade it, and therefore when firing is heard we are compelled to await the pleasure of the Russian Staff to communicate the result. I am in hopes that this ridiculous restriction will soon be withdrawn."

If the particularly fearless penner of the foregoing passage has any friends and relations who hope to see him at home again safe and sound, rejoicing in the preservation of all his limbs and members, they will hardly participate in the hope he expresses of being soon permitted to advance from out of harm's way, and remove himself to a position in which, at the safest, he will have stray bullets whistling about his ears, and erratic shot and shells ricochetting and bursting around him. Gallant mortal!

But, after all, he may not be altogether the right man in the right place. Perhaps he disregards bullets from the persuasion that "every bullet has its billet." Then he is a fatalist. As such, the "Special" is not specially qualified for the Russian Camp. A believer in kismet, he would find himself more at home amongst the Turks.

THE MACMAHONISTS IN THE CHAMBERS.

"A four-to-one concourse of atoms." And more than four to one against success.

HOW AND IN WHAT CHARACTER MUSURUS PASHA SAT AND SPOKE AS A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE DIPLOMATIC BODY AT GUILDFHALL, ON THE 9TH.—HOBSON'S CHOICE—"THIS, OR NONE."

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GRANT AND HIS HOST (at Paris).—Silence and NOYES.

THAT LASS 'O TOWERY 'S.

*By the Authors of Several other Things, &c. &c.*CHAPTER XI.—*The Finishing Touches.*

AFTER this, ANICE SORTIGAL took EM BEERIE in hand. ANICE was a clever girl, possessed of considerable common sense, and as all objections to her marriage with the Reverend THOMAS TITT were now removed, in consequence of his having become a moderate High Churchman of five feet eleven, instead of the Ultra-Low Churchman of four feet nothing, that he was before being doubled up by EM BEERIE, ANICE saw at a glance that if she left the conversion and education of that "Lass so Towery" to the Curate, it would, in all probability, result in the latter converting the Mining Girl into the Rev. Mrs. THOMAS TITT. ANICE therefore took her instruction in hand, sending her regularly every night to a day-school in the next county, kept by an Aunt of hers, who, with the aid of the Vicar of Swiggin, managed to realise a considerable sum by getting up a private subscription for the orphan girl's education.

EM BEERIE displayed a marvellous aptitude for words of one syllable, and soon distanced all the other pupils (most of whom were about fifteen years younger than herself) by her performance, on the piano, of the most popular airs of the day, arranged on the unidigital principle by the well-known Professor STRÜMM of Nokkenammérung. Then EM went in for French, which she mastered so quickly as to be able, within eight weeks of her commencement, to say "Wee" and "Nong" with an accent that would have astonished even a Parisian. She was taught to write a fine Roman hand by Signor Potooki, and learnt singing in the winter from Count ROSTRE DI CZNUTRI, then making his first visit to England.

She became so clever, that ANICE's Aunt wrote to ask what was to be done with this surprising pupil.

ANICE was, however, too much interested in the parish work of the Reverend THOMAS TITT to pay any attention personally to this appeal. The Reverend THOMAS, however, told NEGUS BARCROW who immediately resolved to call upon EM BEERIE.

"You love EM," said the Curate, blushingly casting down his eyes.

"I don't love 'em, I love her!" replied his friend.

"I thought you loved ANICE," said the Curate. "And if you did, I was quite prepared to give her up, and take EMMA BEERIE."

"You're a good, warm-hearted, self-sacrificing fellow!" cried NEGUS BARCROW, enthusiastically; "and you're welcome to ANICE SORTIGAL."

Then the two men shook hands. They understood one another perfectly.

NEGUS BARCROW left Swiggin, where nobody required his presence. He went to ANICE SORTIGAL's Aunt's house, or the house of the Aunt of ANICE SORTIGAL, and asked for Miss EMMELINE BEERIE.

She was in the kitchen-garden, near the pond, where the Ducks were stuffing themselves, in order to save the Cook all future trouble. She was leaning upon a hand-pump, in the midst of an extensive onion-bed. All around made BARCROW conscious of

Spring; specially the onions, whose fragrance was more powerful than anything else in the garden. For one moment he stood taking in the full scents of the glorious scene, and his tears rose. She was lost in a reverie. Her beautiful eyes spoke of calm wise thoughts within.

"Sage among the onions!" murmured NEGUS to himself.

She heard him, and started. With two steps he was beside her. Her hand trembled so, that one or two of the loose Spring-onion stalks, which she had been twining in her hair, fell at his feet.

"My love," whispered NEGUS BARCROW in her ear, "My love is stronger than these." And he pointed to the fragrant bunch as it lay on the rich soil.

"Nong! Nong!" she cried. "Voo voo mokky der mwaw. Say vot' blarg."

The change he noted in her speech and mode of address, touched him unutterably. French in how many lessons? For his sake too, and at her own expense! And scarcely a trace of her northern accent!

"Leave me, Mossos NEGUS, if you please," she said, struggling with an emotion which it was almost impossible for her to conceal. "Lazy mwaw, sivvoo play! I mean to live alone—to retire from the world. I have renounced all the pumps and vanities—" She paused, and he seized the opportunity.

"Not all the pumps," he said, tenderly taking her hand, "for is not one standing beside you?" (He referred to the hand-pump, but she, with her fine woman's instinct, mistook his meaning.)

"Yo are axin me to be your wife?" she said, relapsing for an instant into her old native tongue; then, correcting herself, she continued, "You are, I believe, requesting me to become your affianced bride? Is it not so?"

He could not deny it.

"I love you," he answered. "I love—"

She turned away shyly, at the same time giving him a gentle nudge with her elbow that caused him to pause in the middle of his speech, with a sudden hushed cry that thrilled through her frame.

Then she spoke.

"Yo canna marry me—voo ner poovay par mer marriay—because I have not yet acquired all the accomplishments which, I admit, I should like to possess," she said.

"But when will that be?" asked NEGUS, with tender impatience. "Soon. I have learnt music, and everything except drawing." She hid her face in her hands. "Alas!" she cried, "I cannot draw."

A bright thought struck the Young Engineer.

"I have two friends," he said, "two literary and dramatic gentlemen, Messrs. MATTON and HATHISON, who, by the kind permission of a distinguished authoress, will take you up to town—"

"To Lunnon! Jer ver deer ar Londrr! I mean London?" she asked, rapturously.

"Yes, to London. And they will bring you out at the Opéra Comique. There you will soon learn how to draw."

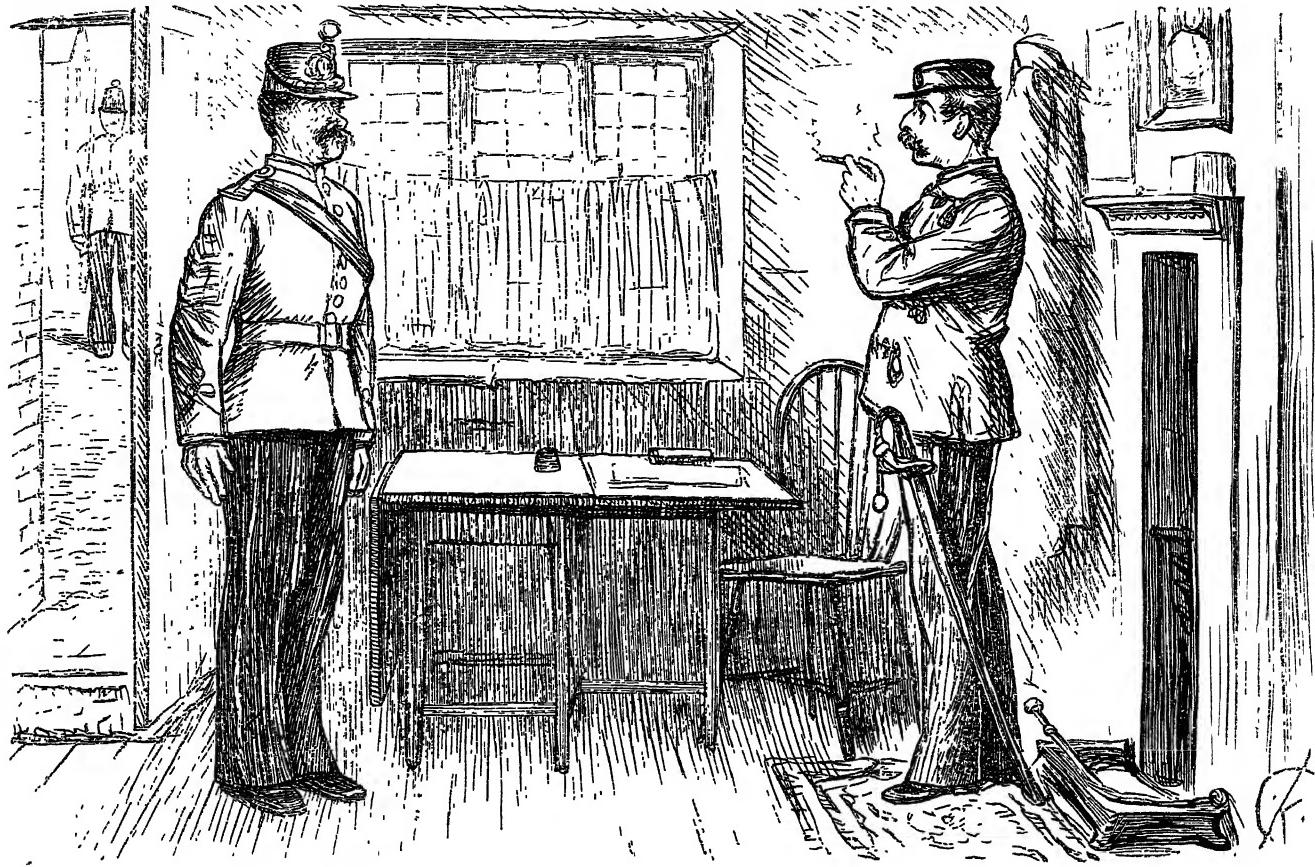
"Shall I?" she exclaimed. "What shall I draw to begin with?" she asked.

The Young Engineer paused for a second, thoughtfully. Then he replied,

"Your salary."

"Thart's noise! thart be!—tray bong! I mean, good enough!"





A REGULAR TURK!

Adjutant. "WELL, SERGEANT, HOW'S YOUR PRISONER GETTING ON?"

Sergeant of the Guard. "BEDAD, SOR, HE'S THE VI'LENTEST BLAGGYARD I EVER HAD TO DO WID! WE'RE ALL IN TERROR IV OUR LOIVES! SHURE WE'RE OBLIGED TO FEED HIM WID FIXED BAY'NITS!"

she cried enthusiastically, her strong artistic instinct seizing the idea at once, "and afterwards—"

"Afterwards you will draw houses."

"Oh, lovely!" she cried. "Now, when shall I change my name?"

"Within a very few days," he replied.

"We must go to the Lord Chamberlain's office, see Mr. Dispenser, and get a licence—for the unities cannot be observed without a licence."

She understood him thoroughly.

"And," he went on, "we will change your name to 'LIZ.'"

The Reverend THOMAS TITT was at hand with ANICE SORTIGAL, in whose ear he whispered,

"It's lucky I've taken Orders, for now we can go and see *Liz* for nothing."

But EM BEERIE had overheard him.

"Nay, yo wunna," she said, simply. "I used tor zay to yo, 'Yo leeve me arlown, an' oil leeve yo arlown.' Now, I zay to yo, 'Yo leeve us together, and we'll leeve yo together.' *Jer way mer marriay* to NEGUS BARCROW. And," she added, with that true dramatic instinct that had always characterised her (even on the illustrated cover of a shilling novel) "if our friends in front are only satisfied, then there will not sit down to supper, this night, a happier girl than

"THAT LASS 'O TOWERY'S."

Editor's Note.—The Authors of this story, calling themselves the New Provincial Novel Co., Limited, have never reappeared at our office. A policeman is in waiting with witnesses who know what real northern dialect is. So let them call if they like.—*Ed.*

Guildhall's Ninth of November Function.

(Cynical Suggestion after reading the Speeches at the Lord Mayor's Dinner.)

"To give to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name!"

PUNCH UNDER BAN.

THE Marshal's Government—if it is not yet martial law, it soon may be, and even now looks unpleasantly like it—is just now bent on keeping the voice of English opinion out of France. No wonder while the British Press speaks its mind of the Marshal's Government. The *Daily News* is suppressed—"the strong arm of the Police," writes the *D. N.* French correspondent, "has swooped down on *Punch*"—who has moreover been banished from the kiosques, week after week, because of his Cartoons—"Stuck in the Mud," the apex of abominations—having been reached a fortnight ago. Who can say what tile this week's Cartoon would bring upon *Mr. P.*'s head if the Marshal's Government could get at him? His "Roo-too-it!" would be silenced, his light snuffed out, and he would, in a word, be no more *Punch* flamboyant, but *Punch* put out, darkened, squenched, squabashed for ever!

All that *Punch* can say is, that while France is as France is now, he would rather any day be stopped there than stop there.

No wonder the Marshal's Government objects to *Punch*. Is not Spirit an essential ingredient therein? Now Spirit, French or British, is just the thing the M. G. can't put up with.

On Cleopatra's Needle
In the Lord Mayor's Show.

"A STRANGE thing to devise
Out of SANGER's receptacles!"

"Well—while needles have eyes
They may figure in spectacles."

"LE ROI EST MORT," ETC.

Two "Go's." At the Alhambra *King Indi-go* went so well as to be, now, *King Indi-gone* altogether; and in his place *Madame An-got* is started, *an' go-ing* all right.



A REASON.

"WHAT AN IDLE FELLOW YOU ARE, FRED! YOU DO *NOTHING!*"
"BECAUSE THERE'S NO TIME TO DO *ANYTHING!*"

ALLOPATHY V. ALCOHOL.

HOMOEOPATHY, whatever medical men may think of it, is a method of therapeutics if fairly tried, effectual at any rate in Dipsomania. Let the patient only be got to take infinitesimal doses of intoxicating liquors, and stick to those, and he will soon recover, and remain perfectly well. But the difficulty is to get him to persevere in those minute doses, and not take alcohol in quantities vastly exceeding those of the requisite dilution. Dipsomania is, on the other hand, a disease which may be successfully combated by Allopathy, and that practically, with greater certainty than by the opposite practice. This is evident from a notice which, on Lord Mayor's Day, appeared in the *Times* respecting—

"COFFEE-TAVERN.—Yesterday the 'Temple' Arms,' so named after the Hon. W. Cowper-Temple, M.P., a Coffee-Tavern in the Seven Dials, was opened for business, and was at once crowded by customers of all the classes inhabiting that locality."

Here, instead of physic, on the principle of *similia similibus*, was an instance of the direct exhibition of antidotes with marked advantage. The effect of it was instantaneous. Coffee-Taverns promise to work as Dispensaries for the cure of Dipsomania. The "Temple Arms" is the third Tavern opened by the benevolent Coffee-Tavern Company. No doubt the other two, one in the Edgware-road and the other opposite Billingsgate, as soon as they were opened, were each likewise "at once crowded by customers of all the classes inhabiting that locality;" and as other such institutions are established from time to time, their opening will be immediately followed by the same influx.

The coffee, and cocoa, offered as counteractives to drinks of dipsomaniacal tendency, are sold at a half-penny and a penny the cup; the doses of tea at one penny and two-pence. These draughts can

OPERATIONS IN THE EAST.

OUR Scotch friends, some of them, are likely to misunderstand a recent telegram from Philipopolis:—

"The weather is now perfect for operations, but nothing is being done at Shipka."

There are those among the countrymen of BURNE whom the foregoing intelligence will cause to ask, "Where are the Surgeons?" It is too probable that in surgery, just now, there is a great deal being done at Shipka.

MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO.

WHICH, being interpreted, means there are sane men in the Seine (Legislative) Body. At all events, there are no less than thirty-six medical representatives in the new French Chamber of Deputies. Strange to say, Doctors do not disagree for once, for only two out of the number are Non-publicans. Are these two related to Doctor *Tant-pis* or to Doctor *Tant-mieux*?

THE SATIRICAL DOG!

A BUILDER in Taunton, having some ground to let, wishing to make the fact public, and, at the same time apparently to have a slap at the voluminousness and circumlocution of legal instruments, has stuck up a board with the following:—

"This good and desirable land to be let on a lease one hundred and twenty yards long."

A QUESTION OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

A QUESTION lately under discussion has been, "Is life worth living?" That very much depends upon what you are worth, and how much you have got a year. Life is blest for those who enjoy the wherewithal to bless themselves.

REMARKABLE OMISSION.

STRANGE to say that amongst all the newspaper correspondents who have lately been recommending antidotes to hydrophobia, not one has suggested "a hair of the dog that bit you."

be combined with rations of cake, bread-and-butter, and other eatables at like rates. With bodily refreshment in the "Temple Arms" is also provided food for the mind; newspapers, periodicals, and light literature—of course in a Tavern, excluding malt liquors, there should be no "heavy." To these advantages are added light, comfort, and warmth, with plenty of sitting room, and recreation rooms are to follow.

The name of the "Temple Arms" is taken from that of the President of the Coffee-Tavern Company. If that of the Vice-President also were borrowed, another such Tavern might be called the "Grosvenor Arms," after the Duke of WESTMINSTER. The "Lord Portman," and the "Lord Cowper" might be adopted for others after those other noble Vice-Presidents. To these might be added the "Johnstone's Head," from Sir HARCOURT JOHNSTONE, M.P.; and, by all means, in honour of one among several Directors of high standing, there should be a "Tom Hughes's Tavern." Nay, *Punch* would have no objection to a "Lawson Arms," though he does not always approve of those the facetious baronet fights with.

In the drunken district of Seven Dials the new Coffee-Tavern stands in direct antagonism to the dens of Dipsomania.

"The 'Temple Arms' occupies one of the 'Dials' public-houses occupying the two others, and the exterior as well as the interior fitting up of the new venture is attractive and pleasing Though not aided by the professed Temperance Associations, these new Coffee-Taverns, if extended, will be formidable rivals to the gin-palaces, which are especially numerous in such wretched localities as the Seven Dials."

No wonder such establishments for the prevention and cure of Dipsomania as the "Temple Arms," derive no aid whatever from "professed Temperance Associations." They interfere with no man's liberty to drink what he likes, and they threaten to destroy the reason for "professed Temperance Societies" existence.

A MAYOR WITH ALL HIS I'S ABOUT HIM.



SOMETIMES literal reporting is asked for in the House of Commons. Occasionally we see it maliciously employed in municipal reports. Here is an example. How does Mr. SMITH like it? Will the evening's eloquence bear the morning's newspaper reflection?

"SPEECH BY THE TEETOTAL MAYOR OF SCARBOROUGH.—The new Mayor of Scarborough gave a banquet to the members of the Town Council and his friends, at the Royal Hotel, on Friday night, at which all wines and intoxicating liquors were prohibited.—Sir CHARLES LE-

GARD, Bart., M.P., having proposed the Mayor's health, the Mayor responded in a characteristic speech. He began by saying: 'Gentlemen, I can talk for half an hour if you like. (Laughter.) I never had such an audience in my life, and I never felt in better fettle. I have the pluck of a real Englishman, who is never afraid of water without or water within. (Laughter.) To-night I must thank you—thank you sincerely. You have respected my principles, and I honour you for it. Never mind the bottle. (Laughter.) I have espoused principles, and whatever I espouse I defend. I don't want to-night to offer any impediment to the enjoyment of any guest, but I was assured that no guest that ever came to this banquet would mar my pleasure or bring anything like a slight upon me. You have done it, and done it beyond my expectations, and beyond almost my satisfaction. If you hadn't even gone quite so far, I should have felt satisfied—I don't mean taking a little drop on the sly or anything of that sort. We have had a convivial meeting—(much laughter)—we can have it without wine. I never lacked pluck in my life, and if I live forty years longer I shall be a hundred and ten. (Laughter.) As long as I live I am persuaded I shall never lack pluck. I was born a Briton, and of British parents, and I never saw a danger but I must rush into it.' (The Mayor then related a personal narrative illustrative of his pluck, telling the company how he dived after a drowning man in Scotland, and rescued him.) His Worship continued: 'I feel the same pluck in my heart that I felt forty years ago. I mean to maintain it under the influence of water. (Laughter.) I have been teetotaller forty years, and I have enjoyed my four meals a day; and I have never drunk even half-a-glass of beer to any meal I ever had; and I feel to-night I am as young as young, and I even feel I can be as joyous as ever, and I never had a more joyous moment in my life than now. I have got to the height of my ambition, and that is to be the Mayor of Scarborough. It is not long since such a thought entered into my heart. My friends began to play with it, and it began to twist round me and get hold of me till I let it go full length. Here I am to-night amongst you, and I never was more happy in a company than I have been to-night, and I hope every gentleman has enjoyed himself to his very fill. (Laughter.) If Obadiah can have a smoke, his joy will be complete. (Laughter.) I thank you for the kindness you have done me in coming to be my guests. I have not promised to give you another dinner before my year of office is out—I would rather give you a tea. (More laughter.) I have seen such evil results flow from drinking—such scenes of sorrow and sadness even to weeping. I thank you for your kindness and courtesy to me, and I will conduct the affairs of the town as far as I have the ability; and the ex-Mayor said to me, "SMITH, if there's anything too heavy for you, put the brunt on me." If I want to go away to Matlock or Malvern for a fortnight, Mr. ex-Mayor, you shall have it all to your own cheek. I cannot endure the excitement I have had to pass through during the past eight or nine days, and I may have to go to the wells at Matlock or Malvern; and I think water inside and out is the very best thing I can have. (Laughter.) I thank you for the manner in which you have drunk my health, and I now finish my business for the evening. I have done talking now, and I don't mean to talk any more, if you please. (Laughter.) The rest of the business will be done by the Gentlemen who are upon the programme.' (Renewed laughter.)'

HIGH LIFE BELOW-STAIRS.

HIGHLY as we (some of us) may pride ourselves upon our niceties of social distinction, there are others in the world not a shadow less particular. For instance, look at this advertisement:

A HOUSEKEEPER in a Nobleman's Family. Country not objected to. Twenty years' experience. Separate room for meals. Salary £60.

A worthy person this, no doubt, and one who knows her worth, and finds that knowledge profitable. A Lady not to be mistaken for a modest Lady-help, and possibly still less to be mistaken for a Maid-servant. As for dining in the kitchen, of course she would not

dream of it; and, doubtless, no one but a Nobleman need venture to aspire for the honour of enrolling her among the members of his household. We question if the offer of even double wages—we beg pardon, we mean salary—would induce her to demean herself by entering the service—we beg pardon, we mean, family—of anyone without a handle to his name; and perhaps her next advertisement may state with proper emphasis, imparted by italics, that "*No-body below a Marquis need apply.*"

PLIMSOLL ON POISONS.

MR. BUNG would do well to ponder these remarks made the other evening by Mr. PLIMSOLL, M.P., at a Temperance Meeting at Derby:

"I have long held the opinion that a great deal of the crime which is attributed to intoxication in this country is not so much owing to the quantity of drink which the criminal has consumed, as to the abominable adulteration by which the drink has been treated before it was sold to him. ('Hear! hear!') There are certain classes of people in London, I am informed—certain classes of tradesmen—who are called publicans' chemists, who sell articles by which the spirits which they receive from the distilleries are adulterated, to the great injury of the people who consume them, and it is impossible to see the almost total absence of intoxication which you may see on the Continent, where everyone drinks the light wines of the country, without being convinced that the people are intoxicated—which means poisoned, as distinct from being inebriated, which means drunk—that they are here intoxicated or poisoned by the drink they get at some of the publichouses in the country. ('Hear! hear!')

Good Templars, mark the distinction. It is a calumny to call genuine beer and ale intoxicating liquors. Beef might as well be called inflammatory food. MR. BUNG renders pure liquors intoxicating by qualifying them with chemicals in the province of toxicology, named in the Adulteration Act, and cited by Mr. PLIMSOLL; to wit:—

"*Cocculus indicus*, darnel seed, chloride of sodium"—which is, of course, common salt—"copperas, opium, strichnine, tobacco, extract of logwood, sulphate of zinc or lead, and alum."

Temperance Societies seek to make people sober by Act of Parliament. That is to say, by an Act which has yet to be enacted. No doubt Temperance would be greatly promoted by enforcement of the Adulteration Act. Should not sincere friends of Temperance apply themselves to that? Temperance would then be effected by an Act of Parliament which would annoy nobody except Mr. BUNG and his chemical accomplices. But, if Mr. BUNG were wise, would he not discontinue his dealings with "Publicans' Chemists," and desist from drugging his liquors with the poisons which make them "intoxicating"? Then Mr. BUNG would do very much to diminish drunkenness, and just so much as to preclude paternal legislation in the form of an Act of Parliament framed to make people sober by the abolition of Mr. BUNG's business.

A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

FANCY an English Minister concluding an address to the House of Commons with such a peroration as that of the speech made by the DUC DE BROGLIE in the debate on the Elections Committee question in the Chamber of Deputies:—

"Now make your inquiry. As a member of the Government I protest in the name of the law; as a citizen I undertake to prove the results of this inquiry false before the equity of history and the judgment of my country."

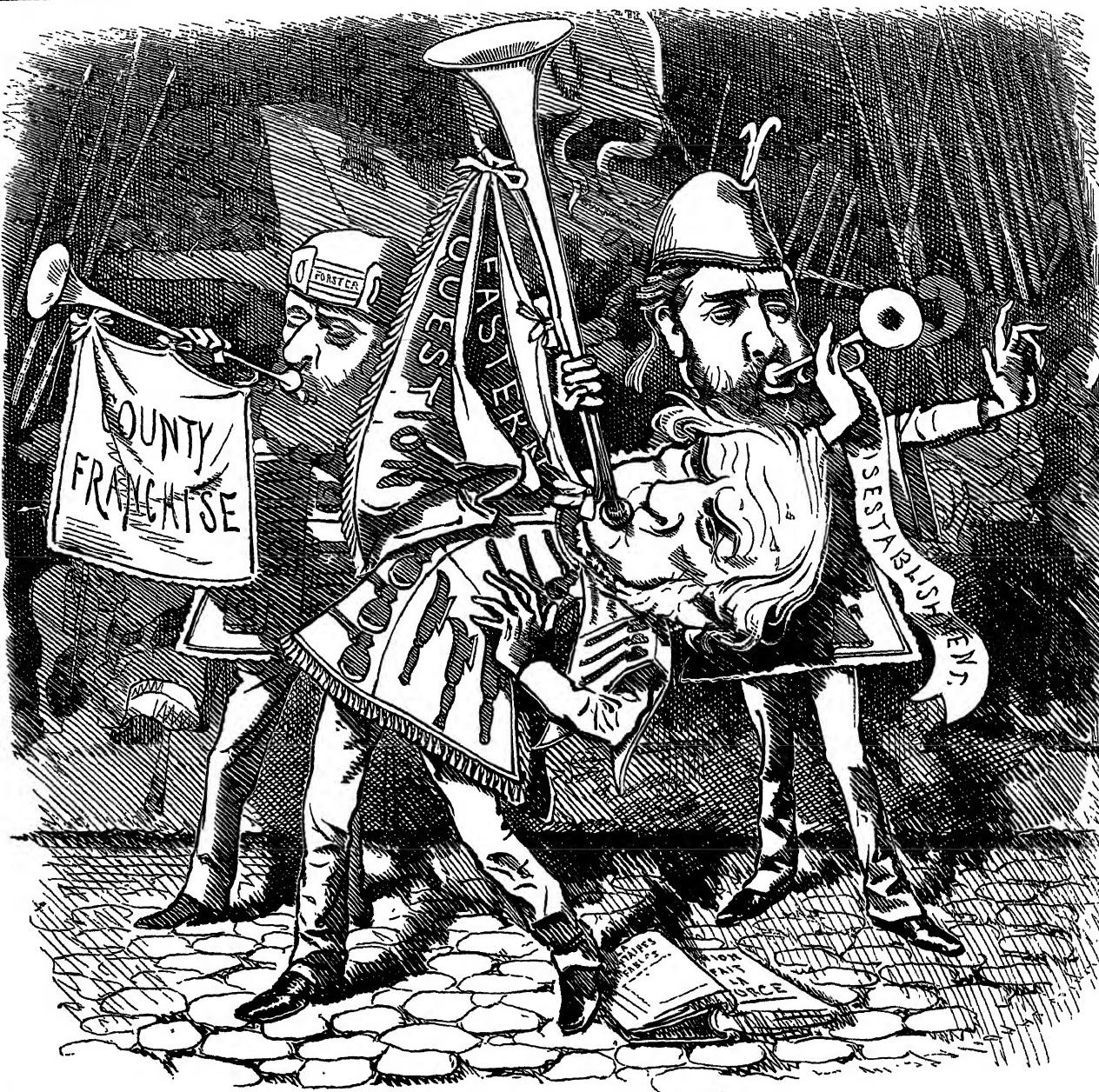
What would the SPEAKER say to any Member, especially a Member of the Cabinet, undertaking to prove the results of a Parliamentary inquiry about to be instituted, false; thus giving Hon. Gentlemen, by anticipation, the lie? The DUC DE BROGLIE once passed for a constitutional Statesman, but he has of late been violently carried away from Parliamentary principles. In unparliamentary language he exceeds Home-Rulers; the peroration just quoted "beats Banagher." But suppose the inquiry, of whose results he predicts the falsehood, should result in exonerating himself and his colleagues from the charge of having unduly influenced elections? That, perhaps M. DE BROGLIE thinks, is not to be supposed.

Something Like a Bargain.

HERE is a really tempting advertisement from the last *Exchange and Mart*:

SHEEP.—Irish Yews, two handsome specimens, each five feet high. 6s. the pair. A bargain.

I believe you, my boy! Such a height and such a price! Can't you let us have a flock of them—without the "y"?



BLOWING UP FOR BATTLE.

A COMING COMPROMISE.

(Being a glimpse of considerably brighter Days, caught at a recent Public Meeting.)

SCENE—The Interior of a freshly-disestablished Bishop's Palace, during the height of a popular anti-monopolist agitation. A strong Birmingham Ministry have been in office for three months. Enter a Bishop, his Charming Daughter, a Noble Earl, a General of Division, a Licensed Victualler, and an Aged Junior Counsel.

Bishop (finishing perusal of last night's *Debate*). My child, it is as I feared. See! they have not only robbed your poor, worn-out, over-worked old father of his lump sum for compensation, but have obliged him, at his decease, to provide his own cemetery! Such is the ingratitude of man!

Charming Daughter. True, dear Papa! But as you are now hopelessly ruined, and have no patronage to bestow on the Curate of my choice, let me at least contract a brilliant marriage, and stay our

falling fortunes. This noble Earl, perhaps, would gladly call me his!

Noble Earl. With an alacrity and devotion worthy of the illustrious name I bear. But, by the rapid operation of the new Land laws, my ancestral possessions have been reduced to about half an acre. It is not much, for at a rental of three pounds our income would be limited. Still, with hope as our guiding star, and a careful cultivation of vegetable marrows as our sheet anchor, there might be many happy, if not luxurious, years before us.

Bishop. There might. But it would never do for me. Think of my antecedents. No, no! my child. When vested interests crash about our heads, the disestablished Bishop's daughter must not pick and choose. No, no! I had once looked higher; but in these days of levelling— (Hands her over to Licensed Victualler). There—take her! She is yours.

Licensed Victualler. Mine? What joy! But, surely, there is some mistake? Recent legislation has not left me unscathed. The five Members I once returned to Parliament I now return no more. Statistics of crime from drink are vanishing. I've tried to struggle on with syrups, sherbets, and decoction of pure *Cocculus*.



STERN PULPIT-CRITICS.

First Scot. "FAT SORT O' MINISTER HAE YE GOTTHEN, GEORDIE?"

Second Ditto. "OH, WEEEL, HE'S NO MUCKLE WORTH. WE SELDOM GET A GLINT O' HIM. SAX DAYS O' TH' WEEK HE'S ENVEES'BLE, AND ON THE SEVENTH HE'S ENCOMPREHENS'BLE!!"

indicus unadulterated by malt and hops, but in vain. My influence is gone! I am a plundered and unhappy man!

Bishop. Indeed! Well, then, there remains but this (*turning to General of Division*), you'll have to manage on your pay—

General of Division. My pay! I've none. In time of war, on active service, I get my uniform, and eighteen pence a day. It is a distressing prospect after six-and-fifty years' devotion to a noble profession! And I would not share it with another! But there—the Army may be shattered—yet there still remains the Bar!

Bishop. Ah, yes, you're right. There still remains the Bar. (*Shaking Aged Junior warmly by the hand.*) Don't say another word! We were at school together, and many a time and oft have I looked forward and foreseen this day. There—make her happy!

Aged Junior. Happy? On what? Do you know what the simplification of legal procedure has cost me? For half a century I've tottered anxiously about the Courts—but all to no purpose! Sometimes, in wilder moods, I have indulged a splendid hope that, on my eightieth birthday, I might touch a brief—my first two-guinea brief!—but this, I know, is an Aged Junior's foolish dream. No, I must not—I dare not marry yet!

Bishop. I fear you have only too much reason for your caution. But when all the great professions are breaking up thus before our very eyes, tell me, oh tell me, where should the Disestablished Bishop's daughter look? Say, is there no one with an income left?

Enter Rising Nonconformist.

Rising Nonconformist. No one? Look at me! I keep my carriage, am trying to push into the Peers, and take ten thousand clear from land alone,—and if, under these circumstances, the devotion of a life—

Bishop. This is not precisely the direction in which I once should have looked for a son-in-law. But the times are full of trouble. Take her! (*Joins their hands.*) Be happy, my child, and let no one say that your poor broken-down old monopolist of a father was not ready to bow most cheerfully to the necessities of the age in which he lived!

[Tableau.]

AN ODD IDEA OF IRISHMEN.

MR. BIGGAR, Mr. PARNELL, and other Irish Gentlemen, Home-Rulers, Agitators, and Patriots, should be particularly amused by some information contained in the letter of a *Times* Correspondent at Rome, which, in an account of the Cardinals, their views and probable courses, represents the Italian people as entertaining a very singular opinion of the Irish:—

"Of Cardinal CULLEN, who has been a member of the Sacred College for eleven years, and is now in his seventy-fifth year, the Italians only know that he is an Irishman, and in their opinion sure, therefore, to follow any course which can put him into a total contradiction to his English colleagues; for it is a matter of general belief in Rome that antagonism to England is the only motive of Irish action. These people are convinced that Ireland stuck to Rome in the sixteenth century merely because England went asunder from it, and they take it for granted that Ireland would at once fall into Protestantism, or into no matter what heresy, the moment England made a sign of going back to the Pope."

The true Irishman can take a joke, and, how terribly soever in earnest, ever relishes humour. What fun, then, he must see in the utter misconception the Italians have formed of his countrymen and himself! Knowing and feeling the dominant peculiarities of the Irish character to be conscientiousness, consistency, steadiness, circumspection, veracity, reflection, common sense, and practical intellect, the contrast presented to it by the Italian idea of it cannot but appear ridiculously absurd to him. As if, during the last Session, the profound policy of impeding legislation, so persistently pursued by the National Obstructives, could possibly have been inspired simply by a dull, stupid, perverse, ill-conditioned, malignant, blind, unreasoning, silly, and childish spirit of opposition! The notion that, in matters of politics, and even of religion, the course of Ireland as a nation is wont to be determined by mere antagonism to England, so that because the English go one way the Irish therefore, and for that reason only, go another, seems to suggest the prevalence of some confusion of mind in Italy respecting the inhabitants of Erin. The generic Irishman appears to be confounded with the typical Irish pig.

AUTHORITIES, CANINE AND ANTI-CANINE.—"Rab and his Friends" v. "Rabies and its Friends."

BEN TROVATO'S NEWS.

SIR,

I PICK up little items here and there, which may interest your readers. I do not vouch for their absolute truth, but you may rely on them to a certain extent as coming from

Your old friend, BENJAMIN TROVATO.

"*Sylvia*," says the *Musical World*, "is said to be a hit at the Imperial Opera-House, Vienna." Evidently a satirical work. But why should its aim be the Imperial Opera-House?

A well-known composer now staying at the sea-side is stated to be busy on a fresh prawn. (Latest intelligence: He has just finished a plateful.)

OLE BULL is not playing at Mile-End, but at Milan. OLE BULL has not yet decided about a tour in the Isle of Wight next season. He has an objection to Cowes.

DR. STAINER, the well-known organist, will, it is rumoured, take the pledge, and become a temperance man. His name in future would be DR. AB-STAINER.

The composer of "*The Clang of the Wooden Shoon*" is wrong if he claims O'BARE as an Irishman. It is spelt "AUBER." Not all musicians are Irish.

Immortal William on Rare Ben.

Reading at Guildhall, November 9. Balcony Scene from "*Romeo and Juliet*."

Romeo The Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR.

Juliet The Right Hon. the LORD BEACONFIELD.

Juliet appears on the Balcony.

Romeo, below (gazing fondly up at her)—

"She speaks, but she says nothing. What of that?"

[JULIET winks.]

Her eye discourses—I will answer it!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

A Visit to the Haymarket, and to some Interesting Little Strangers at the Aquarium.



some years ago at this Theatre, called *The Woman in Mauve*. "Farical" *Engaged is*, in a way: "Comedy" it most emphatically is not, in any way. It is farcical inasmuch as in incident and construction it resembles such eccentric pieces as *Nemesis*, *Brighton*, and *The Wedding March*. But *Engaged* is really a Charade in three Acts, seriously played by a company of well-trained comedians in modern costume, who are in the Author's confidence, and know the answer to the conundrum. The key to the Charade is to be found, in the First Act, in the apparition of the wedding-cake which accompanies the burlesque fire-eater, *Major McMagilicuddy*, and, in the Third Act, where the three sentimental noodles are deeply affected by the woes of *The Two Obadiah*s, as recounted in the mournful ditty of that name.

The ladies—Miss MARION TERRY, Miss LUCY BUCKSTONE, Miss EMILY THORNE, Miss JULIA STEWART, and Miss J. ROSELLE—one and all, enter thoroughly into the spirit and bizarre humour of the Charade, and play admirably. Mr. HOWE is good, but I don't think he is quite certain as to the meaning of the Charade. I fancy Mr. DEWBEE and Mr. KYRLE know a little more about it. Mr. HONEY is, of course, very droll—he always is—but he clearly trusts to his own comic power for success, and has given up the Charade. I am bound to say that I was sincerely grateful to him for the amusement he afforded me, as I never did care for Charades, however clever they might be.

The next morning I set off to the Aquarium to pay a visit to the Laps. When you first requested me to interview these new arrivals, I was inclined to excuse myself from the task, as I am generally rather shy of this sort of strangers, ever since, years ago, I went to interview the Bushmen, and one of them chivied me round the caravan with a poisoned arrow in his hand. I escaped, head-over-heels, anyhow, down-stairs. Since that time many curious people have visited this favoured Isle, but I have never been among the still more curious people who have flocked to see them.

A slight historical sketch of our interesting friends may not be out of place at this moment.

The Laps or Lapps come of the ancient Dencalionic race, called the Lapides, who, overrunning Europe, left in England traces of their existence in places bearing such names as Flint, Stone, Stonyhurst, Stony Stratford, &c. It is a grave geographical error to connect these people in any way with Laputa.

At first they were a hardy people, and reeked so wide awake, and so thoroughly up to the time of day in business, that every trader went to a Lap when he wished to know "what o'clock it was." It was at this period that they obtained the name of "The Lapps of Time." Subsequently, on acquiring wealth, they achieved so unenviable a notoriety for their enervated effeminacy, as to be called "The Lapps of Luxury." A terrible scourge, known as "the Papsylas," threatened to exterminate them altogether. The very name of the plague is supposed to be a familiar inversion of the two words "Lapps" and "pals"—the latter signifying "companions," indicated the very general nature of the complaint. It was the Lapps who at this time first introduced the medicine into Europe which still bears the patent stamp of its origin in the second syllable; it was called Ja-lapp. They have now settled

comfortably and contentedly in the Northern regions. Their mode of progression when they don't walk is to ride on a sort of Dromedary, called a Lapidary. The motion is unpleasant to a foreigner, who soon discovers that there are more bumps than one on the animal's back. It offers, however, considerable attraction to the Phrenologist.

Having thus briefly sketched their origin, rise, and descent (for they have gone down again from over six feet high to about five feet), I will now proceed to give you some account of my interview with the Lapp Ambassadors.

When I called at midday they were not up. *Punch and Judy* was performing somewhere in the building, and somebody in another part of the show was making such awful noises that I was constrained to inquire of the attendants the nature of the painful operation which some patient was undergoing in, probably, the interests of Science, and for the benefit of the Aquarium. It occurred to me that a Professor might be lecturing on Vivisection. The attendant informed me that the noise proceeded from a "Foriner, who was imitat' the trombone or some wind instrument." The sounds in question had, I fancy, the effect of arousing the Laps, who presently entered upon the vast plain of trackless sawdust which lies at the foot of the painted canvass icebergs of this apparently glacial, but really warm and somewhat stuffy, region.

I should never think of describing the Laps as "fresh arrivals." Two reindeer, a white fox, an Esquimaux dog, sharing a moderate-sized compartment with a party of four Laps, consisting of two Gentlemen and two Ladies, and a considerable number of inquisitive strangers, more or less damp and more or less warm according to the weather, are scarcely calculated to keep up the notion of Polar frigidity suggested by the talented artist who devised the back-scene of the show. In this season of fright about hydrophobia, the Laps may be taken as instances of what the descendants of Hydrophobists might become, as they evince all that horror of water which is the characteristic of the dogbitten. They are a conservative people, too, and their habits remain unchanged—since they first put them on.

N.B.—Friends at a distance please accept this intimation—and don't go too near.

Being able (with my great natural gift of languages) to converse with them freely, I ascertained from JOSEPH that they were enjoying themselves immensely. "We are a simple people," he said, "and when Mr. BOCK asked us to come over with him, we said, Certainly, on condition that he made it well worth our while."

"You've arranged to be handsomely paid," I suggested, "after the Opera is over."

"We are children of Nature," replied the ingenuous Lap, "and not a match for the Southern trader. So we would not come unless a certain sum was deposited first in a banker's hands, and a bond given for the remainder."

They are so pleased with the Aquarium as to entertain serious thoughts of making an offer to manage the whole affair, or at least to be elected as Directors—JOSEPH to be Secretary and Treasurer, the other Lap to be Managing Director, while ELLEN will supervise the Theatre, and the other Lady take the money at the doors.

They think us a very dirty set of people, to require washing, and to use pockethandkerchiefs. JOSEPH wants to take back with him four specimens of Londoners to Lapland; but they must come entirely at their own cost, and take their risk in the spec. The difficulty is to select the four specimens—two Gentlemen and two Ladies. I suggested that they couldn't do better, if they really meant business, than consult MR. ALEXANDER HENDERSON (late of the National-Theatre-late-Queen's) on the subject.

After stopping an hour without seeing any performance at all, in consequence of that extra shilling not coming in so as to make the audience worth playing to (they are such a simple folk!), they began to sing—and then I left. *Le Pauvre Pongo est mort, vivent les Laps!* but the "Little Unwashed" don't get another visit from

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

The Rule of the (Political) Road.

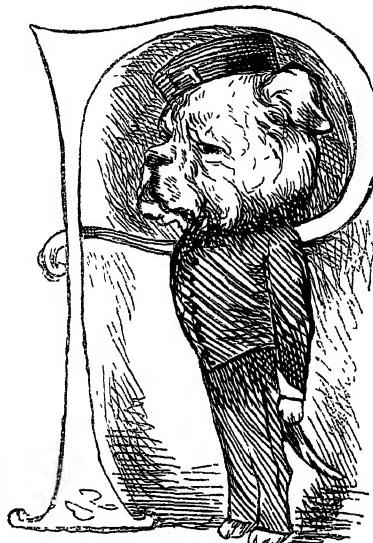
(Adapted to the latitude of Paris, and respectfully commended to the attention of MARSHAL MACMAHON.)

OUR rule of the Road seems a paradox quite,
Yet *Punch* would fain hope you may learn it ere long;
If you keep to the Left, you will surely go right,
If you keep to the Right, you'll go wrong.

You may find, if of *nous* not entirely bereft,
A way out of your present illogical plight
In the singular fact that the Right's on the Left,
While the Wrong is now left on the Right.

KNOLE.—"The Seat of WARRE."

GONE TO THE DOGS.



PUNCH has no hesitation in publishing the following interesting correspondence now that the Dead Season is at its depth of deadness :-

The Crib, Seven Dials.

GUV'NOR,

Look 'ere, Guv'nor. Wot's all this row about iderofobier? Man and boy I've been accustomed to dawgs for five-and-forty year. Wot's more, they've bit me over and over agin. Wot's the odds? 'Ave I gone mad? Not a bit of it. I'm as wide awake as ever. You ask the Crushers if I ain't. Still, the Puberlick ort to be purteeked. They ortn't to allow no strange dawgs. Which them's my bissness sentiments. Wen I sees a dawg a strayin' I collars 'im, and

I've done so ever since I can remember. Ain't I a Puberlick benyfacter? Kors I am, so you tell them Crushers to leave a cove alone, and not to run 'im in for clearing the streets of the dawgs. If they does it, 'ow's a cove to live, and 'ow's the Puberlick to be purteeked?

Yours respectful,
A LUVER OF DAWGS.

DEAR SIR,

Fuss Lodge, Middleborough.

At a time like the present, when everyone is so anxious about Hydrophobia, every suggestion has a certain value. Will you permit me to offer a remedy which, I believe, has not as yet been tried. Supposing that a man has been bitten on the right leg, surely some relief might be obtained by cutting off his left leg. We know that like cures like, and two negatives make an affirmative. The patient objects to water, but possibly this objection might be overcome by feeding him frequently (say every five minutes) upon a dish composed of red herring, salt pork, and boiled beef.

Of course I write under correction, and think it only just to sign myself,

Yours obediently,
ONE WHO KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT MEDICINE.

DEAR SIR,

The Works, Puffington.

NOTICING that the subject of hydrophobia is now attracting very general attention, we seize this opportunity of informing our customers and the public that our Patent Potatoes can now be obtained at a fraction under one half-penny a pound. We have applied to our analytical chemist, and he assures us that there is not the slightest danger of Patent Potatoes causing hydrophobia. They may be eaten (and, indeed, purchased) in any quantities.

We enclose a sample, and remain,

Yours obediently,
POSTERS, ADDS, & CO.
(*Sole Proprietors of the Patent Potatoes.*)

SIR,

The Vestry, Mudborough-on-Thames.

It is simply disgraceful that hydrophobia should be permitted to exist. Sir, the simplest precaution would crush it out. I would suggest, nay, Sir, I would insist, that the following regulations should be immediately enforced:-

1. Every dog-owner to report himself three times daily to the nearest police-station accompanied by his dog for inspection.

2. No dog-owner to be permitted to leave his house with his dog unless the dog has received a certificate (which should only be in force for six hours) from a veterinary surgeon.

3. Three times a week houses of dog-owners to be inspected by the Commissioners of Lunacy to see that all the inmates are sane.

Were these simple precautions taken we should hear no more about hydrophobia.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,
A THOROUGHLY PRACTICAL MAN.

Office of the "Cockney Tourist,"

Manager's Department.

MY DEAR SIR,

THERE is only one cure for hydrophobia—avoid it. Under these circumstances we have the greatest pleasure in calling attention to the fact that our "personally ciceroned trips" to the North

Pole (where hydrophobia is unknown) leave London three times a week.

For terms (including hotel bills, candles, travelling expenses, charming society, and personally related anecdotes) apply to

ROAST, STARE, & CO.

MASTER,

It is unnecessary to tell you, who know everything, that this scare about hydrophobia is utter nonsense. Cases of fatal dog bites in England are nearly as rare as cases of fatal sunstroke in London in November. In my indignation I cannot help exclaiming—bow, wow, wow!

Your devoted slave and friend,

TOBY.

85, Fleet Street, E.C.

OUR MAYORS.

THE Municipal Corporation Act, by some unaccountable oversight, omitted to fix an early day in the week for the annual election of Mayors. Consequently, when the 9th of November happens, as this year, to fall late in the week, *Mr. Punch* is reluctantly compelled to postpone offering his usual compliment to the newly-chosen Chief Magistrates. Had *Mr. Punch*'s private telephone been in full working order, no delay would have occurred. However, like most other delays—except the Law's—it is not without its advantages. It has allowed the Judges and other great functionaries (the same who officiate at the selection of Sheriffs) to go through the List with greater deliberation, and to recommend, with increased care, for enduring fame in these pages, all the flower and chivalry of the Mayors for 1877-8.

This year the post of honour belongs by inalienable right to Portsmouth with its King, but the Court is at Dover—a commodious and chalky port, where Royal and illustrious beings are continually embarking and disembarking; and so it is fitting that its Municipal head should be a courtly dignitary.

St. Albans has recently come into possession of a Bishop, and now it can also boast of a Prior. We have been accustomed to muse on Bradford as a borough which favoured Nonconformity; but its choice on the present happy occasion is Priestley. Wallingford is under the control of a Deacon; and Guildford supplies the whole of the Ecclesiastical party with a Crooke.

The Knight is at Honiton, the Ryder at Devonport, the Groom in the east at Harwich, and the Sadler at Middlesborough. To all this equestrian group Denbigh says "Gee!"

Reading is given up to Silver, Stamford to Betts, and Wisbeach to Gane.

The Mayor of Huntingdon is Brown, of Macclesfield White, and of Peterborough Paley.

There is a Seale to make an impression at Dartmouth—we hope Britannia's young Princes dined with him on their father's birthday—Yarmouth, with thorough propriety, raises a Diver to the Chair; Totness has Roe, Darlington Fry, Gravesend Troughton, and Hanley a Gilman.

Monmouth chooses Coates, but which of the two Taylors (at Bedford and Cardiff) was the artiste, there is at present no information: perhaps it was the Schneider at Barrow-in-Furness. Like last year, there is a truly rural—not rustic—air fluttering around many of our Mayors. Dewsbury is "Under the Greenwood," and Bolton is cheered by the sight of a Greenhalgh; a Thorn flourishes at Boston, and a Crabb at Bodmin; Bemrose is in full bloom at Derby, May at Colchester, and Mayhew—a name long honourably associated with this journal—at Wigan. A Holyoake is planted at Droitwich, and a Shrubssole at Faversham; there is a Freshfield at Godmanchester, and Barley at Dunstable; a Dale at South Shields, a Dingle at Worcester, a Forwood at Liverpool, Groves at West Hartlepool, a Warrener at Hertford, and Dewe for all at Windsor.

The Mayor of Chester is Farish, but the Mayor of Leominster is Goode, and as for the Mayor of Berwick he is positively a Darling.

Luton has gone to Cumberland, Rochdale to Tweedale, and there is another North Mayor at Dudley.

Pembroke with its Adams, Newport with its Moses, and Taunton with its Jacobs, take us back to patriarchal times.

St. Ives, dear to us all from our earliest nurseriest days, has—but we have only one authority for this startling announcement—a Craze; Hull delights in a poet (Waller), Sheffield's Mayor is Mappin, and Manchester is governed by the husband of that truly historical character, Mrs. Grundy.

Lastly, comes the good city of York, usefully employed, to Varey our list.

More Knave than Fool.

CASSAGNAC strives with "*sou furieux*" GAMBETTA's fire to smother. GAMBETTA, nothing loath, retorts—*tu quoque*—"You're another!" GAMBETTA's wrong. Self-seeking swash-bucklers of PAUL's school We style by another epithet—the alternative of fool.



CONFUSION OF CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Maggie. "OH! TOMMY!! LOOK AT THAT SWEET LITTLE THING!!! I'M AFRAID IT'S AFRAID OF CHIMBORAZO! JUST WAG CHIMBORAZO'S TAIL, TO PUT HIM IN A GOOD TEMPER, THERE'S A GOOD BOY!"

THE OSMIC ACID PLOT.

(*A Song for a future Fifth of November. By an Emancipated Irish Patriot.*)

"It appears that Mr. O'DONOVAN ROSSA threatens the extinction of the English House of Commons by osmic acid, a poison stated to be so deadly that one-thousandth part of a grain set free in a volume of air of one hundred cubic yards, would possess such deadly influence that all persons respiring this air would be poisoned. * * *

"Though not deadly in its effects, it would nevertheless be a most powerful aid to the 'Obstructives' (and no doubt this is what Mr. Rossa really means), for it has a most intolerably pungent odour, and causes tears to flow from the eyes as though they were attacked by the essence of a thousand onions. By means of a little osmic acid the 'tyrants coercing Ireland' are to be made to weep and fly the scene of their iniquities."—Mr. C. W. VINCENT, *Times*, Nov. 16.

REMEMBER, remember the Fifth of Novimber,
The comical chimical plot!

Whin Rossa uprose on our base Saxon foes,
And gallantly scumfished the lot!

Scientific and placid he tuk osmic acid,
And uncorked the stuff in St. Stephen's;
And sure, by the powers, in undther two hours
Ould Oireland was minus a grievance!

Of arrangements that's cosmic the acid called osmic
Is bound to upset the whole bilin';
So, bothered clane out, the M.P.'s ran about
A more lively than iligant style in.
O'er the benches a-flingin', wid noses a-stingin',
And red eyes like cataracts pourin'
Sure the stuff was that pungent that, faith, more than one gent
You'd think Polyphemus a-roarin'

Shure niver Obstruction raised half such a ruction—
Wid laughter our paythriots was splittin'

At them Saxons a-flyin', and bellowin', and cryin',
And sneezin', and coughin', and spittin'!

Till, like Shannon in flood, Sirs, them suckers of blood, Sirs,
Clared out o' the place in a crack,
Lavin' Oireland victorious, and, what was more glorious,
The blayguards!—they niver came back!

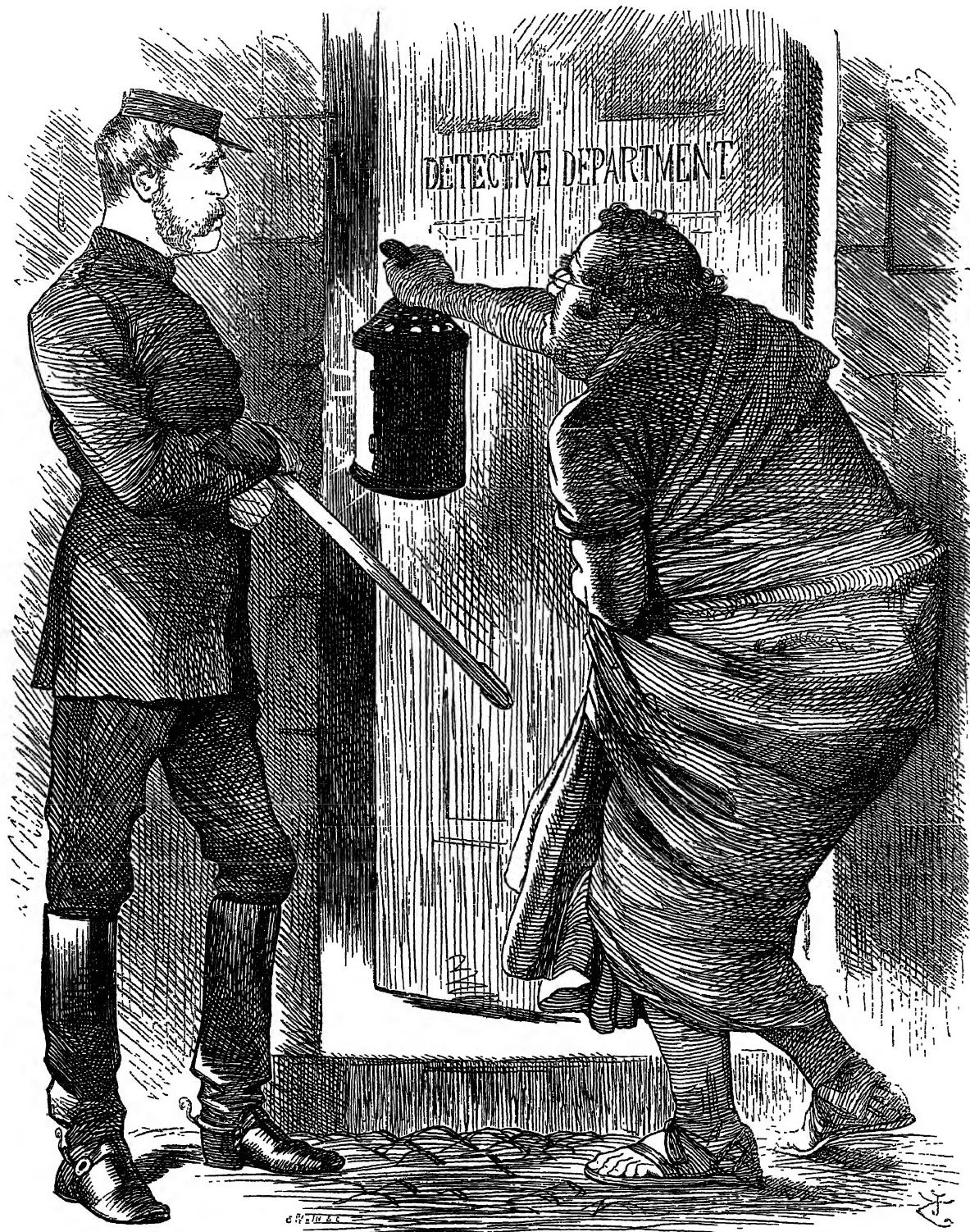
So skedaddled the Saxon; no more wrongs our backs on
He'll pile high as Pelion on Ossa.
Then more power to the pisin that worked so surprisin'
In the hands of O'DONOVAN ROSSA!

FANCY PETS AND FANCY PRICES.

If the Jabberwock last week had visited the Crystal Palace it might have found itself at home among some equally strange creatures—in point, at least, of nomenclature. It is true the Borogoves were not present at the show, nor did the famous "slithy Toves" make their appearance in the catalogue. Still, there were Runts, and Pigmy Pouters, and Trumpeters, and Turbits, and Short-faced Flying Tumblers, besides Jacobins, and Homing Antwerps, and black or dun-brown Barbs, and Nuns of various colours. Moreover, there were Silver Dragons, and Dragons blue and yellow; and near them were at least a good round dozen of Archangels.

The value of these creatures would appear to an ignoramus as strange as were their names, for a brace of Black-pied Pouters were priced at just three hundred pounds; and two hundred pounds a-piece were set on some of the Black Carriers. If LUCULLUS were alive now, and dining at his Club, we can conceive his ordering a curry of these Carriers; and if he were partial to cold pigeon-pie for breakfast, he might bid the *chef* prepare a *pâté* of plump black-pied hundred-pounder pouters.

THE MARSHAL'S MENU (*in the French Chamber*).—A *pièce de rés n.* with decidedly too much *GRÈVY*.



HONESTY THE BEST POLIC(E)Y.

COLONEL H-ND-SS-N. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE, SIR?"

DIogenes (Mr. BULL). "WELL, YOU SEE, COLONEL, TILL NOW IT SEEMS WE'VE SET A THIEF TO CATCH
A THIEF. I'M LOOKING FOR AN HONEST MAN!!"

Colonel H. "ALL RIGHT! ONLY, WHEN YOU'VE FOUND HIM, YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY FOR HIM!"

DIogenes. "AND CHEAP AT THE MONEY!"



LAPLAND AT THE AQUARIUM.

THE "ANNUAL" COOKERY BOOK.

A Feast of Horrors.—Take half-a-dozen ghosts (not too new), and mix them well with a little moonlight. Throw in a forgotten murder and a lost will, and serve up in a green and yellow cover.

A Legal Dish.—Take your chief ingredients from the Newgate Calendar, and add an incident or two from a foreign *cause célèbre*. Introduce a comic detective and a rascally lawyer. Set on the mess to simmer through a dozen chapters, and make your villain confess in the last page but one.

A Comic Pie.—Collect all the old jokes and pictures of the last three years and bind them together. Serve up with as many advertisements as possible.

The Pathetic Plat.—Take a dozen very old characters, and put them in the snow. Garnish with low-life sauce; and call the whole by the name that would probably occur to a Music-Hall comic song-writer in a serious mood.

The All-sorts Hash.—Sweep the editorial drawers of a magazine of all the papers "left over," and to the stories thus obtained, add a little original matter as stuffing. Produce in a cover well garnished with snow, holly, and mistletoe.

The Extra Stew.—For the sake of illustration, imagine Christmas to be a genial, frosty, hospitable season. Fill your pages with impossible pictures of unheard-of family parties. Throw in at least one fancy drawing of "Full Tide in the Olden Time." Serve up (as a shilling Christmas extra) before the end of November.

The Best Possible Way of obtaining really good Christmas Fare.
—Take half-a-crown and buy *Punch's Pocket Book!*

A TINKLE IN TIME.

A CONTEMPORARY the other morning announced, as follows, that a measure of precaution had been wisely adopted by a local Legislature for the protection of life and limb from

Bicycles.—At yesterday's meeting of the Liverpool Town Council a bye-law was adopted requiring bells to be attached to bicycles."

All other municipal bodies should follow the example of the Liverpool Town Council in compelling bicycle riders to make pro-

TOBY TO PUNCH.

"The simple measure necessary for the suppression and prevention of rabies and hydrophobia is, that every dog shall wear a collar bearing its owner's name and address, and that every dog, wherever found, not having such a collar, shall be taken to the nearest police station and destroyed."—*Medical Examiner.*

Go and purchase, oh my master,
Quick, a collar; let your name
Speedily, to save disaster,
Be engraved upon the same.

I am eager now to don it,
But I further would explain,
Your address must be upon it,
Lest your *Toby* should be slain.

Slaughtered by a ruthless Bobby,
In a time of panic fear,
Killed to satisfy a hobby,
At this silly time of year.

In the Spring the daily papers
Are on other things intent,
And they satisfy the gapers
With reports of Parliament.

It occurs unto your *Toby*
His opinion to express,
That reports of hydrophobia
Only come in the recess.

So when the recess shall go by,
And the silly season cease,
Take the collar off your *Toby*,
And your *Toby* shall have peace!

MEM FOR PARISIAN FLÂNEUR.

ABSINTHE is an acquired taste. The more you take it, the more you like it. "*Absinthe* makes the heart grow fonder."

vision against injuring their fellow-creatures, which common sense and consideration do not teach every one of them to do of his own accord. The additional safeguard of a light to be carried on bicycles at night should also be required. Deaf pedestrians get no warning of the approach of rattlesnakes.

FOLLY AND FELO DE SE.

The Lancet, with characteristic point, animadverts as follows on

"SUICIDE BY PEDESTRIANISM.—There are several ways of attempting suicide. The undertaking, alike singular and peculiar, now being carried out at the Agricultural Hall by *GALZ* is one of them, and cannot be too soon or too strongly denounced. It is not pedestrianism so much as interference with the demand for sleep, which is just as imperative as the demand for food. If a man deliberately set himself to abstain from food for six weeks, the law would soon let him know that he is not to do so."

Suppose in the meanwhile, however, the man died, then the law might have to deal with his aiders and abettors in killing himself. Everybody ought to know what the law calls accessories to suicide. But crowds of people apparently do not know, or why are they not afraid to countenance performances of a suicidal nature with their presence? All that can be said of suicide by pedestrianism is of course equally applicable to suicide by funambulism or any other exhibition of foolhardiness which the pleasure of witnessing arises from the spectacle of life in danger. It is to be hoped that in the passage above quoted the conscience of some portion of the British Public may have received a salutary puncture from the *Lancet*.

"Blow, Gentle Gales!"

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

We have had roughish weather in these parts lately. You know everything; so will you, like an old dear, tell us whether the Devonshire *GALE*, who is just now doing 4000 quarter-miles in 4000 ten minutes, is in any way related to the South-West *Gales* which have been going it such a pace here.

Exeter.

Yours truly,
ANGELINA.



VERY NATURAL.

Mrs. Broadrib (sternly). "ARE YOU AWARE, SIR, THAT THIS IS THE LADIES' WAITING-ROOM ?!"

(Mistaking Angelica Stodge, in her "Ulster" and round hat, on her way home from South Kensington, for one of the ruder Sex ! ! !)

BEFORE THE LORD CHIEF BARON.

(What it May Come to.)

BROWN versus JONES.

THIS was a case of little interest. The Plaintiff sued the Defendant for money lent upon a bill of exchange. The bill was presented in due course, and dishonoured. There was, practically, no defence.

The Lord Chief Baron, in summing-up, said that he was delighted to have this opportunity of addressing the Jury upon several subjects of importance. The other day he had given the LORD MAYOR his opinion about the present war—a war which was a disgrace to the Emperor of RUSSIA and a scandal to Europe. On this occasion he would touch upon other topics of international interest. He wished to call their attention to PRINCE BISMARCK. To the far-seeing cruelty of this statesman France owed her present painful position. Had the German Premier been satisfied to conclude the war before the late Emperor of the FRENCH had surrendered at Sedan there is every reason to believe that a NAPOLEON would have been seated on the Throne of France at this very moment. To the overthrow of the Empire may be traced the terrors of the Commune. BISMARCK also had a hand in the Danish and Austrian wars—two campaigns full of disaster to the natural allies of England. Altogether he thought it his duty, sitting there as he did in the character of a Judge of the land, to condemn the conduct of the German statesman in the strongest possible language. He must add, too, that he looked with some alarm at the warlike preparations reported to be making in Italy. Why should Italy arm? Did she wish to attack the Turks? Was she playing into the hands of the Russians? These questions some Judges would leave it to the Jury to decide. He refused to do anything of the sort. He thought it his duty, as Lord Chief Baron, to rule that the Italians were decidedly wrong. They must take this from him seated on the Bench. His Lordship then severely criticised the conduct of the KHEDIVE of EGYPT, and reviewed the history of Spain during the last five years.

At this point the fifth edition of the evening paper was handed in.

The Lord Chief Baron having hastily glanced at the latest intelligence, continued his summing up. There was nothing new in the paper before him. Of course there were a great many rumours; but they might take it from him that rumours must be received with the greatest possible caution. He had no wish to embarrass Lord BEACONSFIELD by any remark that he might make whilst in discharge of his judicial duties: still he thought it only right to tell the Jury that unless the Premier walked in the ways of the late Lord PALMERSTON, England's prosperity might become a thing of the past. We had great interests in India, and those interests must be carefully watched and guarded. His Lordship here read several extracts from the works of Captain BURNABY, to prove that the Turk was infinitely to be preferred to the Russian. His Lordship regretted that he had not a large map and a black board, and even a magic lantern, with a few dissolving views. Had he these useful articles, he ventured to think he could have made his lecture if not more intelligible, at least more entertaining. He regretted the lateness of the hour prevented him from saying a great deal more upon the very interesting subjects that had been attracting their attention. In conclusion, he could have no hesitation in directing the Jury to find a verdict against the Russians generally, and in the present case to give the Plaintiff the money that clearly was due to him.

The Jury (having been awakened by the Usher) immediately found a verdict for the Plaintiff, and the proceedings terminated.

The Anglo-Indian Schoolmaster Abroad.

We hear a great deal of native educational progress in India. Here is an example from Nagpore, in the very heart of our Indian Empire:—

"NAGPORE RAILWAY RESIDENCY HOTEL (M. NAGLLOO, Proprietor).—Fair notice is hereby given to understand, as I decreasing the rates of Conveyances Hire, though my Carriages will reach half an hour before time than the others, and Carriages are comfortable and best for the respectable Gentlemen and Ladies, not allowed for any other Natives."



AN INDUCEMENT!

"GOING TO DINE QUIETLY AT THE CLUB? NONSENSE, MY DEAR FELLOW! COME AND DINE WITH US 'ONG FAMEEL,' YOU KNOW! NOBODY BUT OURSELVES, AND NOTHING BUT A MUTTON-CHOP!!"

THE NEXT ARTICLE AT ROME.

WHAT is the next Article? The Temporal Power. That is the Article which some partisans are urging PIUS THE NINTH to proclaim next. To this effect a communication from Rome appeared the other morning in the *Times*. Next day it was contradicted by SIR GEORGE BOWYER as—

"Not only unfounded but impossible."

He adds that, in a private audience with which he was honoured by the Sovereign Pontiff a few years ago—

"His Holiness expressed his disapprobation of the opinion that the Temporal Power was, or ever could be, a dogma of faith, and condescended to explain his reasons for such disapprobation."

Yet very likely the statement which SIR GEORGE BOWYER has denied does really create the uneasiness he says it should not. Two Articles have been added to the Roman creed within a few years. People may naturally ask—some of them uneasily—"What is the next Article to-day? What other Article does PIUS THE NINTH mean to add to the Creed of PIUS THE FOURTH? How many more new Dogmas shall we be bound to acknowledge? We are ready," they may say, "to credit any number of unintelligible mysteries—*c'est le premier pas qui coûte*. We don't care how often we have to prostrate mere Reason. But the Temporal Power is no mystery at all. We understand what that means. We don't like it, and we can't swallow it." Thus if not Roman Catholics, Ritualists and other Protestants on the road to Rome, may bethink themselves, and pull up. Such considerations must give them, at least, pause. They would like to be sure that, in case of 'verting, they will not have possibly committed themselves to accept a matter of polities as a matter of faith—and vote, if not fight, accordingly.

WRONG WITHOUT REMEDY.

REALLY the Palladium of British Liberty, trial by Jury, may be almost considered to be itself on its trial. Witness the following extract from a contemporary, exemplifying another case, of

"MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE.—The HOME SECRETARY has written to MR. JUSTICE LUSH, who presided at the Manchester Assizes, granting a free pardon to the three men, GREENWOOD, WILD, and JACKSON, who were sentenced by MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS at the Liverpool Summer Assizes to ten years' penal servitude for an outrage . . . at Burnley on the 1st of July last. Three men, named SUTCLIFFE, CROSSLEY, and MALLINSON, were charged at the Manchester Assizes, on Saturday last, with having committed the same alleged outrage. The Manchester Jury found that no such outrage had been committed, and the prisoners were discharged, Mr. Justice Lush intimating that he would take steps to have the others set at liberty."

Accordingly they have received a free pardon. A pardon, describable in popular phrase as "free, gratis, for nothing"—for not having committed the crime they were found guilty of, and for which they have had to undergo several months of penal servitude!

Mistakes will happen in the best constituted Courts of Justice, which, of course, are those wherein a British Judge presides over a British Jury. But when they have occurred, is not some little compensation justly due to the sufferers from "Miscarriage of Justice"? Of course victims who have been hanged cannot be indemnified, but some amends might surely be made to those who have endured false imprisonment and penal servitude. Having been punished in the interests of Society for warning to evil-doers, but wrongfully punished, do they not deserve to be regarded as a sort of martyrs (especially those who have actually been executed) to the public good? In addition, therefore, to the deliverance which the Law calls a "pardon," equity must pronounce them entitled to reparation to the tune of something handsome. The indemnity, moreover, to make it the more gracious, should be accompanied with the thanks of a grateful country.

Cheering Financial Announcement.

"The Hon. ALONZO MONEY, who has long held a high position among the financial administrators of the Civil-Service, and late President of the Bank of Bombay, is about to be invested with the control of the Daira debt."

MONEY about to be introduced into the KHEDIVE'S Treasury! No wonder Egyptian Bondholders are in better spirits.

Will Sir GEORGE BOWYER's contradiction remove the uneasiness caused by the expectation of having to take the Temporal Power as the next dogmatic pill? That depends. When the Pope, in a chat with him, disavowed the Temporal Power, where was His Holiness? On his legs, or seated on an ordinary cane-bottom or other unofficial chair? For then he might have been expressing a mere opinion, possibly changeable. And it may well have changed. Given Infallibility, and the Temporal Power seems a logical sequence. A Papal Sovereignty must be the perfection of Government. Wanted, a Model Kingdom for an example to all Kings and States whatsoever. What, then, could be more reasonable than for the Pope to reconsider the doctrine which he had delivered in a common chair, and, bringing himself to an anchor in the Chair of St. Peter, pronounce the truth *ex cathedra*?

Else why has Father CURCI had the sack given him, having been forced to ask for it from the General of the Jesuits, but for his inadvertently disclosing an opinion against the policy of insistence on the Temporal Power? Poor Father CURCI! Instead of requesting the sack, could he not have put on sackcloth and ashes, and, carrying a lighted candle about the streets of Rome, have recanted an error which, in due time, will, for aught anybody can tell, be declared a heresy by some Pope or other? In the meanwhile, if his present Holiness thinks of declaring the next Article to be the Temporal Power, long may he live to consider, and reconsider, the expediency of so doing!

WANTED, MEMORIES, TONGUES, AND TEETH.

For the last triumphs of modern Chemical Nomenclature, as e.g., "Isopropylbenzene," and "Methyloparoxyphenylcrotone" and "Orthoparatolylphenylcarbonyl" Acids, see *Pharmaceutical Journal* November 10, 1877, p. 379.

THE MYCOPHAGIST'S MENU.



TOADSTOOLS at table! What a chance! MR. SMELFUNGUS says he should have liked dining with the Woolhope Club of Fungologists at Hereford the other day on the occasion of their Annual Meeting and Feast of Fungi. An account of this banquet appeared in the *Gardener's Magazine*, together with a copy of a menu, bordered with illustrations, humorously designed and described by that eminent Fungologist and Fungophagist, MR. WORTHINGTON G. SMITH, Author of *Mushrooms and Toadstools*, in which work Mr. SMELFUNGUS would recommend perusal of Mr. SMITH's account of the symptoms and sensations he experienced on having once experimentally eaten a portion of the "Poisonous Forest Mushroom," *Agaricus (Entoloma) fertilius*. Mr. SMITH is evidently the man to extract fun from fungi.

However, in its specialties the Fungophagists' menu rather disappointed Mr. SMELFUNGUS. It lacked variety. Of two potages, one was a *Potage du Coprinus comatus*, the maned mushroom; sapid, no doubt. The dishes included a *Salmi du Lactarius deliciosus*, the orange-milk fungus, a so-called toadstool, but delicious indeed. There was also a preparation, the "*Craterellus concuposus*," which Mr. SMELFUNGUS takes to be an alias or nickname for the *Cantharellus cibarius*, or chanterelle, a yellow, wineglass-shaped toadstool, growing under beech-trees, and said by Dr. BADHAM to have been wont to be dressed on state occasions at the Freemasons' Tavern—an illustration of the Masonic principle, that "Nothing's too good to be well understood by a free and an accepted Mason." The only other dish in the fungus line was a "*Dindon rôti aux Truffes*"; but truffles are matters of course, and they are not toadstools. The ordinary mushroom, *Agaricus campestris*, struck Mr. SMELFUNGUS as conspicuous by its absence.

Where, he asks, were the generality of the Autumnal fungi? Where was the delicate *Agaricus procerus*, the parasol fungus, with its long snaky-marked stem and cap tufted with scales? Where the *Ag. nebularis*—the "new cheese agaric"—very much "the cheese," indeed, nicely fried? Where the dainty *Ag. prunulus* that smells like new meal, and the *Ag. heterophyllus*—tasting, when grilled, to some palates like crawfish? The *Boleti*, the *Polypori*, the *Clavariz*, were none of them represented? One remarkable omission was that of the *Ag. oreades*, the Fairy Ring fungus, commonly called, by the few who do not call it a toadstool, the champignon. Fungology and folk-lore are something akin, and the Fungologists should have bethought themselves of "the good people."

However, it is not in the nature of Mr. SMELFUNGUS to find fault with anything or anybody, and he supposes that few of the usual fungi of autumn were this year forthcoming. This may have been a bad fungus season. But he sadly fears the dearth of fungi may be owing to another cause. He now sees far fewer of them than he used to find during his walks and rambles in the good old times before parks and pastures generally were drained. Mr. SMELFUNGUS is afraid that drainage, as a form of that progress day by day depriving him of nearly all he most cherishes, is progressively improving fungi, both esculent and poisonous, off the face of the earth.

Real Resignation.

AFTER many rumours to the same effect, the De Broglie Ministry has at last actually resigned *en bloc*. Let us write its epitaph in the language of the Prize Ring that used to be, which, in its combined character of Combatant and Defunct, may fairly lend its language to a Ministry *de combat* that is no more—

"GONE DOWN TO AVOID PUNISHMENT."

PATRIOTS AND PATRIOTS.

("Under which King, Bezonian?")

"Cosmopolitan critics, men who are the friends of every country, save their own—(Cheers and laughter)—have denounced this policy as a selfish policy. My Lord Mayor, it is as selfish as patriotism. (Cheers.)"

LORD BEACONSFIELD at the Mansion House.

MR. ALDERMAN SLUDGE, loquitur:—

"Ear! 'ear!!! My notions to a hinch! I thought I should a' split, A-cheering of the Swordsman smart as dealt that artful 'it. One of the genuine Dizzy thrusts; and don't it sting 'em 'ome? And won't it tingle in their ears for many a day to come?"

"Cosmopolitan Critics." Ah—h—h! It slips into one's mind, Like luscious turtle down one's throat, but leaves its twang behind. "Friends of all Countries save their own." Just so! The very thing

I've wanted 'eaps and 'eaps of times to my tongue's-end to bring.

What's come to people I can't think. I recollect the time When patriotism was esteemed the height o' the sublime; But now that GLADSTONE stamps the land to deafen people's ears About—not British Interests—but Bulgarian furrineers!

BEN had 'em nicely on the hip. But BOB—my son—he says, As 'twas but a false definition, based on a clap-trap phrase—"At that game BEN's a dab," he says.—I sometimes fear that lad, What with Institutions, books, and things, is a-goin' to the bad.—

Says BOB, "The patriot who will know no country *but* his own, No other interest to be served, or trumpet to be blown—The man who'd block the game all round to win his private trick, Is a greedy dog in the manger, who deserves a general kick."

By Jove, it makes my blood run cold to hear that youngster talk! He ups and says, "It's chaps who can't win fair that try to baulk; True blues pull straight and pull their best, and take their honest chance, And neither whine at the finish nor bluster in advance."

He says, "A chap may love his land, yet love it in such sort, As patriots of the pothouse stamp would make their mock and sport."

Says he would have her great as rich, magnanimous as strong, And rather vanquished for the right, than victor for the wrong.

He says, "Though Cad or Cynic may snigger or protest, In Old England's day of trial, we shall see who loves her best," Declares he'd scorn to bounce for her, or dodge the fair and true; But for her, in an honest cause, he would fight till all was blue.

Hesays BEACONSFIELD's good at "phrases"—whatever they may be—And swears "bunkum" stands for "patriotism" on the books of the C. C.

But that "right all round will yet be found the patriot's proper call,

In spite of *blague* at the Mansion House, or bounce at the Music Hall."

The lad's a fool! Give me the cool Conservative style of thing, And DIZZY's venomous little pints that always stick and sting; To Calipash and Calipee they lend a pungent zest. So here's Old England, right or wrong, and furriners be — blest!

A Scare in Guildhall.

CONSTERNATION prevails among the Aldermen who have passed the Chair. SIR JOHN BENNETT is lecturing on "London's Lord Mayors." There is great anxiety to know whether he will bring his remarks down to the present day. The Law Officers of the Corporation have been consulted, but are of opinion that the Court of Aldermen have no power to "veto" the lecture. The Recorder has been requested to attend and take notes.

THE AIR FOR A GALE TO WHISTLE.

"Ay waukin O,
Waukin still and wearie!"
ROBERT BURNS.

PUNCH'S DEFINITIONS.

"Same Old Game"—*Toujours perdrix*.
The best Byron Memorial—*Our Boys*.
Art Chimney Pots—MINTON'S Tiles.

PUNCH TO DR. DARWIN.



So comes my DARWIN's turn of praise
And the green honours of their bays
The men who banned you offer ;
The smile, of such occasion born,
Might well have had a touch of scorn,
Could wisdom be a scoffer.

But only shallow smartness mocks
The antics of the orthodox,
The dogmatist's wild capers,
Smile, but ne'er lift the heel to spurn ;
Trust Truth's asbestos to outburn
Delusion's glimmering tapers.

Science should be the last to claim
Infallibility's false fame,
Which only Folly urges.

The truth to seek with patient quest
Is hers, content to leave the rest
To blatant *Boanerges*.

So have *you* done ; the road you tread,
As free from rashness as from dread,
You follow without swerving.
Fame meets you fairly on the way,
And where's the duffer who to-day
Dare question your deserving ?

Punch cracks his jokes at you *sans* ruth ;
His honest fun wars not with Truth,
But rather serves to test her ;
And, serious now, he bows respect,
Sure that the Sage will not reject
The tribute of the Jester.

UR world's stage footlights
flare and fume,
While the clear light
that shall illumine
The Future's far-
thest ages,
In quiet sanctums few
describ,
Still trimmed and tended
patiently
By unobtrusive
sages.

And when that light
begins to show
Its keen but unfamiliar
glow
To poor be-muddled
mortals,
The dullards blink, the
quidnuncs croak,
The zealots faint would
Heaven invoke
To bar those perilous
portals.

In vain ; that clear and
conquering light
Wins as it widens, calms
affright,
Dull souls from
dread delivers ;
Till they who came to
curse make shift
To give a welcome to the
gift
And honour to the
givers.

months. The prisoner, who seemed overwhelmed at the severity of the sentence, was removed from the dock in a fainting condition.

PENNY A. LYNER, twenty-seven, described as a journalist, was charged with repeated offences of the same kind. Mr. TOBY, Q.C., remarked that the prosecution relied upon one sentence, which, with the Court's permission, he would read. He must state that during last summer a chimney took fire one evening in the house of one JONES, a corn-chandler, while the family was at tea. This was the prisoner's account :—“ Yesterday afternoon our worthy fellow-citizen Mr. JONES, whose mission in life is to purvey the golden grain to the humble households of the poor, was enjoying the repose of his own vine and fig-tree in the bosom of his family. The urn was hissing on the hospitable board, and the fragrant odour diffused through the apartment clearly indicated the presence of the cup that cheers but not inebriates, when suddenly the devouring element ”— The Judge peremptorily stopped the case, and asked the prisoner if he had anything to say. P. A. LYNER replied that he had to live, and that he was paid by the length of his copy. Chief Justice PUNCH said that was no business of his. He must put the prisoner on short allowance of flimsy, for some time at least, by sentencing him to describe all fires, accidents, murders, and such other events as came under his notice for the ensuing five years in as short and simple language as possible. The prisoner was taken out of Court, begging hard for a shorter term.

ÆOLUS GLENDOWER WITCH SPHYNX AURORA, thirty-three, described as a sporting prophet, was charged with a similar offence. The Counsel for the prosecution said that this was an appalling case of crime. The prisoner was in the habit of calling a good horse a “clinker”; he would express his favourable opinion of a man by terming him a “flyer”; his unfavourable opinion by terming him a “mug.” When a person had lost his money the prisoner would call him “broke”; an act of cheating he called a “ramp.” Of the enormities of such phrases as “fly flats,” “standing on velvet,” and “real jam,” he would not speak. Chief Justice PUNCH said this was a very bad case, and he felt it his duty to make an example, however painful it might be. The prisoner would be bound over to follow his business throughout the entire of the next racing season, and to invest his money on his own prophecies. The prisoner was removed yelling, “I am ruined, my Lord, I am ruined !”

This case concluded the business of the sitting—but a long list of similar cases, we regret to say, remains to be disposed of.

THE TWO DIFFICULTIES OF THE DAY.—MACMAHON's to get a Ministry, and St. Andrew's to get a Lord-Rector.

IN CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH'S COURT OF FINAL REVIEW.

(With Chief Justice PUNCH's compliments to Mr. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.)

CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH, on taking his seat, remarked that it was with sorrow he perceived such increasing ill-usage of the Queen's English. He was glad to see that his friend Mr. BRYANT was trying to put a stop to this sort of crime on the other side of the Atlantic, and he was determined, if he could, to crush it on this side. Without further preface he would now take the first case on the day's list.

Miss LAVINIA JENKINSON, forty-four, described as a novelist, was charged with repeated attacks on her own language. For the prosecution it was proved that the prisoner at the bar had frequently used such expressions as the following :—(1) “Her luxurious masses of golden hair glinted in the moonbeams like an aureole around the brows of a mediæval saint”; (2) “A swift sudden light broke from her lurid eyes like the lightning from a summer sky”; (3) “A dark shadow, which marked his Italian blood, mantled over the clean cut features”; (4) “The tawny moustache drooped heavily on the cold, cruel lips, whose honey-poison had lured”— Chief Justice PUNCH would not trouble Mr. TOBY, Q.C., to proceed. Had the prisoner anything to say for herself? The prisoner said the public liked her style. Chief Justice PUNCH was sorry for the public, but he considered such a plea as in fact an aggravation of the crime. If the public liked poison, that would not excuse the BRINVILLERS and BORGIAS. Despite the prisoner's sex, he felt it a duty to inflict as heavy a punishment as the law permitted. The sentence was that the prisoner be sentenced to the hard labour of reading her own novels for the space of three calendar

GREAT INTERNATIONAL QUADRUMANOUS CONGRESS.

(From our Special Correspondent)



We have received a telegraphic Report of proceedings at the Session of the Great International Congress of *Quadrumana*, which has been assembled for some days past at the Central Sacred Grove, in the island of Ceylon.

The Congress sits in an open area in the precincts of the principal temple, partly shaded by a large mangrove, the fork of which forms the Presidential chair. A couple of fallen palms serve as table and bar, and other trees form a convenient gallery around.

The members are grouped according to geographical seniority. The Anthropoid Apes, or *Apeocracy*, occupy the extreme right, heading the Monkeys of the Old World. The Platyrrhine Section, or New World Monkeys, are grouped on the left; and the Austra-

lian Lemurs occupy the gallery behind the bar. Honourable Members speak from their respective trees.

On the opening day, the members of the Congress arrived, *en masse*, with great rapidity. The largest Gorilla swung himself into the chair, with the brief inaugural speech — "By right of my majority here I am, and here I stay. If there is a bigger monkey, let him turn me out." The Silky Tamarin was named Secretary, as junior, or smallest, member present. He took his seat on a branch above the President, carefully removing his tail from within reach of that dignity.

The President said he proposed that they should commence the business of the Congress by a vote of respect and regret to the



"MISTAKEN IDENTITY."

SCENE—Northern Meeting at Inverness. PERSONS REPRESENTED—IAN GORM and DOUGALD MOHR, *Gillies*. MR. SMITH, *of London*.

First Gillie. "WULL YON BE THE MACWHANNEL, IAN GORM?"

Second Ditto. "No!! HES NAE-UM IS MUSTER SMUTH! AND HE AHL-WAYS WEARS THE KULT—AND IT IS FOOHL THAT YOU AAE, TOUGALT MOHR!!"

memory of one of his own family, *Pongo*, the first Gorilla who had exposed himself, in the cause of discovery, science, and philanthropy, to the dangers of missionary enterprise in Europe, and had paid for his devotion with his life. Not satisfied with labouring in Germany, he had extended his efforts to London, and had succumbed to his labours in that benighted and befogged metropolis soon after his return to Berlin.

The vote was passed in solemn silence.

The Green Monkey, the Marmoset, the Cerocebus, and the Semnopithecus, as returned (or escaped) missionary delegates to England, Italy, France, and Germany, sat at the base of the President's tree. Their worn, sorrowful, and highly-civilised aspect contrasted with the genuine hilarity of the members, who were all dressed in their new winter coats.

The Barbary Ape said that for the first time he felt proud of the appellation of English Monkey. From the report of their missionary delegates he thought that great hopes might be entertained of their poor human brethren.

The Chimpanzee rose to order. He could not allow the term "brother" to apply to any but his fellow-countrymen, the Negroes. Were colour and physiognomy to go for nothing?

The Silky Tamarin suggested, "Poor hairless relatives."

The Proboscis Monkey said—"Not absolutely hairless. Say fallen relatives—they admitted the fall." (*General groans of assent.*)

The Barbary Ape—"The fall was proved by their inhabiting the earth, instead of living in trees. Owing to this, their hind hands had become so disfigured as to become almost useless, and they were obliged to conceal them." (*Howls.*) "Then the use of animal food caused the mixture of gravity and stupidity which distinguished them"—

A Voice from the left—"Monkeys who had lost their tails." (*Howls. Cries of "Order!"*)

The Cynocephalus—"If the Left cannot respect the Right, let it at all events respect the Chair!"

At this point the meeting was thrown into great excitement by

the arrival of a telegram, dated "Senate House, Cambridge," announcing the honour paid to the Anthropoid family in the person of their great rehabilitator, CHARLES DARWIN—now D.C.L., Cantab.

The Chairman, in reading the telegram, expressed his regret that the Quadruman family had not been more directly represented on the occasion, than in the person of the effigy of one of their race in the costume of an Undergraduate. He hoped the time was not far distant when the Quadruman would have, if not a University, a College of their own, like the Ladies and the Ritualists. In the meantime he thought the meeting would recognise in the act of the Cambridge Undergraduates a touching move in the direction of fraternisation, and a sign of that surest kind of elevation which comes by degrees.

The business of the Congress was then resumed by

The Barbary Ape, who maintained "A common descent had now been generally admitted. That was one point. A strong protest had been made in favour of a return to vegetable diet—that was another. Anglican religious rites, again, were now performed with gesticulations such as were used by the Quadruman. And the love of unbroken leisure, of which the wilderness was naturally so proud, had been lately so far developed by the great majority of the poor English Bimana, that they were rapidly reverting to the natural condition.

The Spider Monkey had heard that acrobatism was now made a compulsory part of human education. He referred to ZAZEL, as a graceful illustration. Though far inferior in skill to the Monkey, her evolutions might be pronounced wonderful for man—still more for woman. He had heard from a friend who accompanied an organ-grind—(*The speaker was interrupted by loud and continued howling. After suspending himself for a moment by his tail, he joined the chorus.*)

The Douroucouli (who was wakened by the excitement) moved "That this Congress do now adjourn." The motion, finding no seconder, fell to the ground, and the Hon. Member fell asleep again.

The Rib-nosed Baboon thought they had better leave men alone. Suppose they became so advanced as to return to Eden, there would

be no room for them there, and then they would invade their forests. (*Loud hoots.*)

The Horned Sapajou thought that the travelled Monkeys had better now return to Europe. (*Loud gibbers of dissent from the Delegates.*) As to organ-grinders — (*The tumult here baffled description, amid which*)

The Cheiropot, who appeared at the bar, was understood to present a remonstrance on the part of the Bears as to any discussion without the participation of representatives of their race. Their interests were akin : they were as distant from ordinary quadrupeds as were the *Quadrumana*; they shared the one great peculiarity of the *Anthropoidea*, whether quadruman or bimane, and after the precedent set in the case of the quad —

Here a large Bear suddenly appeared at the bar, and the assembly instantly dispersed. The proceedings, amid loud noises, were adnected *sine nocte*.

BY ORDER OF THE POLICE.



ENCEFORTH, Mr. Punch has reason to believe that candidates for employment in the Detective Department of Scotland Yard will be required to give satisfactory answers (properly corroborated) to the following interrogatories :—

1. Do you belong to a family of position? (If of County rank, state County.)
2. Give a rough sketch of your coat-of-arms, and trace your pedigree for four generations.
3. Were you educated at Eton, Westminster, or Winchester?
4. If not, give the reasons why your parents sent you to Harrow, Rugby, Cheltenham, Marlborough, Clifton, Shrewsbury, or Rossall.
5. Are you an Oxford Man or a Cantab?
6. If you were not at Christchurch, Balliol, Trinity, or John's, state why you were sent to a less distinguished College.
7. What degree did you take?
8. Give the names of the learned Societies of which you are a Fellow.
9. Have you held a Commission in the Auxiliary Forces?
10. Do you hold a certificate of proficiency from Woolwich or Aldershot?
11. What Foreign Languages do you thoroughly understand?
12. Are you well up in Roman, English, and International Law?
13. What is your fighting weight?
14. Give the highest score you have ever obtained at Cricket against the M.C.C. and Ground.
15. Supposing that you were ordered on a job involving a voyage round the world, (a) how long would you take in making your preparations; (b) how many weeks would you consume in the journey; (c) and how many hours' sleep would you require during your circumgyration?
16. Write a short essay to prove that you possess the accomplishments of the diplomatist.
17. Can you give any, and how many, episcopal certificates that you are incapable of accepting a bribe?
18. Are you ready to employ every hour of the day and night in the service of the Government?

19. Are you prepared to consider your own comfort, profit, and even life itself as quite secondary to the interests of your employers?

20. And, finally, are you content to accept the hard labour and heavy responsibilities inseparable from the position of an Officer of Detective Police for something under £300 per annum?

THE TELEPHONES OF BERLIN.

(*A Chapter from Contemporary History.*)

BISMARCK entered his *sanctum* moodily. There was a frown upon his brow, and his uniform showed signs of hasty adjustment. He threw himself upon a sofa, and looked around him. Maps and portraits hung from the walls. As he gazed at the pictures of the crowned heads of Europe, he murmured, "My puppets!" and a scornful smile for a moment contended for mastery with the settled frown—but only for a moment. The frown one moment unsettled, soon resettled with tenfold severity.

Then he looked again round the apartment. His rapid survey detected an alteration. Ranged in a row were a number of Telephone-talkers.

"Tis well!" he exclaimed. "At length I can converse with my clients, masters—subjects, if you will—mouth to ear."

He approached a Telephone-talker ticketed "Constantinople," and whispered a few words into the tube. Then he listened.

"Pasha! Pshaw! he cried, as the answer came back. "Or rather, not Shah, but Sultan. Pashas won't do! I want their master."

"But Turkey is now a constitutional country, your Excellency," remonstrated a distant voice; "and surely the PREMIER—"

"Shut up!" imperiously interrupted BISMARCK. "Send the SULTAN himself to your end of the instrument."

Then there was a pause.

"Make haste!" cried the impatient Statesman. "I am not accustomed to waiting."

"Bismillah! I am here, Excellency!" came back a small still voice through the Telephone.

"It is the Padishah," said BISMARCK to himself. "I recognise his tremolo. Besides, tricky as Turkish diplomacy is, DAMAD would scarcely dare to play a practical joke upon me."

"Listen to my instructions, O Father of the Faithful!" Then addressing his lips to the instrument, in sharp strident accents he shot out haughtily his brief, clear, uncompromising communication. It was a masterly *résumé* of the situation—a pitiless presentation of almost equally disagreeable alternatives—lucid, naked, uncompromising—breathing blood and iron!

"Obstinate and impracticable as ever!" cried the German Statesman at last, as he tossed impatiently from him the instrument in connection with Constantinople.

"I must communicate with the other."

He walked to a distant corner of the room, and raised to his lips a tube marked "Head-quarters." This time his tone, although still commanding, was more subdued.

"Be good enough to tell the Czar I wish to speak with him."

There was a slight pause. BISMARCK stamped the floor impatiently with the iron heel of his Cuirassier boot.

"A thousand pardons!" softly breathed the Telephone at last. "But I was busily engaged in weighing the pros and cons of a winter campaign when you sent for me."

Ignoring the apology, the German Statesman dashed, or rather strode, into a long conversation with the Emperor of All the Russias. The Prince spoke angrily, and although there was much natural sweetness in the tones of the Czar's reply, for some time an undercurrent of disappointment seemed to impair its determination. In the end, however, determination audibly prevailed.

At last BISMARCK dropped the Telephone in disgust.

"To the bitter end! Perhaps it is as well," he exclaimed. "But I wonder what they will say in Rome and Vienna?"

A question no sooner asked than answered.

He had only to summon FRANCIS-JOSEPH and VICTOR-EMMANUEL to bring their ears and lips at once at the further ends of his Telephone.

"Very, very unsatisfactory," he murmured, when he had resumed his seat on the sofa. "What shall I do?"

The frown was now something terrible. The terrible face had flushed into a glow of swarthy fire under the mingled emotions of anger and uncertainty. Suddenly he jumped up with a cry of joy, and his brow cleared. He hastily approached another Telephone tube. But even his iron hand trembled for a moment as he raised the mouth-piece.

"No, I dare not disturb him," he exclaimed, as he allowed the tube to fall.

Again the terrible frown appeared as the colossal figure sank, almost in collapse, upon the sofa—a gaunt, grim, giant Despair!

"BISMARCK," he cried, at last, "be a man!"

Pulling himself together, he again approached the range of Telephone tubes, and, in accents which quivered with suppressed emotion, asked,—

"May I speak to him?"

"Certainly not," came the reply—with a curtness suggestive at once of bark, bite, and boredom.

"But I won't detain him a moment," urged the Iron Chancellor. "Tell him it's BISMARCK—poor old BISMARCK, and in such a mess."

"Shan't!" was the surly answer.

The beads of perspiration stood thick upon the Statesman's brow.

"Oh do, do beg of him to come to me," he cried, earnestly. "I won't trouble him again for weeks to come."

"Oh, you're always bothering him," was the ungracious response. And then the speaker added, "But if you really are in a mess, I will see what I can do for you. You may wait."

BISMARCK uttered a burst of earnest thanks, and listened intently for an hour. His patience was at length rewarded.

"Now then!" came at last through the Telephone, "I told you, when you had this wire put up, that I and I alone was to use it."

"I know you did, Sir," replied BISMARCK, apologetically. "But the fact is—"

"Well, never mind—I forgive you. You want my advice—state your case."

* * * * *

What followed has been, or will be, or is now being written in history—in letters of blood and iron. But the time for giving it to the world in words of type and printer's ink is not yet.

* * * * *

"What a wonderful creature!" murmured the reputed Wire-puller of Europe, when his ear had ceased to drink that marvellous flow of guiding wisdom.

"And now be off!" said the voice through the Telephone. "I have told you what to do—do it."

BISMARCK kissed the mouthpiece, in a fit of grateful enthusiasm rare to that granite nature, as he murmured, in a voice that thrilled with intense emotion, "A thousand million thanks, Mr. Punch! Hoch-Geehrtester, Erleuchteter! You have saved the peace of Europe!"

STAGS AND SUFFERERS.



THE pleasures of the Chase are less apparent than its pains, judging from an account in the *Times* of certain

HUNTING ACCIDENTS.—Yesterday the Queen's hounds met at Down Barn, Hayes, and *Young Captain* was turned out in the presence of a large field and a great number of spectators."

Young Captain of course is a stag denoted by that appellation—a familiar creature kept for sport, more used to being hunted than cels are to being skinned. He was now to undergo an additional experience:—

"The hounds were again handled by GOODALL, the huntsman; but EDRUP, the first whip, was still unable to ride."

Still perhaps labouring under the effects of a hunting accident.

"The stag first led the field to Southall, where Lord HARDWICK, the Master, was thrown over his horse's head, by reason of the animal stopping dead at a fence."

Dead, but not killed, though. Not hunted to death yet, at least—as you will see:—

"His Lordship, it was feared, was badly injured, but all anxiety was soon dispelled by his remounting and continuing the chase. Mr. TOM TALBOT, of London, a well-known follower of the pack, was soon afterwards thrown with such violence that his collar-bone and some of his ribs were fractured. He was removed to Southall Station, and conveyed home as soon as possible. The stag was ultimately killed by the hounds on the Watford side of Harrow."

"Killed" of course is merely a phrase. *Young Captain* was not torn to pieces by the hounds. They only overtook the gallant Stag, between whom and themselves there exists no doubt a perfect under-

standing. If permitted to touch him at all, they doubtless caressed him. So, let no plebeian dog-fancier and fighter want to know what is the difference between keeping a hack badger to be baited, and a hack Stag to be chivied.

Had *Young Captain* literally been killed by hounds indeed, a street-boy might have some reason to wonder why he should be sent to the treadmill for setting a bulldog on to worry a cat. And the case might be considered one for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. But as it stands, rightly interpreted, the only creatures concerned in it whose sufferings can enlist the sympathies of that sensitive association, are those poor pursuers of the Stag who came to grief in riding after a quarry accustomed to enjoy the excitement of running away from them. The chase that is fun for the Stag may, as above instanced, sometimes prove serious for the hunters.

A GROWING ART-GALLERY.

Of course, the usual placards and posters at the advertising stations, railway and other, announce that the convicts BENSON and KURR have been added to Madame TUSSAUD's Collection. That repository is increasing apace by the frequent addition of such criminal celebrities. The newspapers have for some time past reported a murder almost daily, and an execution about once a week.

This state of things, however, is not so bad as it might have been. The Legislature has suppressed prize-fighting, and interdicted the lower orders, at least, from sports and pastimes consisting in cruelty to animals. There has been what is called a renewal and awakening of religious life, and great activity is evident amongst all the various denominations, especially in their mutual antagonism and much speaking. But for these immense improvements in our social conditions, how many more notoriety would the criminal classes contribute to Madame TUSSAUD's!

The growth of crime is declared by grave and reverend authorities to have coincided with that of intemperance, and both appear to have been concurrent with the rate of progress evidenced by public meetings, platform-oratory, and the efforts and agitations of Temperance Societies. Were it not, however, for the effect of [their exertions and declamations against drink, what a much greater number of criminals than the present would have accumulated in the Chamber of Horrors!

No doubt the increase of Madame TUSSAUD's Collection in that department has supervened upon the humanising legislation and labours above-mentioned. But only the shallow cynic can ascribe it to them. Post *hæc* is not propter *hæc*. Nevertheless, if convicts continue to augment the Waxworks as of late at Baker Street, Madame TUSSAUD will very soon have to enlarge her premises.

RITUALISM AND RECTITUDE.

HONOUR to the honourable! The Reverend Mr. TOOTH has vacated his benefice for conscience' sake. He deserves to be called the Honourable and Reverend now. Although of orthodoxy in his own opinion perfectly sound, Toorth has done all that could be reasonably required of an unsound TOOTH. He has drawn himself. It would be too much for Protestant parishioners of St. James's, Hatcham, to say of their ex-Vicar that

"Nothing in his living
Became him like the leaving of it."

Everything seems to have become him highly, Ritualism apart, in his living. Still, leaving it became him highly too. Mr. Toorth could not submit, so he has resigned. He has recognised the necessity which for pointing out to the President of the French Republic M. GAMBETTA was prosecuted and sentenced to gaol. Let every Ritualist Parson adopt the course that Mr. Toorth has taken, and Marshal MACMAHON hasn't.

Vegetable Confidences.

THE Duke in *As You Like It* who found "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything," seems to have a humble parallel in a North-country Commission Agent, who advertises in a Newcastle paper of last week, that—

"He is honoured with the confidence of twenty and thirty tons of best Carrots and Mangolds weekly from Norfolk for Sale, put on Rail at the Quay."

Lord Beaconsfield as a Parsee.

(*Verb and Noun.*)

His Tense—anything but Past. (See *Post.*)
His Mood—Conditional.
His Gender—Neuter.



AWKWARD.

Algernon Fitzopsawyer (who has not caught his Partner's name). "ARE YOU—A—GOING TO THE 'PIGSTYE'?" His Partner (by name 'Miss Hogge,' whose Parents are about to give a great Ball). "OH, YES! I AM ONE OF THE LITTER!"

TIGHTENING THE GRIP.

HABET! Descending from his northern lair,
Down on his fated quarry crept the Bear,
A sinewy brute, but slow. The quarry rose,
Nor quailed before this felllest of his foes;
But grimly closing in relentless strife,
Fought, as a wolf at bay *will* fight, for life.
Surprised, the slow brute staggered, half let slip
His deadly hold, but soon the tightening grip,
'Midst counter-clamourings of foe and friend,
Gives pause to hope, and presage of the end.
A brave defence! The Turk's admirers raise
Laudation loud, nor need his foes grudge praise.
If Justice could for valour's sake condone
Age-long oppression, too outrageous grown
For more endurance, then the Turk might claim
A sympathy unchecked by doubt or shame,
And, as an answer to all charges, hold
For all-sufficient, "the Offender's bold."
"A sheer barbarian!"—"Yes, but sure no slave!"
"Cruel and lustful!"—"Granted, but so brave!"
"He cannot govern: heeds nor ruth, nor right!"—
"Well, that may be, but see how he can fight!"
"The land he snatched he spoils."—"But then he's game
Against all comers to uphold his claim."
"His rule is robbery, lust and murder are
His chief auxiliars."—"But he shines in war!
Commerce and Culture are not in his line,
But as a killing animal how fine!"
"Uncivilisable."—"But bad to beat;
How can so brave a race be called effete?"
A more compendious answer who could crave?
And so the hordes of GENGHIS KHAN were brave,

Brave were those tigers of the Parthian brood,
Whose hearts ran hot with their fierce Scythian blood; *
Brave were the followers of the "Scourge of God."
The race of whom 'twas said that where they trod
Never grew grass again, are now as then—
The valiant but all-blighting foes of men.
Brutedom incarnate, with enough of brain
To lengthen not to humanise the reign
Of ruthless valour and of dauntless wrong—
Are these fair themes for modern Minstrel's song,
Or the applause of English patriots? Brave?
Not bare beast-doggedness alone may save
Oppression from opprobrium. So men wait
The hoped-for issue, that comes sure though late,
Of freedom for the Captive. If suspect
The hand that snaps the shackles, to reject
A present hope because, to selfish fear,
Phantoms of danger lurk in Victory's rear,
Were coward folly. Though alarmists prate,
We dare be just, and brave the after-fate;
And if with him, whose grip seems tightening fast
Upon the Turk, the Briton too, at last,
Must measure strength, will England prove less strong,
Because unbattressed by a hoary Wrong?

* "It is not the history of a nation, not even the history of a dynasty of wise, though despotic, rulers. It is only the chronicle of a camp, the annals of successive captains. The Parthians conquered the eastern part of the great empire which ALEXANDER left to his successors, simply by force of that military ferocity which characterised their barbarous Scythian blood. When they had conquered a noble kingdom, they could leave no mark upon it. They had neither religion nor culture, art nor skill in handicraft." —Times, on the Parthians.

AWFUL PROSPECT.—Oh Lord! If the contributors to *Punch's* waste-paper basket once take to using the Telephone!

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—DECEMBER 1, 1877.



TIGHTENING THE GRIP.



"THE PIG THAT PAYS THE RINT."

(From the Chancellor of the Exchequer's point of view.)

THE COMING AGONY.

(Or what we are promised—if they can only manage it.)

SCENE— Interior of a new "District Telephone Office" during the busiest hour of the day. People waiting to dispatch or receive private "speeches," lounging about on handsome drawing-room furniture. In the centre, standing on a rich Persian rug a buhl table, on which are lying daily papers, a copy of "Elegant Extracts," a pronouncing Dictionary, a decanter of sal volatile and several bottles of smelling-salts. A Cultured Official and Staff engaged at back.

Cultured Official (adjusting apparatus, and looking with an inquiring smile round Office). The Lady in Demerara is quite ready. Would the Gentleman kindly step forward?

First Private Speaker (rising). Oh, that's me. (Confidentially.) I suppose you are accustomed to this sort of thing? I want to send rather a fervid declaration, followed by a proposal of marriage.

Cultured Official. Quite so. We have dozens of them daily. (Indicating Instrument politely.) Would you begin?

First Private Speaker (throwing himself into it, and at some length breathing forth the one vital question on which the happiness or misery of his whole life is hanging. Recovering himself, and addressing Cultured Official huskily). How—much is that?

Cultured Official (referring to register), that will be eighteen-pence, Sir. But perhaps you would like to pay the answer? Gentlemen sometimes do on these occasions, that will be three shillings, unless the lady has hysterics. In that case it would be a little more. The scale is ninepence for every extra five minutes.

First Private Speaker (putting down four and sixpence), I am ready!

[Seizes ear-piece and listens earnestly to the curt and cruel blighting of his brightest hopes. He staggers back on to an ottoman, assisted by sympathising strangers.

Cultured Official (accustomed to such scenes, addressing Second Private Speaker). I think it is your turn, my Lord? The trial for murder on the Northern Circuit? The foreman is waiting.

Second Private Speaker (putting down paper). Ha! the verdict,

RUM FELLOWS AT ROMSEY.

The town of Romsey in Hampshire, famous for its Abbey, is also renowned for its vicinity to Broadlands, which latter circumstance may in part account for the title adopted, as appears from a paragraph of local news, by a subdivision of one of the convivial Orders of—

"ODDFELLOWSHIP.—On Thursday evening a Lodge to be called the Palmerston Lodge of the Antediluvian Order of Oddfellows, was opened at the Swan Hotel, of which Primo W. YOUNG, K.M.C., is the host."

A Palmerston Lodge of Oddfellows at Romsey is an obviously intelligible association, but why does the Order bear the name of Antediluvian? "Palmerston" and "Antediluvian" seem incompatible terms. Lord PALMERSTON was a Statesman credited with being in advance of his age, and never supposed to be possessed with obsolete ideas. It was not PALMERSTON, but METTERNICH, who said *Après moi le Déluge*.

Moreover, Romsey may be considered to be, physically if not morally, a diluvial rather than an antediluvian, or at least an alluvial soak kind of place—a wet town. It is irrigated by the River Test. Old inhabitants of neighbouring towns and villages call it Romsey on the Mud. They wax wroth with anyone who may happen unawares to ask them if they have been to Romsey. Having "been to Romsey" is, in their language, a phrase for having partaken of too much beer. It implies that he who may have walked to Romsey straight, has returned walking zigzag, or been conveyed back in a state of inability to walk at all. Hence, to be sure, Romsey, in one particular at least of manners and customs, may be supposed to remain pretty much what it was in our grandfathers' good old times, in a sense antediluvian, as the saying is. In that sense, possibly, an Order of Odd Fellows may have assumed and may glory in the title of "Antediluvian," and one of its Lodges at Romsey may be deemed to have been established in the right places.

THE SAME CAUSE.

THE prosecution and acquittal of Mr. TOOTH may both be attributed to Clerical error.

of course, (takes up ear-piece and listens). Just so, "Guilty." A proper finding. I can pass sentence here? It won't look odd?

Cultured Official (smiling). Not at all, my Lord. It's frequently done. The usual form, I presume? That will be ninepence.

[Second Private Speaker puts on black cap, passes sentence, takes up change, and makes way for Third Private Speaker.

Third Private Speaker (irritably). This is really disgraceful! Here have I been waiting at least half an hour to sing a comic song to my Uncle in China, and can't get attended to. Such mismanagement is simply monstrous!

[Murmurs of approval.

Cultured Official (officially). It's no good parties complaining. They must take their turns. Why, it was only yesterday an old Gentleman, who wanted to curse a distant relative, no farther off than Margate, had to wait from half-past nine till four! (Addressing Fourth Private Speaker). But, I think, Madam, you are the Lady who is waiting an interview with your husband in San Francisco. The Gentleman intimates that he is at the end of the wire with a revolver.

Fourth Private Speaker (bitterly). The Gentleman!

[Approaches apparatus, and after a painful and violent alteration of twenty-five minutes, is carried screaming in a dead faint to a sofa.

Cultured Official (encouragingly). It's nothing. We have lots of them. She'll come round all right presently. (Referring to apparatus.) Is any Lady or Gentleman here expecting full details of a case of lumbago? Some symptoms are coming in a feeble voice from the Antipodes.

Fifth Private Speaker (springing up). Ah! now shure they must have been for the Medical Gentleman who left half an hour back! And it's my turn now! So, bedad! get my Grandfather at Cork at the other end of the line, and it's meself that will let the ould boy know, clane and clare, what it's meself do be thinking av him!

[Dashes at apparatus, and is being cut off with a shilling, "by Telephone," as scene closes.

"By SEA TO SIBERIA" OUTDONE.—(A feat for the Metropolitan Board.)—"By Land to Lambeth."



WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

Hunting Man. "NEW NAG, SIR? CHIPPED KNEES, EH? SUPPOSE YOU DON'T MIND?"

Shortsighted Man. "OH, BUT I DO! DID NOT PERCEIVE IT. WHICH KNEES DO YOU CALL CHIPPED?—HIS HIND KNEES, OR HIS FRONT ONES?"

A VOICE FROM THE ANTIPODES.

In the belief that it may interest *Punch's* readers to know what one of our "bold peasantry, his country's pride," who some time since emigrated to Queensland from the neighbourhood of Swindon, thinks of life at the Antipodes, we reprint *verbatim et literatim*, a genuine letter from a "settler" of this class, guaranteeing that it is what it purports to be:

DEAR TOM,

I Write these fue lines to you hoping to finde you in good health as it leaves me at present and I shuld have wrote to you Before But I wanted to know a Bout the Cuntry ferst and I will tell you for thear no Confarts out her ther's plenty of hard Work and I shuld Wish you to keep your foot in Old England for if I had a know as much a fore I left I shuld a stay thear myself for thear is hundreds out of work and all most starviny and I cant think Wot England a thinking a Bout a keeping a sending more out hear for thear not Work a knuf for them too as is out hear and the last Back as Come out her is glad to Work for thaye tucker and I thinks as it is to starve them and Tom you may go in the Bush and see grat hipe of Derte and yure Walk up to it and see Wat it is and you Will see some Bones of some pore Creater as Ware starve to Deth and a nother have Came a long a put a Bit of Derte on him jeste as he Ware for they Dont think much of one Dieng and I shant stay hear no longer than I can for I have a see some hardshif for I have had to sleep under a Bush for I had no money to pay for a bed for I Culdnt get enything to do and a Shert tide in my hankeef Was my pillowwe and the Moan Was my Blanket and that is Coaming to a plase to Do Better is it I thensk it a Doing Wars and Wat Do you say, thear hundreds out of Worke and all most starviny as they Cante get nothing to Do and I see in the paper as thear a nother lot a Coming out hear and thay Wont find England out hear for theare no Cumfarts out hear only plenty of hard Worke for hear they Works for a living and in Old England they only Works to get them self a hapatite and to curkle their blood.

I must tell you a Bit of the Cuntry that the things is Darer hear

then they hare in England theare is nothing Chape But the mate and the Beef is 3d a pund and muton 4d a pound and the Bread 2 shillings a galon and eggis 2 shillings a dozen and the Butter 2 shillings a pund and I thinks the rest as it is in Old England.

I should like for you to see some of the ugly varments you Wuld Bless your self for I never see such Ceraters not in all my life and I will send you the names in the nex letter for I will hask some one to tell me and the Begish part of them are Pison if they Was to Bite eny one and then no curing of some of them I never touches non of them for fear I mite luse my life for I Dont Want to Die out hear for if you Die one morning you are Buried the nex a Bout 12 or 1 a clock and they Donte keep them long and you hask if I ham going to have a Black Woman for my wife I ham not agoine to have one Wile I ham out hear nither Black nor Wite for they are all to fond of the Drenk and that Woldent Do for me. And I will tell you more nex time I Writs and you must forgive for my bad spelling and please Write as soon as you can so no more at present from your afexnate

W. H.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

A NUMEROUS assembly of Members of the United Kingdom Alliance was held the other night at Exeter. The *Times* reports it in a paragraph headed "Riotous Meeting." That is commonly the character of a Temperance Meeting convened to clamour for paternal legislation. But what rendered this concourse of Teetotallers remarkable was that they met "under the presidency of Bishop TEMPLE." Now then it is possible to conceive the sense of a denomination assumed by a section of total abstainers, who, in calling themselves "Good Templars," may be supposed to mean not any invidious comparison with the Knights Templars of old, or any of the present residents in Pump Court and its purlieus, but a compliment to the Bishop of EXETER, ascribing goodness to TEMPLE. On the occasion of holding a Chapter of their Order, and a Symposium, an appropriate toast-and-water for the Good Templars would be "TEMPLE and Teapot!"



A DISCUSSION ON CHARACTER.

"I BELIEVE THAT CHARACTER LIES IN THE NOSE. 'GIVR ME PLENTY OF NOSE!'—AS NAPOLEON SAID!"

"NOSE? NOSE BE BLOWED! CHARACTER LIES IN THE CHIN AND LOWER JAW!"

VACATION SPEECHES.

(*Unparliamentary.*)

PATERFAMILIAS. I tell you what it is, my dear. You had much better have let all the Girls go to their Aunt's, as I suggested, instead of taking this ill-furnished, badly-ventilated house for three months. You may stay on if you choose, I go back to town next week.

Mamma. Whenever you like; but you know there must be new curtains, fresh stair-carpets from top to bottom, and one in the drawing-room and dining-room, to say nothing of the new conservatory and kitchen-range. These things must be done, and you know you've promised me some more old China. But I'm ready, of course, whenever you like.

Miss Beatrice. Oh, I have enjoyed myself so much at Auntie's! The lawn tennis was so delightful,—and Captain CAVENDISH did play so beautifully.

Captain Cavendish. Capital fun down at the Old Girl's,—really capital!

The London Tradesman. A very bad quarter, indeed. Well, Mr. QUILLS, you may make up the Christmas accounts and send them in now.

The Newspaper Editor. Nothing to complain of whatever. A capital dead season, and we can certainly hold over that correspondence on the domestic habits of the Megatherium for the Easter Recess.

The Theatrical Manager. Bother the Provinces! The sooner they all come back the better.

The Member of Parliament. I wish the holidays were over. How delightful not to have to open my mouth again till next August!

And the Beadle in the Burlington Arcade. J'y suis, j'y reste!

A MODUS VIVENDI.—Cat-and-dog.

"NAVAL INTELLIGENCE."
(*From Besika Bay.*)

THE Harriers had a good day on Wednesday last, killing three hares in the open after very brisk runs. Sub-Lieutenant JONES was thrown, and sustained some injury to his right arm.

Birds are very plentiful. Lieutenant BROWN bagged fifteen brace of Snipe to his own gun, on Thursday.

Admiral JINKS is anxiously awaiting the arrival of his ferrets.

On Friday two severe accidents happened, owing to the number of sportsmen out. Lieutenant SNOOKS accidentally shot Commander ROBINSON in the leg, and Purser WEBB was badly hurt by a stray shot from Lieutenant SMITH. Commander ROBINSON and Mr. WEBB are at present in the ship's hospital, and we are glad to say progressing favourably.

Captain CUFF, who was badly shaken by a spill while out with the Harriers on Saturday, is progressing, though slowly, towards recovery.

Admiral HEAVYSTERN is at present without a mount, his horse having been lamed through stepping on a scorpion.

INSECTS IN EXCELSIS.

At a recent meeting of Members of the Entomological Society, it was remarked that an interesting event which came off at the Oratory, Brompton, on the previous Wednesday, had not made any particular stir among the Norfolk Howards. Happiness to their sheets!

EXTRA ATTRACTION.

A VAST field for invention is opened up to public entertainers by the example of Miss ADA CAVENDISH, who has given a reading of TENNYSON'S "Charge of the Light Brigade," with the additional attraction of trumpet-calls by a trumpeter who himself bore a part—a trumpet part, of course—in somebody's glorious Blunder of Balaclava. We may expect, before long, such announcements as the following:

Mr. IRVING will read "The Lay of Eugene Aram." A descendant of the executioner's assistant who tied the wretched usher's hands behind his back upon the scaffold will be present on this occasion, to prompt our popular tragedian.

Mr. SANTLEY will sing "The Death of Nelson." The music will be held, during the song, by the last surviving Greenwich Pensioner who was present at the Battle of Trafalgar. This interesting relic has, unfortunately, only one arm, but compensation has been afforded him in the shape of two wooden legs.

Mrs. STIRLING will recite "The Ride to Ghent." A charming addition to this great attraction will be exhibited during the recital, Mrs. STIRLING having kindly consented to send round for inspection in the Stalls and Reserved Seats a lock of Mr. BROWNING's hair, cut from his baby head by a friend of the family, and tied with blue ribbon by a devoted admirer of the Poet.

At Mr. E. A. FREEMAN's next Lecture on "The Impossible Turk," will be handed round a Chip of the Old Block, being a splinter from the tree felled at Hawarden by the Right Honourable W. E. G., in presence of the Bolton Deputation.

NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT.

THE situation in France should interest Dr. DARWIN. It is a political instance of "the struggle for existence." Let us hope it will end in "the survival of the fittest."

TO THE WORLD AT LARGE.



READING SAUCE! READING SAUCE! READING SAUCE is nothing to READING PUNCH'S POCKET-BOOK for 1878. Just out.

WHY GIVE MORE? when the price of *Punch's Pocket-Book* is only two and sixpence. Half-a-crown each on taking a quantity, and a considerable reduction of your capital on taking a quantity.

BREAKFAST IN BED.—To the luxurious and the physically weak nothing is so delightful as this meal in the bed-room. But to make the enjoyment perfect, and to exhilarate the mind as well as refresh the body, while taking your tea and toast read *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1878.

IMPROVED CHEST-EXPANDER.—Nothing is so healthy as to expand the chest with a hearty laugh. Buy *Punch's Pocket-Book*. Price 2s. 6d. Just out.

DOES YOUR HAIR TURN GREY?—Of course it will, unless you immediately purchase *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1878.

TO LADIES IN POLITE SOCIETY.—All the latest fashions, and all the intelligence absolutely indispensable for the most entertaining conversation, is to be found in *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1878.

THE SIMPLICITY BILLIARD TABLE provides you with the opportunity of losing £1000 any day of the week, but this you will not do if, instead of playing billiards, of which you know nothing, you occupy yourself with *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1878, which only costs 2s. 6d. Now ready.

THE LUMINARIUM. DAYLIGHT FOR THE MILLION!—Everyone daylighted with *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1878.

THE INEXTINGUISHABLE IS JUST OUT!!!—This scientific phenomenon can only be explained by purchasing *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1878. Price 2s. 6d.

History Repeats Itself.

We owe the following interesting piece of information to a Contemporary:

"Who would have thought that Spain would start the newest idea at the French Exhibition next year, and that of a decidedly gay if not 'fast' type. The beautiful women of the world are to be invited to send their portraits, which will be on view in the sections appointed to different races, and a jury of artists and poets, consisting of two members from each nation represented, will pronounce the verdict."

This will, indeed, be another "Judgment of Paris," on an International scale.

COMING ON OR OFF.

The recent feat of walking four thousand quarters of a mile in four thousand consecutive periods of ten minutes having failed to kill Mr. GALE, the following interesting "events" are in course of arrangement:—

Mr. ALDERMAN GOBBLE to eat thirty-six basins of turtle-soup, thick and thin alternately, in thirty-six hours.

Miss FLORA DASHAWAY to dance forty-six round dances before supper in the same evening.

Herr ILLI-ROBUR to cross from Folkestone to Boulogne and back eight times in a week.

Mr. A. S. DE LONGEARS to stay a month under water in the diving-bell of the Polytechnic.

The Hon. Mrs. QUIVERISH to attend all the murder trials at the Old Bailey for six Sessions of the Central Criminal Court without fainting, or the use of a smelling-bottle.

Miss SKIPPER to read one hundred and thirty-six new Novels from MUDIE'S, in a fortnight.

Captain DE BOOTS, of the Horse Guards Green, to ride two thousand consecutive journeys on the knifeboard of an omnibus between Brompton and Islington.

Mrs. LYNN PAYNTER to dye her hair ten different shades between May and August, with such nice gradations as not to justify a remark.

Mr. and Mrs. SCATTERCASH to live at the rate of three thousand a year out of an income of three hundred, for three consecutive Seasons, without winding up in the Court of Bankruptcy.

And Mr. HANWELL DE COLNEY HATCH to live twenty-nine years in a bathing-machine moored off Herne Bay, and at the end of the time to produce an Index to a complete edition of BRADSHAW'S *Railway Guide* from the first year of its publication.

"When shall we Three meet again?"

Of all unlikely advertisements commend *Punch* to one in last Saturday's *Times*, addressed to all "descendants of RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, dramatist, who married three wives, and died about 1816." The advertiser might have added, "after writing the *School for Scandal* and other plays which had some success in their time, and even in ours." This wonderful advertisement is headed "Sheridan Money," (!) and it directs applications to "Ireland." Money, and SHERIDAN, and Ireland, is a "concatenation"—not "accordingly," but disaccordingly.

Bettering the Instruction.

WHEN BISMARCK shut up Paris
"Cuire dans son propre jus,"
He little dreamed the Marshal
Would from him take his cue,
And leave the Chamber of Deputies
In its own GRÉVY to stew.

What's in the Name?

THE Marshal's new Minister of War is General ROCHEBOUET. The name is a compound of *Roche*, Rock, and *Boue*, Mud. Is the man like his name, and is that name prophetic? If so, which of its elements should tell most—the Rock—of resistance to political right and reason;—the Mud—of going down in a quicksand that gives no foothold?

THE REAL CHARIOT OF VICTORY.

In her Triumph, for bearing
The trophies of Mars,
See Russia preparing,
At last, inside Kars!

The Government of Combat.

NAPOLEON THE THIRD's despatch after the battle of Forbach began with the announcement—"Le Maréchal MACMAHON a perdu une bataille." That loss was no discredit to the gallant Marshal. He lost that battle fighting for his country. If he loses his present battle, it will be fighting against his country.

SYNONYMOUS, BUT NOT IDENTICAL.

MR. A. SULLIVAN'S "call to the Irish Bar" does not mean that he has joined Messrs. PARNELL, BIGGAR & Co. in the House.



"Whenever orders are received
From parties painfully bereaved."

Visitor (to Friend lately left a Widower). "HULLO, TOM! THAT LOOKS A STIFFISH BILL YOU'VE GOT THERE!"

Tom. "AH, HOW THOSE RASCALS OF UNDERTAKERS DO FLEECE YOU! THEY KNOW YOU CAN HARDLY HELP YOURSELF! OF COURSE, IN MY POOR WIFE'S CASE I WOULD CHEERFULLY HAVE PAID DOUBLE. BUT ONE HATES TO BE DONE.—UM!"

THE HAZARD OF THE DYE.

(*A Petite Comédie now in active Rehearsal.*)

SCENE.—The Hall of a fashionable Mansion, at the termination of a Conversazione. Crowd leaving. Male and a Female Guest waiting near door at cloak-room. Footman in attendance within.

Male Guest (impatiently). Can't you find it?—A brand new one; you can't help seeing it.

Footman (producing a threadbare, napless, yellow-looking hat). 117, Sir. This is yours, Sir.

Male Guest. Oh, no! that's not mine. Mine is a brand new one. "J. M." on side; in red, on the lining.

[Footman shows him "J. M." inside; in red, on the lining.

Male Guest (putting it on his head). A fine rust-coloured precipitate falls over his face and shirt-front. Yes, that's mine. How very odd! But what on earth have you been doing with it?

Footman. It's the hat, Sir (smiling). Best "Paris Silk," Sir.

They all go like that with the gas, Sir.

Male Guest. Dear me (seeing Female Guest attempting to put on her miniver and gros-grain capuchon). Pray, allow me! (He takes it from her elegantly. It tears right up the back in his hands.)

Oh! I'm really very sorry; but

Female Guest (who knows what it is). Oh, never mind. Thanks very much. (Pulling it round her. It splits up in several places at once.) But I think that must be my carriage —?

Male Guest (gallantly). Allow me.

[Conducts her to the carriage. The elastic on both sides of his boots bursts, and they come off on the pavement.

Footman (kindly). Step inside, Sir. It's astonishing what a lot of gentlemen "goes" like that.

[Picks them up, and hands them to him.

ONE TO BE WON.

(By one who will not *Woo.*)

FRIEND, would you know fair CYNTHIA's charms?
She bears no lapdog in her arms:
No vulgar pride of show she feels,
Wears no low dresses, nor high heels,
Nor corset in the fashion laced,
To cause deformity of waist.
Her voice is ever sweet and low,
She ne'er talks slang, nor votes men slow.
She dances with exceeding grace;
Ne'er dyes her hair, nor daubs her face.
Good music she can sing and play,
Nor practise her six hours a day:
Can make a *fichu*, catch a fish,
Or play a rubber, if you wish:
Can dine, if need be, on cold mutton,
Can stew a carp, and sew a button:
Can don her bonnet in a minute:
Can pass a mirror, nor look in it:
Can swim, and sketch, and row, and ride,
And do a hundred things beside.
At breakfast she is never late,
At balls ne'er bids the carriage wait:
For exercise ne'er fears to walk,
With scandal's tongue ne'er loves to talk:
Ne'er simpers, sulks, nor slams the door,
Nor sighs because the Season's o'er—
Ah! were I tired of single life,
I'd woo sweet CYNTHIA for my wife!

How did He Survive It?

THE writer of an article headed "The Telephone between London and Dublin," in the *Freeman's Journal* of November 26, thus describes his sensations:—

"On putting the instrument to my ear, I felt somewhat as if a regiment of the line had fired a volley, at a hundred yards, into that member."

Only an Irish member could have stood that, and yet survived to tell the tale. *Punch* can hardly say he would like to know what this feeling is, but he wonders that any one should have lived to describe it.

This Telephone, one would think, must have a very Irish echo lodged inside it. And what an auricular organisation the experimenter must have had who yet breathes to tell a tale so "full of sound and fury!"

Male Guest. Indeed! And I have only worn them once! (Tears off the tops, and puts them on.) Ah—yes—my coat. (Pulls on a light coat. The sleeves drop out in shreds, and the collar comes off.) And—? Thanks, my umbrella.

[Puts it up, and walks home under a steady shower-bath of hyposulphate of iron and gelatine, as Scene closes.

ECCLESIASTICAL COMMENTARIES.

THE merits of the Hatcham case, of course, remain untouched by the cassation of Lord PENDRANCE's judgment by the Queen's Bench Division for nullity of jurisdiction in the Library of Lambeth Palace. Mr. TOOTH, tried where he ought not to have been, can still be considered only as the right man in the wrong place.

If a technical mistake can possibly be made in an ecclesiastical prosecution under the Public Worship Act or any other, it surely will. Papal Bulls may not be infallible, but in dealing with heretics, schismatics, or simpletons, Rome certainly makes no such blunders as Canterbury.

A breakdown in a burlesque may be all very well, but ought such folly to occur in a Court for the correction of clerical manners?

It is no excuse whatever to plead that Lambeth Library seemed a suitable place for bringing a refractory clerk to book.

Extremes Meet.

(An Incident at the Duke of NORFOLK's Wedding.)

THE Coach of His Grace,
On leaving the place,
Was, near as a toucher,
Upset by a Butcher!

ANYTHING BUT IN RETREAT.



THE case of the Rev. Mr. MACKONOCHEE, flying in the face of his Bishop, can be regarded, *Mr. Punch*, from another than the clerical point of view. Certainly, Sir, Mr. MACKONOCHEE's idea of canonical obedience seems peculiar. But how, if the Bishop of LONDON, instead of bidding him to remove a picture and a crucifix from his Church, had requested him to supply it with holy water? Be that as it may, Sir, perhaps the considerate Bishop will yet patiently wait awhile before instituting legal proceedings against the "Priest in Absolution" of St. Alban's, Holborn.

In that sacerdotal gentleman's disobedience to his spiritual superior there is something odd. A Ritualist may be bound to defy Lord PENZANCE, and the Privy Council, as a matter of principle. But that very principle, one would think, must bind him to obey at least every lawful command of his Bishop. In disobeying him he betrays an inconsistency suggesting perverted intellect. Mr. MACKONOCHEE's want of a faculty for setting up objects of Romish worship in his Protestant Church made them of itself illegal. That is not the only faculty in which he may be supposed to be deficient. He never would have wanted to acquire that faculty had he possessed the faculty of common sense. A faculty, however, which he does not seem to want is the faculty of self-esteem. This faculty may possibly be exalted by disturbance of brain arising from disordered liver, and its excess and excitement would quite account for any amount of obstinate unruliness. A blue pill might be the remedy requisite to bring the subject of those

morbid conditions to reason; or taraxacum, or podophyllin, could perhaps be exhibited with advantage, Sir.

When a Ritualist has gone on too long playing at Popery, he may, through impaired biliary function affecting the sensorium, finally contract a subjective delusion, induced upon his dominant fixed idea that he is his own Pope. Before, then, any legal steps are taken to coerce Mr. MACKONOCHEE, surely some competent psychological physician should be appointed to put certain interrogatories to him for the good of his health and the correction of his crotchetts, if possible. What if the result of such inquiry were to be the discovery of a hallucination, which would fully explain his late display of contempt for the Bishop of LONDON? Suppose the interrogator should be confidentially told that he is, in fact, conversing with the actual Pope of Rome? A case no longer ecclesiastical would then be taken out of the Bishop's hands.

By the last account of Mr. MACKONOCHEE, he had withdrawn himself somewhere into something apparently of the nature of an asylum, called a "Retreat." He had better be there than at St. Alban's, Holborn. But, *Mr. Punch*, is it not open to question, if that Retreat be the sort of one in which an "advanced" Ritualist can possibly be expected to be brought to his right mind? This you see, Sir, is a medical question. The question might have been, if the case had occurred in ancient days, whether the Retreat should not be Anticyra—whether, as you know, certain patients were usually shipped to be physicked with infusion, or decoction, or extract of HELLEBORE.

Nothing in It.

We have received an explanation, which seems satisfactory, of the very diffuse speech lately made by the Lord Chief Baron to the Civic Functionary. The former (who no doubt had not forgotten his *Odyssey*)* supposed that the latter derived his name from the Greek *Oubē*, *Anglice* "Nothing." So the Judge treated the Magistrate to a speech which was "much ado about nothing"—

"A tale of little meaning, though the words were strong."

All know "*Ex nihilo nihil fit*"—hence, no doubt, its lack of meaning to common apprehensions.

* Where Ulysses, by saying that his name was *Oubē* ("no man"), escapes from the Cyclops.

P.'s and Q.'s.

"POETS, Professors, Priests, Philosophers,"
So sum the sneerers GLADSTONE's followers.
One might retort that England's Bogey-makers
Are Quarrel-seekers, Quidnuncs, Quacks, and Quakers.
Punch does not find it difficult to choose
On such a point between the P.'s and Q.'s.

PROBABLE ENOUGH.

AN American politician writes that the more the conduct of Mr. CONOVER is conned over the less satisfactory it seems.



DOOSID HARD LINES.

Ardent Sportsman. "NOW THEN, SIR; OUT OF THE WAY, IF YOU PLEASE!"
Plaintive Voice from other Side. "CONFFOUND IT, SIR! I MADE THIS GAP FOR MYSELF!"

FASHION'S NEW FETISH.

Languid Swell loquitur:—

"*NIL Admirari*" is a splendid rule,
 Saves such an awful heap of fuss and bother;
 Feeling's bad form; gusher, one form of fool,
 Fellows who think aught worth a row another;
 And yet, by Jove! there are *some* things, you know,
 Which seem to catch a fellow's coolness napping:
 That Turk now! in for him I'm game to go,
 And—haw!—split my best primrose kids with clapping.

Give you my word I am. It's very strange,
 Never was so worked up that I remember;
 Get hot and red as—haw!—a kitchen range.
 I never thought there was a single ember
 Of what they call enthusiasm in me.
 To catch oneself in a white-heat—it's horrid!
 But to hear fellows slang the Turks, you see,
 Does make a fellow feel—in fact—quite torrid!

Trumps—out-and-outters—bricks, those Red-Caps are!
 "Barbarians"? I dare say. What does that matter?
 Those tallow-eating Russians, and their Czar,
 Are ten times worse, with their Pan-slavish chatter.
 I rather like barbarians—if they're brave
 And picturesque,—that is, at a fair distance.
 'Tis British interests Turks fight to save;
 Why don't we go and give them *our* assistance?
 "Can't govern?" You've been reading FREEMAN's stuff!
 That comes of dashed sectarian animosities.
 They'll rule Bulgarian beggars right enough,
 In spite of last year's row about "atrocities."

Niggers must be kept under, don't you know—
 And what are Southern Slavs better than niggers?
 Governing brutes with kindness is no go;

The rule they recognise is blades and triggers.

"Bloody and lustful?" Now don't talk that rot:

All ruling races have their little failings.

As if we Britons once poked up weren't hot:

What is the good of all these rampant railings?

New Constitution's bound to set all right;

We can't risk British interests for a trifle;

Then just consider how the fellers fight—

See how they handle the Martini rifle!

"Counsels of callousness? and shrieks of fear?"

Upon my honour I don't catch your meaning;

Humanitarian lingo is so queer.

All I can see's your strong pro-Russian leaning.

THEY'RE Ruffians, if you like! I hate the lot!

"Funk is the fount of hate, the nurse of bogies?"

Bah! don't tell me!—Such talk is simply rot,

Fit but for GLADSTONE, FREEMAN, and such fogies!

Advertising for a Rara Avis.

THE daring of the North Country character is well known, but who would believe that even the stern North could produce the man required to perform the feat italicised in this advertisement, from the *Huddersfield Daily Advertiser*:

WANTED, for the Sorting-Room of a Rag Warehouse, an active MAN, with a thorough practical knowledge of cotton and woollen rags, and capable of managing about 80 women. To a suitable party a very liberal salary will be given.

And so there ought to be.

IN SILK ATTIRE.



MISTER PUNCH has, of course, been overwhelmed with letters on the great Silk-Adulteration Question, now being discussed in the *Times*. For the most part these communications are too little in conformity with Mr. P.'s canons of brevity and pertinence to admit of their appearance in his pages. He publishes, however, a few carefully-selected extracts.

Miss VIRGINIA VERJUICE writes:—

"The *Times* says, 'A good and durable silk dress

is no longer to be obtained as an ordinary article of commerce. I could have told the *Times*, that tewn—that is, long ago. And if this is not the beginning of the end, I should like to know what is. As stout broadcloth was once the type of an Englishman's worth and solidity, so was a good silk dress the very symbol (in this country at least) of feminine Respectability and Propriety. As Respectability and Propriety are—with a very few, and, alas! little valued exceptions—extinct qualities, it is, perhaps, but sadly fit that their external sign and symbol should disappear also. I possess 'good and durable' black silk dresses in abundance. I never wear anything else. But I purchased them many and many a—well, before this degrading practice of silk-adulteration had attained its present appalling proportions. It is, indeed, a comfort to me—a now almost solitary survival from the days when English Ladies were ladies, not flaunting chits, and when silk was silk, not solidified dye, to know that my black silks, at least, wear well."

Miss FLOSSIE FROUFROU favours us with the following remarks among many, very many others:—

"DEAR PUNCH.—Shocking, quite too awfully dreadful, isn't it? What will the Old Frumps say now? 'One part of black silk, and six parts of black dye!' It's enough to make poor Aunt BOMBAY turn in her grave. A show of old-fashioned silk dresses will have soon to be added to our Collections of Antiquities. I'll lend the one Aunt B. left me as a legacy, and which I have still. It will stand by itself, which was, I believe, the crowning merit of a silken garment in those days. I know when she walked, it used to sound like waves washing up on the beach, and when she was angry and energetic it would go off in explosive crackles like distant fireworks. At least, so BERTIE used to say, with that funny exaggeration at which he is so good. I threatened to put it on one day, and he said he had engaged himself to a girl, not a crepitating fortification. But, seriously, Mr. Punch, it is a shame! Of course it's very nice to get cheap silks, but 'solidified dye, supported by a slender framework of silk thread' is—well an insult at once to silk-worm and sex."

WOOD B. SMARTISH says:—

"Dr. WATTS requires yet another emendation to adapt his everlasting lyrics to the changed circumstances of the age. How will this do? (Quite an impromptu, you know.)

How proud we are, how fond to view
Our clothes, and call them rich and new!
While the fine togs that take our eye,
Dye-vat and chemicals supply.

In silken lies and woolen shams,
Which never came from worms or lambs,
We deck this poor material body,
Until the soul itself grows shoddy.

There! I think that about hits it, and is something like what the worthy Doctor's ghost would perpetrate if he could revisit the glimpses of the moon, and give us a revised edition of his immortal works."

Our old friend and Correspondent, Mrs. GINGHAM, thus delivers herself:—

"Which vexatious it is, and right down willanous. Them lying merchants did ought to be put down as well as showed up, and as to our own bragan lot, I'd drown 'em in their own dye-vate like that 'ere Duke of CLAREIGE. A silk humbreller now washes into a sort of sieve at the very fust shower, and after a week's wear cracks between the ribs like little earthquakes. But Lor', wot else can one expect from devil's-dust and dye? Which they say that a Certing Party ain't so black as he's painted, and I doubt myself if he's 'arf so bad as six parts of dye to one of the real article."

MISS LYDIA MARY TALLTALKER says:—

"These revelations ought to create a revolution. Surely, this is a question in which Woman may stand up for her Rights without incurring the charge of being unfeminine. The Sex should assemble in its thousands, and let the Silk-Adulterators have a bit of its mind. Who will rally to the soul-stirring cry of 'Textile Purity and down with Solidified Dyes! ?'

GRUMPUS Senior grumbles on this wise:—

"Fudge! Women themselves are at the bottom of the whole business, as of all else that's bad. Will have 'cheap' (and nasty) things; are mad after 'bargains' (the devil's baits to parsimony and fraud); always eager to cut a dash above their proper pocket-level, and shine with a false glitter in poor imitation of 'stars' beyond their spheres. She who longs to shine in silk when she ought to show soberly in stuff, is the root of the bad business. The Sex starts with Show; Trade answers with Shoddy. From sham to sham—there you have, in two words, the course of modern Society. Stop the demands of female folly, and the supplies of Devil's dust will cease. The *Times* suggests that shams should be sold as shams, duly labelled as such. Lord! what a satire on civilisation and progress would our shop-windows then set forth! But who is to make Shoddy go about with his name on his back, or turn Trade into the unprofitable honesty of crying stinking fish?"

FOREIGN-OFFICE REFRIGERANTS.

"A QUELQUE chose DERBY est bon." When it comes to cooling down hot heads in the fiercest flush of fight- or fight-fever, and bringing down high-soaring fanaticism in its top flight, command us to a douche of common sense from the steady hand of the Foreign-Office turncock!

Never was such a calmant more effectively administered, or to patients apparently more in want of it, than in last Wednesday's reply of the Foreign Secretary to the profound international lucubrations of Lord STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL, and the mild un-wisdom of Sir HENRY HOARE, the Rev. Mr. BLACKMAN, Mr. MALTMAN BARRY, M. ALBERT BARASZOWICZ, and the other Members of those influential but unobtrusive Associations, the "Society for the Protection of British Interests against Russian Aggression in the East," the "Turkish Defence Association," and the Polish "Society of the White Eagle"!

SIR HENRY HOARE, with a suicidal sincerity, asked Lord DERBY to disregard the ravings of fanatics, to rely upon the sound sense of the country, and to take a bold course. Lord DERBY took Sir HENRY's advice in all these points. He disregarded the ravings of the fanatics who spoke for the deputation. He relied upon the sound sense of the country to support him in doing so; and he took the bold course of calling folly "folly," and nonsense "nonsense," even in the respectable mouths of a prosy and pedantic Peer, a Baronet of a great banking family, a Reverend BLACKMAN in a black coat, and a rampant Pole with a White Eagle atop. The P. M. G. and the D. T. might say, "It had been so with us had we been there!" Able Editors would have had to duck under their douching along with Peer and Pole, Baronet and Black-man.

If it is not easy to know what Lord DERBY thinks need be feared, or ought to be done, our consolation must be that, at least, we know now something he thinks need not to be feared, and ought not to be done.

1. It need not be feared that Russia will invade India by way of the Euphrates Valley. *Ergo*, we ought not to go to war to keep her out of it.

2. It need not be feared that Russia will attack the Suez Canal by way of Trebizond. *Ergo*, we need not station a Fleet to prevent her execution of that remarkable achievement.

3. It need not be feared that the Fall of Kars will raise the Afghans against us, and that they in their turn will raise our Indian Mahometan subjects in revolt. *Ergo*, we ought not to go to war to recover Kars for the Turk, or help him to hold Erzeroum.

4. It need not be feared that the Russians mean to occupy Constantinople. *Ergo*, we ought not to take up arms to keep them out of it.

5. It need not be feared that if the Ministry don't go to war for

Turkey, England will go to war with the Ministry. *Ergo*, the Ministry ought *not* to go to war for Turkey.

By way of counterblast to the war-notes wild of *P. M. G.*, *M. P.*, and *D. T.*, the passage we here reprint from Lord DERBY's speech is not without its weight of seasonableness and wisdom:—

"I am glad, I admit, that my noble friend, at any rate, does not urge us to depart from the line of conditional neutrality which we adopted at the beginning of the war. I know very well there are many people who would have liked us to take a different course. It has often been so in the case of former foreign wars. I recollect perfectly well the American war, and how a considerable section of the public were extremely anxious that we should take part in that, and endeavour to put an end to the struggle. I recollect the Franco-German war, and how some organs of public opinion, and some public men also, expressing what was thought by them to be the real feeling of the country, contended that England was eternally disgraced and lowered in the eyes of the world, because we did not take part in that war. That may be the opinion of some people; but still with regard to both one and the other of those cases I venture to say that the great majority of the public of this country would now be of opinion that, if we had intervened in either of those wars, we should have committed a great blunder, and involved ourselves in unnecessary calamities. Of course, I do not say that because on each of those occasions the idea of war was popular among certain classes of the community, and because those classes were mistaken, that that necessarily creates a precedent for the present occasion. But I do say that there is a strong inclination on the part of a large section of the public to rush into a contest when they see one going on—no doubt with a natural and honourable sympathy for the weaker side—but without sufficiently reckoning the cost to themselves, or the country. We all recollect how a Minister some years ago undertook a great war for the sake of prestige; and he said he went into it with a light heart, but he did not come out of it with a light heart—neither he, nor his master, nor his country. But for my part, believing that unless a war is necessary it is a crime, I think we ought to be most careful to do and to say nothing that may tend unnecessarily to bring it about."

Read, War Trumpeters and War Editors; read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest these words of warning—if unwelcome—wisdom... Cease crying, "Havoc!" and no longer do your best, "To let slip the Dogs of War!"

TEMPLE BAR.



HE City Gate which near the Temple stood
At last condemned to be disbar'd, disbenched!
Methinks e'en WREN's own Ghost must think it good
That from the site it spoils it should be wren-chéd!

'Twill never echo more the oaths profane
Of wielders of the whip, with tempers waxing
Fierce as their tongues waxed foul, when hand and rein
The crowd that struggled 'neath its arch were taxing.

Slow ruin did its final fall portend—
Crazy as he* who those queer statunes fathered,
Till—fate deserved by who could so offend—
A raving maniac he to death was gathered.

What right had this Obstruction to remain?—
Because in sable and in silver shrouded
When WELLINGTON's or NELSON's funeral train
Beneath its narrow archway slowly crowded?
Because Mob-favourites, Heroes, Kings, and Queens
Beneath its grimy portal oft have wended?—
Because it has been witness of the scenes
That burning Rumps or Papal Guys attended?
Because the Rye House plotter's grisly head
Was first upon its summit spiked and spitted?—
Or theirs who our Dutch WILLIAM would have sped—
Afeat that just such loggerheads befitted?

* BUSHNELL, the sculptor of the four statues—JAMES THE FIRST, ELIZABETH (*not* ANNE OF DENMARKE), CHARLES THE FIRST, and CHARLES THE SECOND—died a raving maniac.

Because it has given point to GOLDSMITH's wit,
Cracked on those heads of traitors black and rotting?
Because the Doctor oft has gazed at it,
Or Bozzy, reeling ripe from Mitre sotting?

Because mad Mohocks lurking in its gloom,
Honest Sir ROGER COVERLEY affrighted:
And swept the streets—with sword-point vice broom—
Of London's hapless citizens benighted?

Such reasons surely should not stay one hour
The doom o'er this obstructive Bar impending;
Or leave it still, defying sun and shower,
Alike 'gainst traffic, and 'gainst taste offending.

"This is an age of progress," we are told.
Yet what procrastination do we stick at!
For nigh one hundred years have onward rolled
Since PICKETT* first the Bar began to pick at!

Alas! 'tis useless rubbish that endureth,
While worthier things to Old Time still have yielded:
But this is of the nuisances nought cureth
Save pick and lever by stout muscles wielded!

"Pull down this eyesore; wipe out once for all
The one bad work that WREN's fair fame hath blotted."
The Corporation hears all London call—
And Demolition is its lot allotted!

* As early as 1790 Alderman PICKETT (who built the St. Clement's Arch), with other subversive reformers, tried to pull down Temple Bar. It was pronounced unworthy of form, of no antiquity, an ambuscade for pickpockets, and a record of only the dark and crimson pages of history.—THORNBURY'S *Old and New London*.

THE RIGHT MAN IN A HARD PLACE.

OF W. H. SMITH all parties may say, as a great opponent said of Lord PALMERSTON, "We are all proud of him."

Last week's Westminster dinner in his honour was, in the best sense, a party for all parties. The fact—for fact it is—is as honourable to W. H. SMITH, as it is to Westminster. And since, to quote Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE's speech—

"Mr. SMITH has held a position and has pursued a line of conduct honourable to himself, honourable to those connected with him, and honourable to the great constituency which has returned him as its representative," never has man or Minister more fairly earned the addition of "Right Honourable."

May a portion of the First Lord's popularity flow over on the Department he has taken in hand; and, under this Smith's able hammer, may our future Iron-clads—designs and designers, hulls and top-hamper, rig and armament—for once in the history of the Admiralty—not begin their service with being fired at all round by critics, carpers, and hole-pickers in and out of Parliament!

W. H. SMITH is, pre-eminently, a man of practical aptitude for any work he sets about. Let him but bring home to his Admiralty Administration that capacity which he has already brought home to his business and his bookstalls, and *Punch* and *BRITANNIA* will bless his memory, as they joined last week in drinking his health.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY IN LONDON.

(By a Member of the Scotch Statistical Society.)

84,936 Scotchmen said "Slainthe."

64,000 Scotchmen did not know what the word meant.

3,211 Scotchmen assumed the kilt.

3,009 Scotchmen assuming that garment had no right to it.

2 Scotchmen were aware that the existing clan-tartans were not ancient or Gaedic at all, but the invention of an Edinburgh tailor during the last century.

1,000,000 Versions of "Auld Lang Syne" were sung.

800 Haggises were eaten by Scotchmen to the dainty born.

4,002 Saxons shut up in the attempt to follow their example.

72,000 Bottles of "Mountain Dew" were drunk.

80,000 Scotchmen were ditto.

Mr. Plimsoll at Derby.

The Honourable Member attended a Temperance Meeting last week, and promised to bring in a Bill to modify the dangers of drinking beer by fixing a load-line. The moderate drinkers will be deeply interested in the Bill, as it is too bad to call a man by such a bad name as a drunkard, when he can carry better than other vessels who are leaky, and not fit for such dangerous service, especially with the deck-loads of large families.



'NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR.'

SO THINKS THOMPSON, AND HE VOLUNTEERS TO DRIVE A COW OUT OF THE PATHWAY FOR THOSE PRETTY MISS WILKINSONS TO PASS.
BUT THE COW WON'T BE DRIVEN OUT OF THE PATHWAY, AND WHAT IS THOMPSON TO DO?!

THE "TUG OF WAR."

"Pull, France; Pull, Marshal!" 'Tis a sorry sight
To see Wrong stubborn in the name of Right.
To see the choice of France set down his heel
Against the will of France and France's weal.
To see one who affects the Bayard pose
As France's friend in league with France's foes.
Call it no worse than blunder—though the line
'Twixt treason and such blunder is but fine—
Sad to see e'en an honest blunderer do
The work and will of a dishonest crew.
"Pull, Marshal—pull—nor yield an inch!" they bawl.
"Yield but an inch, and in the gulf you fall!"
So in Law's cause 'gainst Law he takes his stand;
On plea of Peace to civil war lends hand;
Invests foul Treason in church alb and cope,
Gives Wrong too much—and Right too little—rope;
Order's defender digs poor Order's grave,
And slays the Constitution he would save;
In Freedom's name joins those that Freedom dread,
And paints her hideous as a Spectre Red.
Gainst his own honour pulls, yet seems to say,
'Tis honour that forbade him to give way.
'Gainst France's progress pulls, and France's peace—
France, still so blest with thrift and earth's increase,
Could she but break with her long-troubled past,
Get Revolution's shadow from her east,
She must the prosperous paths of plenty tread,
With graceful port and high-erected head:
But this ill-chosen guardian still must check
Her onward march, or guide it at his beck;
Must have her foot move as he wills it fall,
Or, failing his will, wills no move at all.
So with no treasonous thought, perhaps, before,
It comes to what we see—"The Tug of War!"
On this side, France, that not an inch will bate,
On that, the Marshal just as obstinate—
For Rope, the little senatorial band,
That betwixt Rights and Lefts takes central stand.
If the rope holds—though sore the strain, we know—
Small doubt, methinks, which way the Tug will go:

If the rope break—such ropes have snapped before—
What follows?—*Punch's Sibyl* says no more.

OFF HIS PEDESTAL; OR, WHAT NEXT?

Will he publish a shilling pamphlet to prove that all the contributions to a "Young Review" are, *ipso facto*, unreliable?
Will he inform a select audience at Hawarden that "he has it on the authority of an official at the Turkish Baths, who heard it from a waiter at the Alhambra, who gathered it indirectly from a Wapping Lascar, that the present Sultan absolutely doesn't know the name of the only recognised Member for Greenwich"?

Will he appear, on a shilling gala day, at the Crystal Palace, and explain, in the midst of appropriate fireworks, the nature of his recent quarrel with the proprietors of a largely-circulated daily paper?

Will he make arrangements to take a part in the after-portion of a Christmas pantomime, and, at his own request, carry on a pre-arranged conversation with the Clown on the subject of Mr. ARCHIBALD FORBES?

Will he, on or about the Fourteenth of February next, publicly, in the columns of the *Times*, accuse MUSURUS PASHA of having sent him an inexpensive and ribald valentine?

Will he, further, in Parliament, move for the appointment of a Select Committee "To inquire into, and report upon, the present condition and future prospects of Ottoman caricature"?

Will he, failing to dispose of his opponents and critics by Parliamentary debate, platform oration, and printed argument, travel about the country with a set of dissolving views, illustrating, by striking scenes, "The Life of an ex-Leader in Opposition," and, thus provided, express his opinions in a neatly-written lecture accompanied by the piano?

Or will he, ignoring, as he can afford to do, the crowd of smaller men, leave them to criticise and carp, and mount once more to that quiet height of dignity, which his brilliant services have won and which his jealous reticence should guard?

THE RECENT GALES.—The Sea may be assailed with such epithets as greedy, furious, mad, wild, raging, and so forth; but it can never be called wreckless.



THE “TUG OF WAR.”

OUR WINTER EXHIBITION.

SKETCH NO. I.—SRIMP-GATE-ON-SEA IN NOVEMBER.

(Communicated by Our Own Quiet Observer.)



TOWN of Srimp-gate is a fair-sized, rather primitive, but gradually improving (improvement being in some instances a questionable benefit) seaport. Its name has evidently been Shrimpgate, or the Gate of the Shrimps, just as we have Baagate and Lambs-gate, now spelt Lamsgate, the only difference being that in these two latter instances the gate leads to the sea for the accommodation, and perhaps exportation, of the Baas and the Lambs (much the same), instead of leading from the

sea for the advantage of the Shrimpers and the disadvantage of the Shrimps. Except at two or three noted resorts, in and out of England, where they are absolutely nothing if not shrimpy, there is no place where shrimps can be obtained in such perfection as at Srimp-gate-on-Sea. The "h" has been dropped out of the name, but, as it is only an "h," this is nothing very remarkable. Your Quiet Observer is so afraid lest the march of speculation should destroy the peculiarities of Srimp-gate, that he sketches it while he can.

Srimp-gate has two piers, East and West, as distinct from one another, but as firmly united, as Siamese Twins. Of these the East is the fashionable resort for promenading. There is an outer harbour and an inner harbour, and, at this particular season of the year, there is plenty of what is known about the coast as "Shipping," which, to a landsman's eye, when collected in a couple of "basins" (where a little soap might be useful, by the way), looks so uncommonly like a hopelessly entangled cat's-cradle of ropes, lines, and rigging generally, that the future extrication of the vessels, especially from the inner harbour, must present such a problem to the authorities in charge, as might drive to despair even the clearest-headed of the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House, and force the First Lord of the Admiralty, in a fit of desperation, to eject them all with torpedoes, compensate the owners with specie equivalent to their temporary loss in coals, ice, and herrings for Billingsgate, and then begin all over again on a new principle.

Your Own Quiet Observer has ventured to bring in, as it were by the heels, or, to put it more respectfully when speaking of high officials in naval uniform, by the cocked hat and epaulettes, the names of those mysterious personages The Elder Brethren. Your Observer is not, as a rule, superstitious, but he has his own ideas about these venerable and, to him (as he has never seen them), invisible beings. Were Your Observer a second Rip Van Winkle (which he might easily be at Srimp-gate—you will notice the playful use of the word "Winkle," and pass on), and, were he to drop off to sleep, in the moonlight, among the ruins of some Martello towers, the wrecks of a few Admiralty piers, and the broken remains of a rotten breakwater looking like the skeleton ribs of some antediluvian monster, he would probably awake to find himself witnessing a spectral game of throwing for cocoanuts on the sand, played by grey-bearded, quaintly-attired phantoms, whose solemn leader would inform Your Observer that he was now, for the first time in his life, in the awful company of The Elder Brethren. As the spectre ceased speaking the dull boom of the sea would fall on the attentive ear of Your More-Quiet-than-ever Observer, and strange unearthly laughter would seem to echo along the cliffs, and lose itself round a distant point, as one Elder Brother after another knocked the old-fashioned Dutch clay pipe out of the mouth of the grim Aunt Sally. Your Observer, recovering his courage, would turn to where a ghostly purveyor of strange drinks, unknown to Your Observer, was filling the cups of The Elder Brethren, receiving in exchange money of an extinct coinage, and, seizing a goblet, would daringly exclaim, "Here's your health, and your family's, and may they live long and prosper!"—when, scarcely would the words have passed his lips, or, rather, scarcely would the liquor have passed his lips, for he would not allow a drop to be wasted, than a wild, weird cry would arise, followed by the sharp rattle of thunder crashing in with the prolonged angry roar of the sea, and the whole scene would be enveloped in total darkness! The next morning, a hundred years after, Your Quiet Observer, with a long white beard, a tattered umbrella of antique pattern, which would snap in pieces on being put up, and a very bad hat, would wander into Srimp-gate, which he would find slightly altered of course, but not much, as

there is no great progress to be made in merely a century at Srimp-gate, and he would stand on the pier surrounded by the younger portion of the sea-side visitors, with whom the worthy old man would soon be doing a pretty considerable business in small change and coppers, in return for wonderful yarns about the great mysterious Elder Brethren, with whom he had spent a night, playing Aunt Sally, so long, long ago.

Excuse this digression. But Your Observer could not help it: the subject has a strange charm for him; and, even now, an old Salt has just pointed out to Your Observer a trim-looking steamer in the offing, or, to be accurate, about half-way towards the offing, which, he says, is the Trinity Boat, and "aboard it are, likely enough,"—but here he pauses, as though, having already said too much, he were unwilling to trust a mere chance acquaintance with the secret. Your Observer, who, if he knows anything, knows human nature, specially at the sea-side, presses what at a distance might be taken for a small silver medal, upon the ancient mariner, who, thereupon, plights his solemn word to drink Your Observer's very good health, and then confides to him, but in a tone scarcely above a whisper, that on board that steamer there, yonder, out there you see, are, in all likelihood, The Elder Brethren! And what does he know about these Elder Brethren? If he drank Your Observer's health again, could he give any information on the subject? He wipes his lips with the back of his hand, and thinks that "when he were a boy, he recollects being taught something about the Elder Brethren at the Sunday School; but he ain't no scholar," he adds modestly; "and don't rightly call it to mind, exceptin' always about Joseph, which he were ill-treated by The Elder Brethren, and that's about the first as he 'eard on 'em, and so his service to you, Sir, an' he'll just step round to The Willin' Sailor," which he accordingly does.

Your Observer once for all (*perhaps*, for the theme exercised a mesmeric influence over him) dismissed the Band of Brothers, and resumes his sketch of Srimp-gate.

The harbour, at this season of the year, is quite a Nautical Babel. Here are Dutchmen, Single, Double, and Flying, in fact every variety of Hollander, dark-eyed, ear-ringed Italians, high cheek-boned Americans, sun-brown French, white-brown Danish, swarthy Spanish, fair-haired Norwegianians—their conduct ashore being, as a rule, as orderly and correct as could possibly be expected of jovial sea-faring mariners from foreign parts, whose morals are supposed by the landsman, who lives at home at ease and is generally misinformed on most subjects, specially marine, to come under the heading which is borne as a special distinction by the preserved Norwegian Salmon, namely, Lax.

But at this moment the clock strikes, and the waiting fisher-maiden enters with the tray, on which, among other simple fare, is a plateful of fresh-boiled, tender, chubby, large-eyed shrimps, intended for the evening meal of Your Quiet Observer, who is down here for the Shrimp Cure, and finds himself progressing favourably, and as well as could be expected. He goes from labour to refreshment, intending to continue the sketch on his next piece of paper.

Suitable to a T.

THE Bulgarian Manchester Merchants, happily rescued from sentence of death for doing nothing, as far as we can find out, might change the name of GESHOFF for that of GETOFF.

£500 REWARD. STOLEN, &c.

WHAT we are more interested in just now than Bulgarian Atrocities are the Burglarian Atrocities. Colonel HENDERSON at a distance please accept this intimation.

WHAT THE BOARD OF WORKS HOLES TO BECOME (when it passes its Bill for buying up the Companies' Shares).—The Board of Water-Works. [Is it in that character that it declines to interfere with old Father Thames's diversions in the riverside parishes?]



GARRISON INSTRUCTION.

Instructor (lecturing). "GENTLEMEN, A THREE-LEGGED TRESTLE IS A TRESTLE WITH THREE LEGS. YOU HAD BETTER MAKE A NOTE OF THAT, GENTLEMEN." (Intense scribbling.)

General in Embryo (but not at present noted for smartness), after a pause of some Minutes. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, MAJOR, BUT HOW MANY LEGS DID YOU SAY THE TRESTLE HAD?" (Left sitting.)

CONTEMPORARY CAMPAIGNS.

A DAILY paper the other morning announced that on the previous Saturday, at Shepherd's Bush, the Members of the Gun Club had commenced their autumn "campaign." So then there are two campaigns now on foot in Europe, besides the one going on in Asia Minor. The campaigners at Shepherd's Bush will have greatly the advantage of those in Roumania and Armenia. Their operations will be only suspended for a few hours by the very wettest weather, and will not be impeded at all by frost, howsoever severe. They will never need more than a few hours' encampment on Wormwood Scrubs, nor have any the least necessity for a single night's *bivouac*. Every afternoon, as soon as they have done firing, they will all retire into comfortable quarters, virtuallised to a perfection unapproachable by any commissariat in the world. The Members of the Gun Club can never experience the smallest difficulty in getting their guns into position, because there is no chance that in the meanwhile they will ever get under fire themselves. The Turks are giving the Russians a great deal of trouble; but the Gun Club will have no such formidable customers as Turks to deal with. A campaign against Turks has disadvantages and drawbacks which do not attend a campaign against tame pigeons. The only danger that can possibly menace the assailants in the latter is perhaps a "raid" from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

PONGO'S POST-MORTEM.

Poor *Pongo*!

So it wasn't late hours, Aquarium malaria, London fog, or London roast beef and beer, the excitement of visitors, or the impertinent familiarity of his relations on the DARWIN side, that brought him to a premature grave so soon on the heels of his visit to us.

The Post-mortem of Professors VIRCHOW and HARTMANN—when before had a *Pongo* two Professors sitting on his remains, and such

Professors!—reveals more immediate *origines malis*, and quite accounts for the present want of milk in his poor black cocoa-nut! His mortal illness was inflammation of the bowels. Its sources are not far to seek. A glove-button, iron wire, and pins, were found in his stomach! How had they got there? No doubt, *Pongo* fell a victim to his insatiable spirit of inquiry—"Nihil tegit quod non degluitur." He touched nothing he did not swallow. His appetite was not even above buttons!

We can hardly understand the conclusion of the brief paragraph which records *Pongo's post-mortem*, viz., that "the dissection supplies valuable information with regard to the treatment of anthropoid apes," unless it means that you are not to tempt them with a course of glove-buttons, pins, and iron-wire. We should have thought it needed no *Pongo* sent to the grave, or kept from the grave to teach us that.

Millionnaire and Half-Millionnaire.

THE Indian Famine Fund has risen to close on £490,000. The Mansion House Committee has given notice of shutting up shop, but money still dribbles in. Let it dribble, says *Punch*, till JOHN BULL has raised the flow of his aid to India to the full-tide of a half-million. Then if such giving be, as we know it is on the Immortal WILLIAM's indisputable authority, twice blessed—as blessing him that gives not less than him that takes—the half million will amount to a million in blessings; and England's need—like Othello's great revenge—has, no less than India's, "stomach for them all."

"TOOTH'S COLLECTION," HAYMARKET.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to know if this is intended for the benefit of the Hatcham Martyr? (Not if Mr. ARTHUR TOOTH knows it.)



“UTILE DULCI.”

“A—YOUR SKIRT IS QUITE SAFE, MRS. MINIVER! A—PRAY TAKE MY ARM!”

THREE ILLUSTRATIONS OF A THEORY.

THOUGH dogmatists and dullards long opposed His Theory with venomous persistence, DARWIN may now consider it has closed Its—“Struggle for existence.”

To calm research, not fierce polemic raid, Truth yields her secrets. After fair inspection, The age twixt Science and her foes has made A—“Natural selection.”

Thou canst not, Zealotry, as blind as hot, Truth's champion slay, however hard thou hittest. DARWIN outlives detraction. Is this not “Survival of the fittest”?

A PAPAL BENEDICTION.

It appears the Duc de BROGLIE yielded not to the crushing vote against him in the Chamber, but to a demand for his dismissal transmitted from the Vatican. Although Conservative in politics, the Duke, it is asserted, is a Liberal Catholic. Hence we are informed that—

“When he assured the Senate that his Government had never thought of the restoration of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, the ecclesiastical authorities at Rome resolved to categorically demand his removal within three days. Thereupon the Duc de BROGLIE was compelled to give way to his successors.”

What a pretty picture is here given of French politics! Imagine Lord BEACONSFIELD resigning office at the instance of the Primate, or Mr. SPURGEON demanding the dismissal of Lord DERBY! But we are assured that the Church is at the bottom of the mischief which is brewing:—

“The Pope and his advisers are endeavouring at all hazards to lead the Marshal to solve the existing state of things by force, because they apprehend that if M. GAMBETTA, or any other Radical, should come to the helm now,

HOW TO CALCULATE INTEREST.

DEAR PUNCH,

I CALCULATE that when your BEACONSFIELD took to cracking up his patriotism, he kinder overlooked the great United States, or he'd not have been so proud of his little game.

Talk of looking after British interests! Let him come and see how we look after ours. Guess if that's his notion of patriotism, he's got considerable some to learn. I'll tell him the way we fix our interests with the Indians—darn their skins!

We conclude that their territory is necessary for *our* interests. Waal, we're patriots, we are. So we make a treaty to say we won't take it. In April, say. Then in May we violate the treaty. They show fight, those cusses, they dew. Then we exterminate all around. And our interests are secured, you bet.

Now your BEACONSFIELD never looked after your interests yet—not to that extent, he didn't. But if that's patriotism,—as you bet it is,—why don't the noble patriot politicate accordingly, and walk into Egypt rightaway, or annex the Indian Famine Fund, and let the population squar down natural.

If it's *not* patriotism, snakes and painters! what's he blowing for? Darn all half measures, says

Yours truly,

ELIJAH POGRAM.

ON JOINT AUTHORITY

(*Of Cabinet and Common Sense*).

THE only thing England has to do with the war—Help put a stop to it.

France, in conjunction with Germany and Italy, would, after the death of PIUS THE NINTH, an event which is now so imminent, demand from the new Pope the most effective guarantees of the acknowledgment by the Papacy and the Clergy of the supreme authority of the State.”

“Force” means a state of siege, and possibly a *coup d'état*, and civil war to follow it. A Christian counsel this to come from the advisers of His Most Christian Holiness, while he is lying on his death-bed. What a blessing are such counsellors to a Christian people!

AN ITALIAN EXPERIMENT.

An incident in the Italian political Drama is thus noticed in a recent telegram from Rome:—

“The Chamber of Deputies, after half an hour's discussion, yesterday abolished capital punishment by a large majority, amid the applause of a multitude in the galleries.”

In the British House of Commons the occupants of the galleries do not applaud legislation, and, even if they did, are not likely to demonstrate any delight in the abolition of capital punishment. Few of them, except Mr. PETER TAYLOR, are personally interested in the matter. The case might be otherwise with the audiences in the galleries of some British theatres. In those of Liverpool, and Birmingham, for instance, would not the abolition of capital punishment, if announced from the stage, be likely to draw down enthusiastic applause from the gods?

The abolition of executions, however, in Italy, as an experiment *in corpore alieno*, may be regarded with interest, if not received with applause, by the British Public.

DARWIN MEMORIAL AT CAMBRIDGE.

It has been resolved, we read, that this memorial “should assume a personal form.” But wasn't it a Monkey? Certainly nothing could well be more personal than *that*.



A SPORTING PATTERN

(Suggested by the last New Old Thing in Bonnets).

FROM THE SPIRIT OF THE GREAT SAM.

Elysian Fields, November, 1877.

SIR, AMONG the Spirits most recently arrived hither from the English upper-world, are a few qualified, at once by observation and opportunity, to furnish us, who are happily removed from terrestrial influences, with information as to the changes in that mighty Metropolis which has given its name to one of the finest of my poems. Inasmuch as it is your profession, Sir, to inculcate morality by means of wit, irony, and fancy, it is more than probable that you are not totally unacquainted with the works of an ancient author whose functions, like his figure, resembled your own. I allude, Sir, to the famous fabulist and hunchback, *Aesop*. One of the most familiar of his apologetics concerns an individual who, whether from a wanton love of mischief, or a malicious pleasure in diffusing alarm among the apprehensive, was wont to startle his neighbours by frequently raising the cry of "Wolf!" when there was, in fact, no such beast of prey in the neighbourhood. Sir, we too have our criers of "Wolf!" in these Fields of Asphodel.

For some years past, these mischievous or malicious Spirits have brought us, again and again, unwelcome intelligence of the approaching demolition of Temple Bar. Hitherto, such reports have proved to be mere cries of "Wolf!" where no Wolf was. Our latest intelligence, however, seems to be such as no sensible Spirit however sceptical, would be justified in refusing to entertain. If however, Temple Bar, so long threatened, be doomed at last to fall, what I would ask, Sir, as a former inhabitant of your great Metropolis, is to be set up on or near its site, as a memorial of an edifice that will scarce be permitted to pass away without some commemorative erection? While the Bar itself, carefully removed stone by stone, and then set up again, would find an appropriate destination at some point in the outer-walls of the Temple, its place in Fleet Street should not be left without a memorial of this venerable combination of the architecture of WREN with the sculptures of BUSHNELL.

I understand that you have lately introduced in England not only legislative but practical machinery of Compulsory Education. As to the effect this may have upon your rising generation, it would be premature, not to say rash, to speculate. To judge by the conversation of many of our latest arrivals from England in these Fields, the step has not been taken before it was needed.

One effect such an enforced development of education can hardly fail to produce—a more general acquaintance with my writings. My works, I have reason to believe, are now unknown, except to the curious. My *London* is forgotten; my *Russell's* unread, or but referred to to point the empty braggadocio of a frivolous Minister.

Such fame as I may still claim rests, I hear, on the anecdotes of me, compiled and given to the world by one, whose reverence for me in life seemed alike inconsistent with his nationality, incommensurate with his intelligence, and irreconcileable with his habits. That SAMUEL JOHNSON should owe what reputation he still retains to JAMES BOSWELL, is an instance of the irony of fate as startling as any I have employed to point the moral of the most pungent of my Poems.

One anecdote of me, transmitted by my Scottish Biographer, recalls a conversation between myself and Dr. GOLDSMITH on the heads which then crowned Temple Bar. Others record my love of the great thoroughfare in which it stands; and one of the latter connects my name with the observation, at first sight trivial, "Sir, let us take a walk along Fleet Street!"

Sir, I am not at this distance of time disposed to retract that recommendation. Nor do I think that any one who may have followed it intelligently, will have had reason to regret his compliance with my advice.

I should be glad to learn that my statue was to be set up in the Strand, opposite the site of Temple Bar, looking towards St. Paul's, and with these words inscribed on its pedestal. I fear that, except yourself, Sir, there are not many now living who know the spirit in which Fleet Street should be perambulated, or are capable of deriving from their walk those lessons which it is capable of affording to the observer of men and manners. I was: so was Dr. GOLDSMITH: so was Sir JOSHUA: so was WILLIAM HOGARTH.

Let me hope that such a statue, so inscribed, may lead some to walk where I and these once loved to walk, and in a kindred spirit.

I address this letter to you, Sir, as I understand that you follow, at whatever distance, in the footsteps which I left imprinted in the *Rambler* and the *Idler*, and that, like me, you are at once an inhabitant and a perambulator of the most crowded, and, as such, the most instructive, thoroughfare in the world.

I have the honour to inscribe myself, Sir,

Your most faithful, humble servant,

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

TEAPOT AND TIARA.

The Times' Prussian Correspondent at Berlin announces that the German Government, in contemplation of a probable Conclave, "have signified their intention to devise a more amicable *modus vivendi*, if a temperate Pope, averse from interfering with the new political arrangements of Germany, be elected." A "temperate" Pope! Nobody needs be told how absurd is the insinuation imaginable in that invidious epithet. It used, indeed, to be said, truly or falsely, that Pio Nono's predecessor, GREGORY THE SIXTEENTH, was somewhat given to plenary if not sometimes overmuch indulgence in "intoxicating liquors." Of his present Holiness, to be sure, it may have been truly affirmable that, vexations notwithstanding—

"The Pope he leads a happy life."

Perhaps, too, although averse from a political *modus vivendi*, yet personally ever a model of good living, he has habitually so lived as to justify the statement that

"He drinks the best of sparkling wine."

Still, nobody has ever so much as hinted that the present venerable occupant of the See of PETER was ever in the slightest way of being half-seas over. The German Government's expression of a wish that the next Pope may be temperate, may possibly be one of BISMARCK's equivocal jokes; but to be a more temperate Pope in respect of his glass than the Prisoner of the Vatican, the next Pope would have to be a Teetotaller. It is on the cards that he may be. Time will, perhaps, show whether or no Prince BISMARCK will be able to arrange a *modus vivendi* with Cardinal MANNING, and Italy come likewise to terms with a Pope so temperate, that he approves of the United Kingdom Alliance.

"J'y suis et J'y reste!"

Il restera? Will he? Still the line's ablock,
The look-out, never bright, grows duller;
Yet 'gainst the Duke we'll back the Gallic cock!
Magenta's not a staying colour.

WISDOM FROM THE EAST.

HERE is a military maxim which, it is hoped, the big wigs of the Horse Guards have by this time worked into their system:

"The ride for your adversary, and the spade for yourselves, are the tools of modern war." —(Colonel LOYD LINDSAY at the Westminster Dinner.)



HIGHLY CONSIDERATE.

Little Smithkin (debonairly). "OBJECT TO SMOKING?"
North Briton. "NAR IN THE LEAST, IF IT DOFS NA' MAK' YE SAC'!"
 [As Little S. said, he "cut the old Cad for the rest of the journey."]

NOTES FROM DR. BRIGHTON'S CASE-BOOK.

CAPTAIN FLATFOOT, aged thirty-five. Smokes all day. Spends his time in billiards and lounging down the King's Road. Utterly bored. Can read nothing but *Ruff's Guide to the Turf*. Hates ladies' society. Has treated himself with "pegs" (otherwise glasses of brandy and soda-water), taken every half hour. Prescription—A course of lawn tennis.

CLARA BABYNGTON NASH, aged seventeen. Wears a light Ulster with three capes to it. Fond of talking slang. Thinks Major SMITH (who was in the Bombay Heavy Dragoons) "awful fun." Reads OULDA's Novels. Says she smokes cigarettes. Skates at MELLISON'S. Prescription—Two years longer at her boarding school.

HERBERT TENTERFOUR, aged twenty-five. Spends his day in talking nonsense to the Misses BUTTERFLY. Dances all night at the Grand Hotel or balls of equal selectness in other parts of the town. Spends about eight times his income in the Club Card-room. Neglects his future and undermines his health. Prescription—Immediate return to his stool in the Government Office to which he belongs.

IDA DYAWAY, aged twenty-four. Ultra-romantic. Deeply in love with Major BRASS FARTHING. Enjoys moonlight strolls on the New Pier. Writes two letters daily to the object of her affections. Prescription—A good "talking-to" from old DYAWAY, who made his money out of tallow, and knows the exact value of Major BRASS FARTHING, both from a pecuniary and a moral point of view. If this has no effect, a lengthy tour on the Continent.

The Hon. Mrs. DASHALONG, between thirty and sixty. Wears dyed hair, Persian bloom, and pearl powder. Smokes. Drives a couple of ponies. Calls men by their Christian names. Flirts with the worst known roués. In every imaginable way sets healthy public opinion at defiance. Prescription—The cut direct.

FRANCES FLACCID. Aged thirty-eight. Languid, lazy, stout, melancholy. Fond of eating. Hates walking. Sleeps eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. Prescription—Hard work.

MR. PUNCH. Age—the prime of life. Hates second-rate shops. Does not care for the sea when it is covered with fog or looks dusty. Tired of skating-rinks. Prefers to see Town faces in Town. Objects to third-rate scandal. Dislike's ex-soldiers. Cannot tolerate brassbands. Never could believe in ozone. Fond of whistling "*Home, Sweet Home.*" Prescription—London.

THE WORST CHRISTMAS WAITS.—Christmas-boxes and Hampers at the Railway Stations.

SOME RECOMPENSE FOR A WRONG.

MR. PUNCH is happy to see that the Government, adopting the suggestion of a jurist whom modesty forbids him to name, have recognised the position that a just and generous country is bound in justice and generosity to make reparation to guiltless persons made examples of for their country's good.

"The three men named WILD, JACKSON, and GREENWOOD, who were wrongly convicted of an outrage on the woman BLACKBURN, near Burnley, and who, after being 'pardoned,' were released from Pentonville Prison, eleven days ago, each received on Saturday a letter, which had been sent by the direction of the HOME SECRETARY, stating that, on receipts being sent by them, a gratuity of £5 10s. would be forwarded to them."

For "gratuity" read "compensation." Though "compensation" is, perhaps, rather a large word; but in fixing such amounts or such sums, the Government must, of course, be limited by the means of the nation.

Well Out of It.

It was wired from Paris the other day that ex-President General GRANT, on leaving the French capital for Lyons, paid a farewell visit to President Marshal MAC-MAHON. Did the President take the opportunity of obtaining from the ex-President advice how to back out of a fix with ease and elegance? Any way, he seems to have learnt the secret from somebody. If we may believe the last bulletins—which *Punch* is slow to do—"Il s'est soumis," and, being so, *Il y restera*.

IRISH TRIAL BY JURY.

In the Mitchelstown Libel Case, tried last week in the Irish Court of Queen's Bench, the Lord Chief Justice concluded his summing-up by telling the Jury that the publication of the letters forming the ground of action was, he had no hesitation in saying, "libellous; that it was a foul, unfounded libel, and that, considering the time, opportunity, and circumstances under which it was published, it was a libel of the most pernicious tendency." On the only two counts of the indictment on which the Jury could agree their verdict was "Not Guilty." This is just what a Judge who understands Irishmen and Irish pig-driving ought to have expected. He ought not to need telling, that the next time he thinks the plaintiff's case proved, he should charge for the defendant.

Witnesses and Victims.

"A SOLICITOR," having been subpoenaed as a witness to attend an action in a certain Court, complains in the *Times*, that there being no accommodation whatever provided for witnesses at that Court nor any other Court, he believes, of the Chancery Division, they "are compelled (women as well as men) whenever, as frequently happens, they are ordered out of Court, to stand about in the open air for days together, in all weathers, which at this season is not only unpleasant but dangerous to health." If this is so, and any unfortunate witness, thus shut out in the cold, should catch his death, whom should a Coroner's Jury send to trial for manslaughter—the Office of Works, or the Permanent Secretary of the Treasury, or the High Court of Parliament, or the High Court of Justiciary? Somebody must be to blame.

New Thing in Hats.

An article in the window of a Hatter's shop in Fleet Street is labelled "The Patent Bismarck Flexible Silk Hat." The names of great Generals used in other days to be appropriated to boots; but there was never any Blucher or Wellington Hat. A fitness of things may be perceptible in the notion of a Bismarck Hat; as a hat is for the head, and head is the Great Chancellor's strong point. It may be difficult, at first blush, to imagine BISMARCK in a flexible hat. But when one comes to think of it, an inflexible head in a flexible hat is not at all a bad symbol for the Policy of Blood and Iron in diplomatic forms.

MAD DOG!

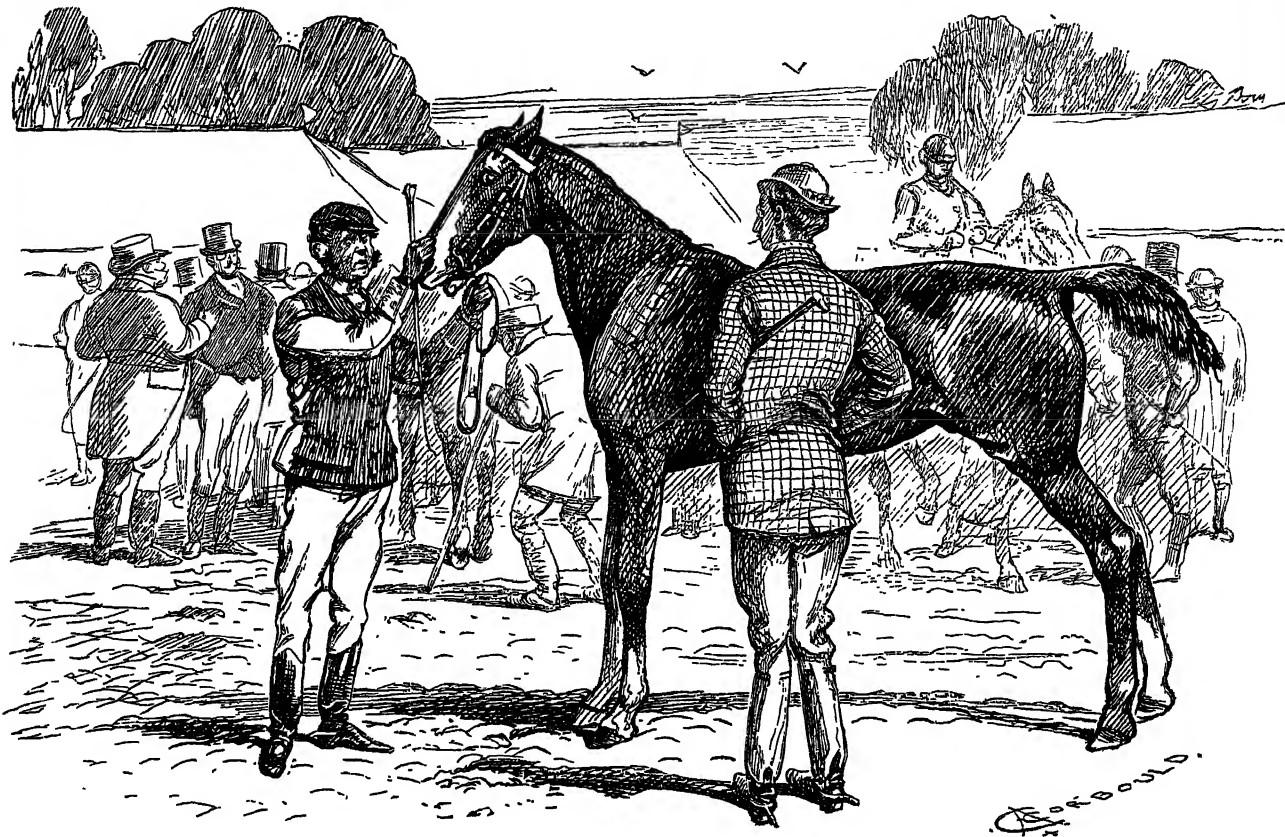


"THE LITTLE DOG LAUGHED TO SEE SUCH SPORT." (*Until he was caught, poor fellow!*)

PUNCH's excellent friend, Dr. ACLAND, one of Oxford's stoutest scientific pillars, and of longest standing, has been lecturing before the University on "Rabies and Hydrophobia." The Vice-Chancellor, the Dean of Christchurch, Professor RUSKIN, many learned Members of the University, and many Ladies were present. No wonder. Everybody—big wig or little, male or female—has a corner in his or her heart for man's—and woman's—best friend—the Dog. As I write, *Toby* nestles closer to the waste-paper basket. There

is a nerve-telegraph between us. He knows I am writing about his kind, and, as needs must be, kindly.

From animal poisons in general the learned Doctor passed to the poison of *rabies*, and its mode of action on the nerve-tissues. Into this unpleasant field *Punch* does not care to carry his readers. Suffice it to say, that the rabies-poison produces the most painful symptoms of lock-jaw or strychnine-poisoning. The Doctor's description of the disease, we fear, was more masterly than his



MUTUAL JUDGMENTS.

SCENE—*A Horse Fair.*

Aristocrat. "YA-AS, HE MAY BE A JEWEL, A—BUT YOU WANT TOO MUCH FOR HIM. HE'S GOT SUCH AN UGLY HEAD AND LEGS!"
Irish Dealer. "AN' FAITH, SOR, IF THE HORRSE COULD ONLY SPAKE, HE'D BE AFTHER SAYING AS MUCH IV YOR HONOUR!"

suggestion of remedy was confident. Seeing that we can't cure it, prevention, in this case pre-eminently, would be ever so much better than cure. But how to secure prevention? There's the rub. We can hardly feel satisfied with the Doctor's suggestions—a rigorous dog-tax, a collar with the owner's name and number of his licence—like a Special War-Correspondent—and death to any dog found abroad without his collar!

Hard lines! to be collared for lack of collar by a stern policeman, and consigned to the fatal fumes, which are used in New York to quench the vital spark of the homeless, masterless dog—poor waif and stray, who has a master somewhere, if he could only find him, and is, nine times out of ten, more worthy of compassion and care than of execution.

But we have a Dog-tax—and we have dog-collars, and, alas, we have swift and sudden execution of homeless and masterless dogs—more's the pity.

How are we, then—if these precautions are made ever so stringent and universal—to prevent rabies? Here we desiderate more scientific lucidity from our scientific Doctor.

One of the kindest, as he is one of the most scientific of men, reared in due love and familiarity with dogs, in his patriarchal, old-world home at Killerton, he would of a surety recommend nothing that he did not believe called for by the emergency of the case. And so we are forced to the conclusion that he sees no other way for it but death for the dog without a master, or at least, the outward and visible sign of one—a collar.

But it is a stern and a sad necessity, if necessity it be. *Punch* would have been loath to believe it on any less gentle, and thoughtful, and well-informed an authority than Dr. ACLAND. As it is—*Toby . . .* But no—*thou* art safe. No rabies to be feared for thee, but the exceeding wrath aroused sometimes over the never-ending accumulation in the waste-paper basket over which thou keepest guard, and thy wrath at the wrongs and humbugs of the world against which thou seest thy Master uplift his baton.

So rest, rest perturbed spirit. "*Requiescas in pace*" in life by thy Master's side, in death in his family grave, not far from his heart.

A REMONSTRANCE FROM ROMSEY.

MR. PUNCH—SIR,

TISN'T often as we gets the chance of having a peg at your Honor, but summat in your last week's peaper has give it to me. You says that tho' we may walk to Romsey straight, we med goo back walking zigzag like. That med be all tru enof, but you said that seame last year. Please read. I han't got your peaper in which it was, but I can recolect near enuf:—

"And though the rhoad to Rumsey's straight,
 'Tis zigzag back from there;
 Mind that, whenever you goes to dale
 In pigs at Romsey fare."

I think the verses of which the above is one, was called "Rums from Romsey." Please zee the heading to last week's shove at us down Romsey way.

I will now take the liberty of telling you where you be wrong about us in some other respees. Gwain to Romsey isn't by any means sinonimus with gettin drunk; and why? because we've got Squire and his wife at Broadlands, both on um, to their credit, workin hard to put down drinkin o' beer, and tryin wi all thir might to persuade us to drink nothin but water or tea, and they have succeeded so well, that the sayin "haven bin to Romsey," if it ever were used, don't now apply to the pleace.

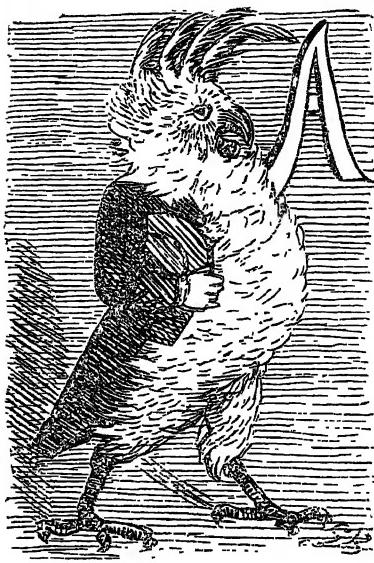
Where you be most of all wrong, however, is in callin of it Romsey on the mud. How could a place be on the mud? Mud's mostly soft. Besides, here's a little bit of a rime mead up afore you was born, or me neither, and I'm older than you, as I can very well remember your fust appearance:—

"Romsey in the mud,
 Tytherley on the stowns,
 Romsey ate the mate,
 Tytherley picked the boans."

I remain, Sir,
 Your most obejiant humble Servant,
 A ROMSEY PIGDALE.

GRADGRIND ON GOSCHEN.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,



S a man of business, I have seldom been more disgusted than I was in reading the report of the speech which Mr. GOSCHEN delivered the other day before the Liverpool Institute. Mr. G. said that he wished to speak to his audience "as a business man"!!! It is precisely in that character I feel bound to enter my vehement protest against the pernicious fudge which he advanced in that character. Things are, indeed, come to a pretty pass when a man of facts and figures is found singing the praises of Imagination! Mr. G. has evidently mistaken his vocation. He a merchant, a man of business, a financier, a possible Chancellor of the Exchequer? Pooh! He was intended for a poet, or a writer for the *Family Herald*. Listen to him!

"While others pleaded on behalf of useful knowledge . . . he wished to speak on behalf of the cultivation of the imaginative faculties in the broadest sense of the term; and he was not afraid to say this before a Liverpool audience, because he would not admit that there was any antagonism between business and the cultivation of the imaginative faculties."

The deuce he wouldn't! I wonder the Liverpool audience didn't kiss him out of the hall.

"He wanted men to cultivate the power of forming ideal pictures."

Ideal pictures! Is this to be borne?

"He did not want them to know only ordinary facts."

Of course not. Facts are the pitiless foes of fudge.

"He regretted the theory which regards as stuff and nonsense all that does not bear upon the immediate practical duties of life."

Of course, Sir, a wholesale dealer in "stuff and nonsense" will reject any theory that interferes with his trade.

"He wanted them to breathe the bracing ozone of imagination."

Now, Sir, what, in the name of outraged common sense, is "the bracing ozone of imagination?" It is not an article quoted in the marketts of the world. Is it a new quack medicine devised by this charlatan? He proceeds to defend the brain-softening practice of reading novels. Possibly, following his own prescription in this particular has reduced him to his present pitiable estate. He disparages the only kind of fiction for which a word might be said, and that in which daily life is faithfully photographed, in favour of that in which imagination is dominant, romance rampant, sentiment supreme. Sir, this is the very perversity of imbecility.

He eulogises *Alice in Wonderland*. Sir, some pernicious believer in "ideal pictures" surreptitiously presented that book to my youngest daughter, aged eight. I examined the volume. It is a tissue of the most insane absurdities, that would do credit to Colney Hatch. Of course, I burned the book, and put my daughter on bread and water for twenty-four hours as a penance for looking into it. And now this—this man of business—publicly praises it! Sir, he should be gagged. Coming from his lips, that one avowal may cause infinite mischief, and put practical parents to endless trouble. He proceeds to say that he would like boys to read anything rather than prose. Of course he would. Prose is the language of sense, poetry the jargon of lunacy. Naturally Mr. G. prefers the latter. Here, however, is his crowning imbecility: "Imagination, in its highest and broadest sense, is necessary for the noble discharge of imperial duties." Merciful powers! We are to rule India, I suppose, by imagination, instead of the strong hand. Perhaps that's why they have made a poet Governor-General. A nice mess he will probably make of it! Sympathy, imagination, sentiment, in dealing with subject-races and alien creeds! Fudge! Why I couldn't keep my clerks in order with such maudlin milk-and-water, "Toe the line, and no nonsense!"—that's the only rule for rulers.

Sir, this self-styled "business man" has started a crusade against facts. Yes, Sir, incredible as the fact may appear, so it is.

He disparages facts. I say there is nothing else in creation worth a sucked orange. He defends novels. I would do as OMAR PASHA did with the lot of 'em, when he burnt the Alexandrian Library. He'd import imagination into commerce, daily life, even into the Art of Ruling, possibly—for I really don't know where he'd stop—into the very LEDGER itself! I would confine it to lunatic asylums. I am confident that all the real business men of this practical land will be on my side. "Facts for ever, and no quarter to Fudge!" That is our motto. It is our bounden duty to rally round our standard in uncompromising hostility to this idiot with his "ideal pictures" and his "bracing ozone of imagination." Let Mr. GOSCHEN give up commerce and politics, and take to rhyme-spinning, leaving the all-important, the only important, sphere of Facts and Figures to men of the same mind as,

Yours, uncompromisingly,

L. S. D. GRADGRIND.

OBEDIENTIA DOCET.

(From the "Mackonochie's Letter Writer," compiled for the use of all Congregations who may be in doubt as to how they ought to address "all those who are placed in authority over them.")

I.

From a Subaltern on receiving a Private Reprimand from his Colonel.

MY DEAR COLONEL,

I HAVE received your "friendly" protest, dated the 3rd of March last, and if I have not thought fit to take any notice of that communication for nine months, you are at liberty to set it down to the fact that I have been engaged a portion of that time in playing in a cricket-match in the north of Scotland. With regard to what you urge against my wearing "the cocked hat of a Field Marshal and a false nose on parade," I have merely to point out to you that I consider your objections trivial in the extreme. Moreover, let me add for your enlightenment in a matter in which I as your subordinate, obviously the proper person, am to instruct you, that the decay of military enthusiasm can be traced directly to the disappearance of suitable adjustments of this kind. I shall, therefore, continue to appear in them as usual, and not deprive the noble fellows, who enjoy the spectacle, of this spur to duty which neither you nor six dozen Colonels shall compel me to relinquish. However, believe me, yours considerably,

A. FLATT (*Ensign*).

II.

From a Hopeful Child, about to return Home for the Holidays, to his anxious Parents.

MY DEAR PARENTS,

On the eve of that pleasing relaxation from my studies, which, with a creditable regard for his own pocket, our worthy Principal has this term announced his intention of extending to the length of six weeks, I am writing you a few lines, and I trust you will both find them as palatable as they are meant to be premonitory. It must be fresh in your recollection that, on a former occasion of this kind, you took serious exception to the manufacture and discharge of fireworks in my bedroom, while, if my memory does not fail me, there was some sort of protest raised, either by one or by both of you, against, not only the preservation of live eels in the filter, but even the tuning of the piano with the fire-tongs, and a general attention to the entire clockwork of the house with hair-oil.

Now, it is not for me to have to argue about such obvious trifities (you must pardon my frankness) as are your "reasons" for any abandonment by me of these interesting pastimes and pursuits, and so I leave it to your natural good sense and discretion to appreciate the position a child, who will be eleven next birthday, should assume and preserve in a matter of this sort. Let me then conclude, my dear Parents, by simply expressing a wish that I shall hear no more of this affair, and that my advent in the midst of the family circle with five pounds of gunpowder may be hailed, if not with open enthusiasm, at least with tacit but cordial acquiescence.

Wishing you, in the meantime, ridiculous though they are, all the usual compliments of the season, I am your dutiful but always judicious son,

THOMAS BUMPUS.

III.

From an Ophicleide Player, who is given to extemporisng, to a Conductor of an Orchestra, who has sent him a remonstrance.

SIR,

THE unmanly and insolent protest which you have regarded it as "your province" to address to one who "plays under your leadership" (!), shall meet from my hands the contempt it deserves. It would be beneath my dignity, as a musician and as a man, to prove to you why it is not only a recreation, but a duty, to intro-

duce long passages *a piacere* on my powerful instrument into the *andante* of any concerto, whenever and however I like. No, Sir, you are a mere leader, and nothing more; and if you ever wish to know what it was that brought about the decline of the great Art of which I am a humble votary, you may be enlightened by applying to

Yours resolutely,
YOUR LEADING OPHICLEIDE.

IV.

From a Stockbroker to a Client who has objected to an Investment effected on his Account.

DEAR SIR,

You authorised me to sell out £9,764 Gr: Ind: Peninsular Stock at the then current price, and invest the amount realised in the Three per Cents. With regard to the latter part of your commission, it is, as you express it, "a fact that I have done nothing of the kind." On the contrary, I have put the whole lump sum bodily into a South Patagonian mine, guaranteeing an interest of 29 per cent. Well, what do you say to that? Am I to invest your property to suit *my* fancies or *yours*? Your astonishment is really ridiculous, and you can take whatever steps you like to "recover."

Yours, &c.
B. SWAMP.

V.

From a disagreeable Visitor who annoys his Host, and has had it politely hinted to him that his room will be wanted shortly.

1 A.M.—I have been turning over since 9:30, the extremely discourteous manner in which I consider that I have been treated, more especially by your reference to the fact that you expect the HUMPHERS on Tuesday fortnight; and I have only to meet that piece of information by another especially explicit. I shall not turn out. You asked here on a visit, no doubt, unconscious of the fact that I smoke in bed playing the hurdy-gurdy, get up after three, fire at the peacock with a revolver, and am fond of preparing birds for stuffing in the drawing-room after dinner. You, no doubt, will urge one or more of these things as an excuse for your dastardly and ungentlemanly conduct; but let me tell you, that this is your house and not mine, and that once within its walls there I stay. As to my violating the duties enforced by the acceptance of hospitality—nonsense. It is the guest who is to teach the host what his house is meant for,—and the sooner you learn with what sort of man you have to deal the better. I haven't been to Holborn for nothing! But I am too indignant to continue, and so close this, (and shall ring up a servant,) as I see it is now 3:17 A.M.

POOR OLD ENGLAND.

As painted by certain Patriots of the Period.

I'm a very fine Old Lady, and the wonder of the world,
On every sea my keels float free, my banner is unfurled;
But neither pluck, nor power, nor luck, my stout old soul preserves
From frequent fits of fidgets, and from bad attacks of nerves.

Despite my flag the world will wag, at a perplexing pace,
A fact, you see, that taxes me to hold the foremost place;
It's mine by right, but then to fight, and keep up fleets and things,
Is a burden that no end of work and botheration brings.

In *statu quo*? Precisely so. I'm very well content;
As I've all I want at present, new arrangements I'd prevent;
Why can't all parties do the like, in peace and quiet dwell,
And so preserve the state of things that suits my book so well?

But bless you, no! They want to "grow"; to grab where grab they can,

And some have got the cheek to say that used to be *my* plan;
Perhaps, but I know better now. Why can't they learn of me,
To settle down on their own lots, and live contentedly?

But when they baulk my little schemes, or get into my way,
Block paths which I desire to use, or *may* desire some day;
It puts me dreadfully about, it makes me very cross,
I can't look on at other's gain which may portend my loss!

I've got a lot of land about, a longish way from home;
Others are bound to cross my paths wherever they may roam;
But then they shouldn't hang about, or settle near my tracks,
As though they thought my game was good, and aimed at going snacks.

Ah! snacks, that's it. There's not a bit of pickings I have got!!!
But what they'd like to nibble at, or maybe bolt the lot.
They're welcome, quite, to forage for themselves in other places, "
But, then, they ought to cry "Hold hard!" whene'er they spy
my traces.

It worries me. I do not want to spend a lot more cash
In all sorts of insurances to save myself from smash.
Some tell me that to guard my game I must not grudge expense,
But I hold disarming others is the cheapest self-defence.

They mustn't grow so powerful as to give me cause for fear;
Wherever I may wish to go all roads must be kept clear;
All gateways open wide to me with no one to take toll—
That's patriotic policy, and soothing to my soul.

I'm a wonderful old woman, but my nerves are waxing weak,
To hold my own in quietness is all that now I seek.
Why can't the nations all keep still, like well-conducted boys,
And not disturb my peace of mind by kicking up a noise?

PAROCHIAL PLUM PUDDING.



"SPOTTED Dick" to the taste of children in general, is nicer than Suet Pudding. This consideration occurred to the considerate Birmingham Board of Guardians. Therefore they desired to substitute now and then for Suet Pudding, by way of a change in the Workhouse dietary, "Spotted Dick." Now, the dietary of the Birmingham Workhouse is regulated by the authority of the Local Government Board. "Spotted Dick" is a luxury which it did not comprise. So, to be enabled to augment it with that desired addition, the Guardians had to get permission from their superiors in London. According to the *Birmingham Post*, they

received, "written on highly official paper, with the wide official margin, and with the regulation official number in the corner," the following reply:

"The Local Government Board approve of the proposal of the Guardians of the parish of Birmingham to give the children in the Workhouse currant pudding occasionally, instead of suet pudding. With regard, however, to the formula of the currant pudding, the Board are advised that a little sugar should form one of the ingredients of the pudding, to make it more palatable."

From this concluding official remark it shows that a "formula" for the composition of Currant Pudding had accompanied the request for leave to add it to the diversities of Workhouse fare, and that in the receipt for "Spotted Dick" sugar was omitted. Not to have known the ingredients of "Spotted Dick" argues the Birmingham Guardians to have known nothing of Cookery. Had there been a Lady on the Board, then, of course, one of the Guardians would have been Cook enough to know how to make "Spotted Dick." It is difficult to imagine even Workhouse Guardians actuated by mere parsimony in proposing a scheme for "Spotted Dick" without sugar. But if that sort of "Spotted Dick" was the Currant Pudding contemplated as a welcome change from Suet Pudding in the Birmingham Workhouse bill of fare, what sort of thing, we may wonder, is the customary Suet Pudding? Perhaps something of the kind that Schoolboys in the select academies of other days named "Stick-jaw." What a viand must be the Stick-jaw which would correspond with sugarless "Spotted Dick!"

The "Spotted Dick" which the Birmingham Pauper Children are now destined to enjoy will be sweetened, as the Local Government Board recommend, with a "little sugar." Let us hope that the Birmingham Workhouse "Spotted Dick"—pace the Local Government Board—will be worthy of his name; the currants not too few and far between. There may be economy without stinginess in serving the little Pauper Children with "Spotted Dick" as their first course, that so, the edge being taken off their holiday appetites on that, they may afterwards partake with due moderation of the Roast Beef, Turkey, and other good things which will doubtless succeed the Parochial Plum Pudding.

TAKING THE RISK.—Nowadays it is the buyers of silk goods who must "stand the hazard of the dye."

A VERY WISE PUSH FOR THE TURKS.—To Tirnova—a new leaf.



APPLY QUOTED FROM THE ADVERTISEMENT COLUMN.

Thrifty Wife. "OH, ALGERNON! MORE USELESS CHINA! MORE MONEY THROWN AWAY WHEN WE HAVE SO LITTLE TO SPARE!"
Amiable Chinamaniac. "POOH! POOH! MY LOVE! 'MONEY NOT SO MUCH AN OBJECT AS A COMFORTABLE HOME,' YOU KNOW!"

A TROUBLESOME PEN.

INTERLOCUTORS—MR. PUNCH and Shepherds.

Punch. A skittish lot, eh, Shepherds?
First Shepherd (warily). Ay, indeed!
 Would we had never introduced the breed.
 They plague us as o'erlooks 'em more than flocks
 Of sober muttons of the good old stocks.
Second Shepherd. Time was when sheep were sheep, and fed
 together,
 Obedient to the lead of the bell-wether;
 But this queer lot will keep no ordered way—
 Their sole delight to break bounds and to stray.
Punch. Half-bred of course?
First Shepherd. Why, yes, some swear they come
 Through Oxford crossing with a strain from Rome.
Punch. Why care to keep them?
Second Shepherd. Hump! maybe we don't,
 If they'd clear out completely, but they won't—
 For though they spurn all bounds, and scorn to brook
 The mild restraints of collie and of crook,
 You see, they like the pasture.

Third Shepherd. Were they pigs,
 They could not play up more cantankerous rigs.
 But porcine obstinacy they combine
 With a sleek slyness seldom seen in swine.

Punch. Nor much in sheep?
First Shepherd. Well, this peculiar breed,
 Though clothed sheep-fashion, are—ahem!—indeed,
 I do not love hard words.

Punch. Plain words, my friend,
 May often save much mischief in the end.
 Especially when backed by action bold.
Second Shepherd. Why, y-e-e-s; but then perchance a rival fold
 Might snap them up.

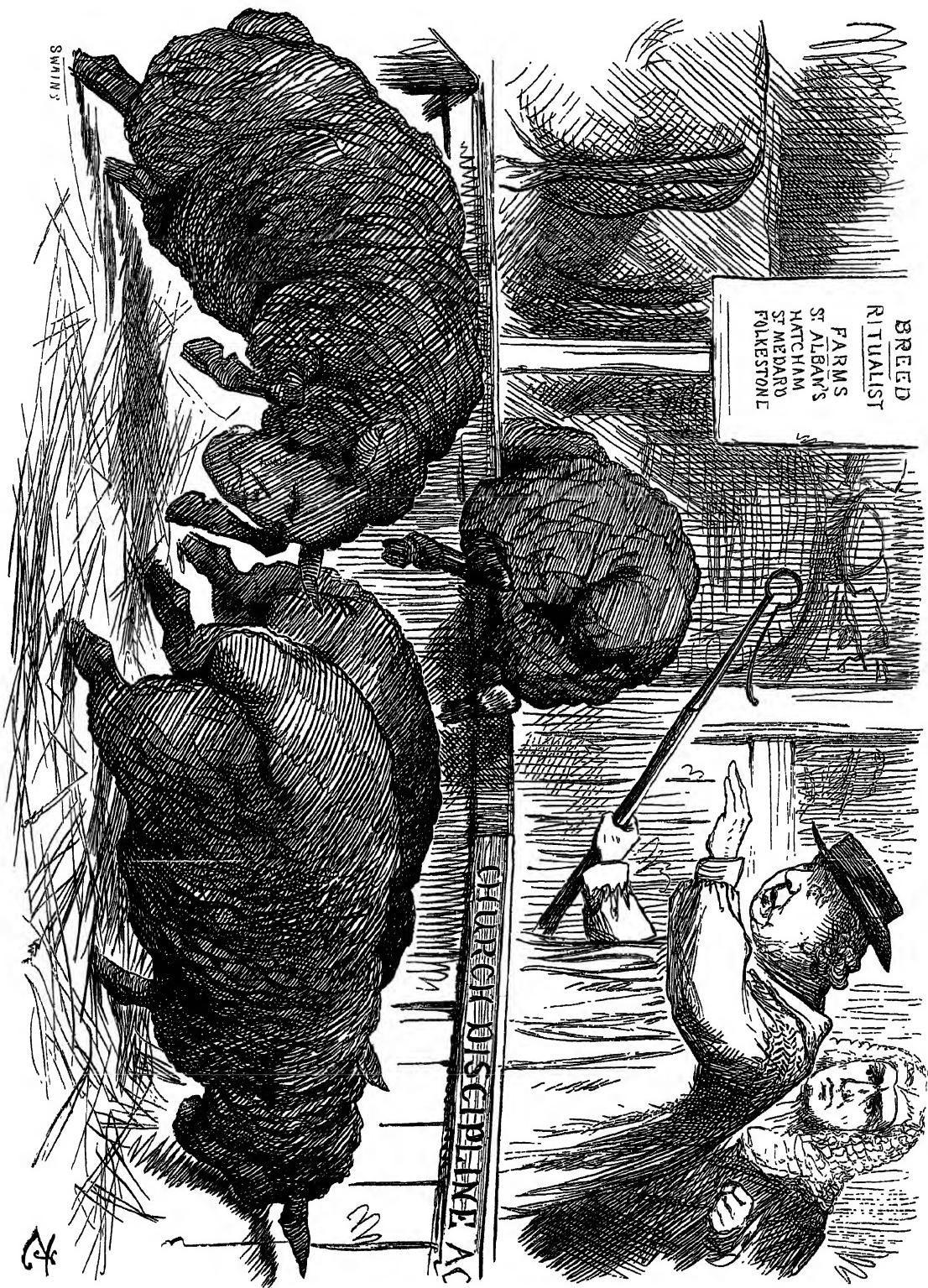
Punch. A right good riddance too!
Second Shepherd. Hump!—well, we do not quite know what
 to do.

Punch. That's awkward—in a Shepherd; for you see,
 Where Shepherds are at fault, stray sheep there'll be.
Second Shepherd. Well, not long since we put our foot down
 hard,
 And built this stronger pen to check and guard;
 But, bless you! where's the use? They slip and creep
 Out of the smallest cranny, do these sheep:
 And vault where they can't wriggle.
Punch. Where's your crook?
First Shepherd. Nay, if the worst of 'em we try to hook,
 They simply—knock us over! Such a lot
 Might make the mildest Shepherd's temper hot.
Punch. No doubt a breed of bolters is provoking,
 But when you check 'em p'raps they think you're joking.
 And query, is it worth such pains to keep
 Inside the pen such very headstrong sheep.
 If they will break bounds, why not let 'em roam
 Off to the place their cross first came from—Rome?
 They'll scarcely find the feeding there so fat,
 But sheep that will bolt must put up with that.
 Cool they may be, yet scarce can claim as due,
 Housing and feed, and right of bolting too!

A Crack in Freemasonry.

THE Grand Orient of the Central Lodge of French Freemasonry has been striking out of its programme what have hitherto been the corner-stones of the Masonic Faith, belief in the existence of a God and the Immortality of the Soul; so cutting down its Trinity of belief to a Unity—the "solidarité of man." All *Punch*, though no Mason, can say is, that if Freemason's faith be reduced to this, he would not give very much for the solidarité of Masonry.

The English Grand Lodge, through the mouth of England's Pro-Grand Master, Lord CARNARVON, has met to protest against this amputation of two of the three legs on which Freemasonry stands, and if the Grand Orient persists in this grubbing up of its best, broadest, and deepest foundation stones, the end will be a crack in the hitherto solid pillars of JACIN and BOAZ all over the world! *Absit omen!*



AT THE CATTLE SHOW.

(A TROUBLESOME LOT)

PETTING EXTRAORDINARY.



THE *Edinburgh Daily Review*, the other day, informs us that a young American Lady residing in that city, whose name *Mr. Punch* does not care to immortalise, lately had her favourite mare shod with shoes of solid gold, at an expense of between four and five hundred pounds.

This pleasant method of "making the mare to go," will, no doubt, find imitators among Ladies who delight to show their fondness for their pets, and who, though not restrained by common sense or shortness of cash,

have not hitherto been led with proper spirit. This young Lady's imitation of one of the worst of the Roman Emperors should give them courage. How delightful to the lover of the lower animals to read such announcements as the following:

Miss SELINA GUSHINGTON has just presented her pet pug with a very handsome solid-gold timepiece, in order that the dear intelligent creature may be able to be punctual in the hours of his meals. The timepiece is surmounted by a beautifully modelled statuette of her favourite turning up his nose at his viands or at the lower orders, we have not ascertained which.

Mrs. M. T. HEAD has, we understand, provided for a very old Donkey long attached to the family a beautifully chased silver pitch-pipe, to aid him in getting the correct key-note in his bray!

An elderly unmarried lady, Miss FRTZ-GIBSON, has presented to the Zoological Society a handsomely-bound copy of the complete works of Mr. DARWIN, as the nucleus of a library for the use of the inmates of the Monkey-house.

Miss SWEETLIPS, of Floriline City, Kansas, U.S., has lately, we are informed, presented her domesticated Skunk with a most exquisite Venetian-glass scent-bottle, which the playful little animal seems at present hardly to know what to do with, but will, no doubt, in time learn to appreciate, if not use.

OUR WINTER EXHIBITION.

No. II.—SKETCH OF SRIMPATE-ON-SEA IN WINTER.

(Panoramic View continued by Our Own Quiet Observer.)

SRIMPATE Harbour, in consequence of being much sought by seamen of all nations in difficulties, presents, in anything like a boisterous winter time, a most animated and picturesque appearance. The piers, the harbour, and that portion of the lower town which adjoins the harbour, are thronged at all hours by bronzed, weather-beaten men in every variety of costume. An Operatic Stage-Manager, at a loss for a novelty in grouping, has only to run down to Srimpate-on-Sea, and take in the *tableaux* at a *coup d'œil*. Hither come fishermen from all quarters "when the stormy winds do blow," and from Srimpate away they "sail with the gale to the Bay of Biscay, oh," or, to be more correct, for the most part to the North Sea fisheries. These hardy mariners are not afraid of the water, but they do seem a trifle nervous about soap. Your Quiet Observer has sometimes heard of poor sailors, saved by the skin of their teeth from a wreck, being "*washed ashore*." But this is a very exceptional case, and can only have happened to those who have got clean off. Washed ashore they might be, now and then—Sunday mornings, perhaps. But "*washed at sea*" must be of rare occurrence. Yet, on reflection, Your Observer remembers to have heard of "*Tar Soap*," but having his doubts as to this being "*Soap for Tars*," he will inquire into the matter, and report progress.

By the way, just now at Srimpate the popular nautical song, "*Nancy Lee*," is being shouted about the place with such original variations as may suggest themselves to each individual singer. But with all respect for *Mr. WEATHERLY*, M.A. (there could

not be a better name for the writer of a nautical ballad than *WEATHERLY*), Your Observer has not noticed any *NANCY LEE* waiting about Srimpate Harbour and Srimpate Cliffs. Evidently, as the ancient hunting ditty has it, "*All his*" (*Mr. WEATHERLY*, M.A.'s) "fancy dwells upon *NANCY*, while *he* sings" (in this case, not "*Tallyho!*" but) "*Yeo ho, my Boys, yeo ho!*" However, in justice to the Author, Your Observer feels bound to add, that, on referring to a copy lying on somebody else's piano, he finds that "*Of all the Wives as e'er you know*" (*who's you?*) "*there's none like NANCY LEE, I trow!*"—"I" is *Mr. WEATHERLY*, M.A.—and, consequently, this creation of the balladist's brain is an exception. But for exceptions "*you*" (the unknown "*you*" of the ballad) must not come to Srimpate-on-Sea, "*Yeo ho, my Boys, yeo ho!*"

"Oh! if you wish to meet with *NANCY LEE*—
Yeo ho, my Boys, yeo ho!
You must not come to Srimpate-on-the-Sea—
No, no, my Boys, no, no!"

And so on adlibitum-tum-tum, when you (the same "*you*" as before) are not acquainted with any more words.

While on the subject of the mariners' costume (Your Observer was talking about this before he was led away by *NANCY LEE* and "*Yeo ho, my Boys, yeo ho!*"), and putting aside the picturesque aspect of the mellowed colours of the fishermen's dresses, English and foreign, and those of the crews of cargo vessels of all nationalities, it will strike the observant eye that very few of the maritime population—what may be called here the "floating population,"—are ever measured for their clothes.

The peculiarity of the marine costume at Srimpate seems to be, that everyone connected with the fishing interest wears everyone else's trousers braced up to the very last hole, so as to come, economically, as near the throat as possible, and thus keep the nautical chest warm. These nether garments appear to be constructed for holding four legs at once, comfortably. Occasionally, on the jetty, but very occasionally, there may be seen a person with tight brown "cords," as closely fitting as a hussar's cherry-coloured pants, horsey jacket and neckerchief, and an ostler's cap; from the top to a little below the knee he is decidedly groomish, or a help at a livery stable, but at this point the groom ceases, and the fisherman begins with the boots. Could his dress be adapted for regiments, there would be the materials for a horse-marine ready-made to hand. He is, however, a fisherman, though it forcibly strikes Your Observer, that being a man of original mind and present resources, he has concluded an advantageous bargain for his stable suit with an ostler out of place, and, being his own costumier, has fashioned them to sea-astral purposes. Not that it would astonish anyone who knows Srimpate to find a nautical groom loitering about the harbour discussing points of the compass, piscatorial prospects, rigging and ropes, (and a horsey gent generally professes to "know the ropes,") on an equal footing with the regular professional old salts; and, being horsey such an individual might, if objecting to be called a horse-marine, like to come out as one of the ancient corps of Epsom Salts, and give a musical entertainment at "*The Willin' Sailor*," when he could delight his audience with "*All in the Downs*," or "*The Humours of the Roads*." They give these sort of sing-songs during the winter evenings at Srimpate-on-Sea, and they merrily dance and merrily sing to the inspiring sounds of a cracked piano (which is *Tinny* without the *Coot*), coming out strong in a Chorus of this sort—

"So here's to the health of Old Admiral BROKE,
And my grog I will drink and my baccy I'll smoke,
Fur my 'art it is merry and free."

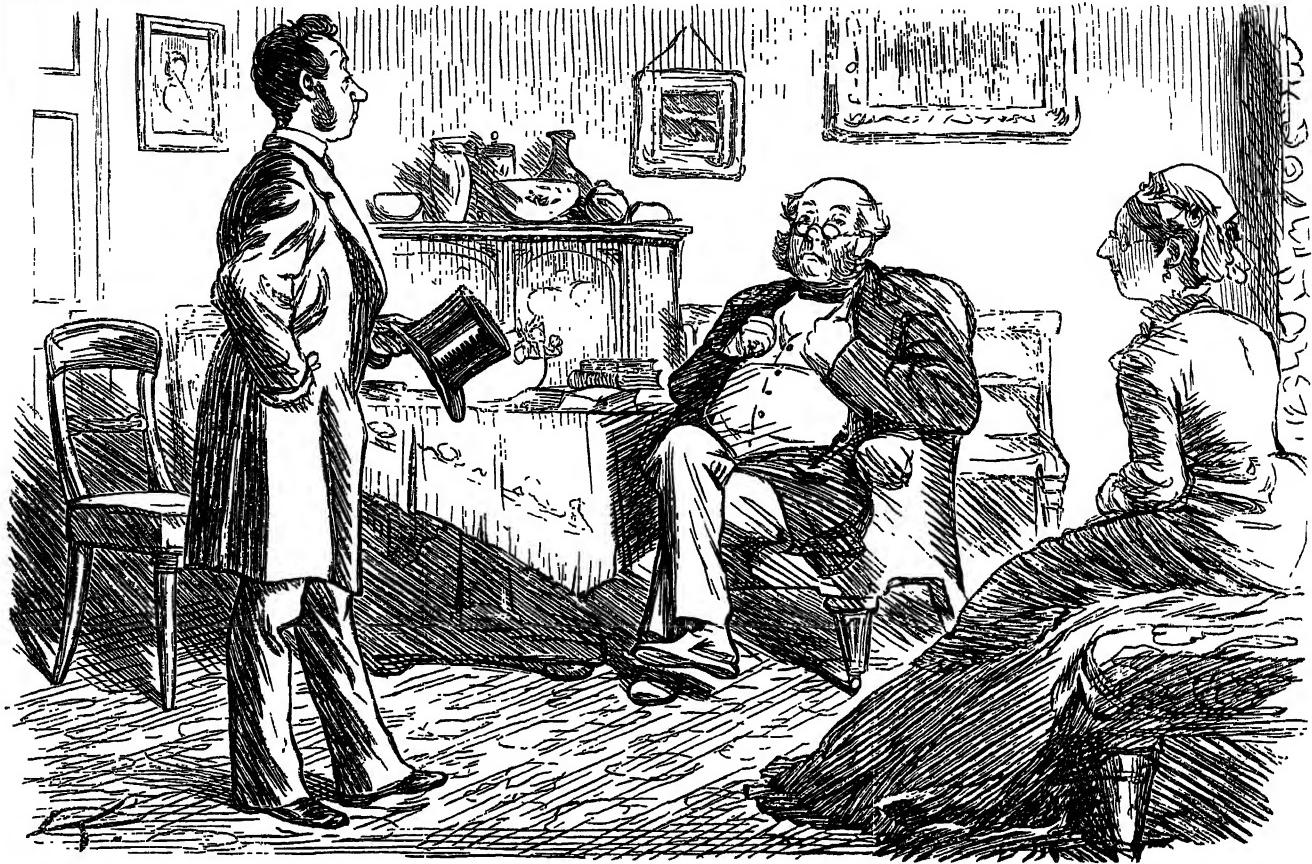
All (with a good long pause on the first note)—

"Fur—my 'art it is merry and free."

Your Observer has never yet been able to master more of this song than the chorus, at present, but hopes to know all about it before many years have passed over his head.

No (to revert), a horsey sailor or a nautical groom would not be a matter of surprise here, where all the tradesmen, the nearer their shops approach, or the farther they are off from, the harbour, are more or less nautical. Your Butcher at Srimpate-on-Sea hitches up his belt and murmurs (but heartily all the same to himself), "*Belay!*" as he takes your order, and flourishes his hatchet as though it were a cutlass about to operate on the prime cut of an enemy's carcase, whose ship he has victoriously boarded, and who lies at his mercy stretched out on the quarter-deck butcher's block.

The Civil Grocer (all the tradesmen are civil, most civil, at Srimpate-on-Sea, in fact, their shops might be called the Civil Service Stores as far as civility is concerned)—well—the Civil Grocer says "*Yes, Sir*," or "*Yes, Ma'am*," as he makes a note of your half pound of tea and two pounds of loaf, and the usual quantity of currants, but he too cannot refrain from saying, "*Avast heaving!*" in an undertone to himself, while, if your order is a very good one, a large jar and his professional apron are scarcely suffi-



A BLANK PAGE.

Sir Patrick. "THEN, I PRESUME YOU KNOW A LITTLE ABOUT CLEANING SILVER, WAITING AT TABLE, AND SO ON ?"

Jenkins. "NOTHING WHATEVER, SIR ! BUT I DO NOT SUPPOSE THERE IS ANYTHING WHICH INTELLECT MAY NOT OVERCOME !!"

client to conceal the hornpipe which he is doing with his legs only, his hands being otherwise occupied, behind the counter. The stationer's boy, as he brings your pens, ink, paper, and envelopes in a packet, arrives at your house merrily shuffling, and Your Quiet Observer came upon two of them—two boys, the stationer's and the baker's—stopping *en route*, and indulging in a double shuffle round a corner, while a third whistled a nautical air.

Srimpgate being a remarkably healthy place, there are, of course, a number of invalids, and, consequently, plenty of Bath-chairmen and Bath-chairs. All the Bath-chairmen are nautical—in fact, so much so (at least to judge from their conversation, which is mostly limited to marine matters), that if Government wanted to augment its Naval Reserve, it has only got to secure the services of the Srimpgate Bath-chairmen. These worthies congregate every day at the Upper Cliff rails, and perhaps it is only at Srimpgate that the unique spectacle presents itself of a meeting composed entirely of Chairmen.

Your Quiet Observer has yet something more to say about Srimpgate-on-Sea, which he defers till next week.

LAMP-LIGHTING AND LAMP-LETTERING.

The *Times* gives particulars of an interesting invention which has stood the test of eight months' trial—an apparatus for lighting the gas lamps of a district simultaneously by an electric spark. The apparatus also turns on the gas which it kindles.

It is calculated that its adoption will save £100,000 per annum, at the rate of an economy of £1 per lamp in lamp-lighters' wages and equipment. Of course, our active and admirably-managed District Boards and Vestries will lose no time in bringing this convenient, and, at the same time, economical apparatus, into use in the Metropolis.

When they have their hand in at the lamps, may *Punch* be allowed to call their attention to another cheap and most urgent improvement? Why not paint on the lamps, or, at least, on every street-corner lamp, the name of the street—that those who ride in the dark may read?

It would be still better if every lamp were lettered and numbered

with the name of the street and number of the house opposite to it. How night-wandering strangers in London, and all diners-out, strangers or native, would bless the memory of Bumbledom, if the Vestries would make this much-needed and not costly improvement.

Who does not know the loss of time and temper, and the damage to good dinners, caused by the difficulty of hitting off street or number in winter time with a stupid driver, and the shifts even a sharp one is put to to find his destination in the dark?

The Underground Railway thus marks its stations. All who travel by it can appreciate the convenience. Let the District Board of Works follow the lead of the District Railway. Why should not the disappearance of lamp-lighters inaugurate the appearance of lamp-letters? Or, give us the lamp-letters, and we will bear with the lamp-lighters a generation longer.

Members of District Boards and Vestrymen, when seen, make a note of. If School-Board children are to be lettered, why not street-lamps?

Opportune.

MANY years ago, *Punch* had definitions of certain words—among them something like this:—"‘AGENT,’ a Gent acting for another Gent. It is derived from the Latin word, *Agens*, ‘doing,’ because the Agent is continually doing the Principal.” He is reminded of the old definition by some recent cases both in the commercial and theatrical worlds.

SANTAS.

So they call the new antiseptic and disinfectant that is to neutralise everybody’s smells, and make everybody’s fortune. May it not like so many other sanitary panaceas that have served to float Limited Liability Companies—prove *Vanitas*!

THE TELEPHONE.

To hope for its success there’s solid ground,
Since all admit its principle is sound.



DV MAURIE

AN ILLUSTRATION OF DARWINISM.

WITHOUT USE, AN ORGAN DWINDLES; WITH USE, IT INCREASES. FOR INSTANCE, THE ORGAN OF A GRINDER WHO, IN THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE, BELIES ENTIRELY ON HIS INSTRUMENT, IS INVARIABLY LARGER THAN THAT OF THE GRINDER WHO, IN ADDITION, USES A MONKEY. MOST OF OUR READERS MUST HAVE NOTICED THIS.

A COUNTRYMAN ON "KILLED SEED."

A FIELD o' young turmuts is gay to behold,
When 'tis yaller all over wi' patches o' gold.
But 'taint all gold glitters like sunshine so bright:
That there's charlick, unlucky in husbunmun's sight.

And the grain-crops, so plenty as sims on some ground,
When they comes to be ripped med poor projuice be found.
Barren wnts to bad farmun be like to be doo;
Likewise charlick unlucky though smilun' to view.

But when crops, root or grain, comes up scanty and thin,
Or broke out in bare spots like a mangy dog's skin,
'Taint the fault o' sitch tillidge as 'counts fur the weeds:
On the best land no shoots wun't come up from dead seeds.

The sower med goo forth his seed for to sow;
But the live seeds is all o' the kit as 'ool grow.
'Tis from they that red poppies and carn-flowers prevails;
But dead seeds be like dead men—they doan't tell no tales.

Now the dalers in seed has devized a deep thing;
Mixes up with live seed seed killed dead as wun't spring.
For they goos and they bakes it that no weeds med rise,
And bear witness agin 'um to nobody's eyes.

To cotton and cloth we know'd tricks was applied,
And we knows, too, that silk's mixed wi' stuff when 'tis dyed.
Looramassy, how Progress in craft do proceed!
There's a spacies o' shoddy now mingled wi' seed.

Rogues be rogues, to be sure, sitch and all o' one strain;
But the wust rogues for farmers be them rogues in grain.
To chastise sitch offenders no fines won't prevail.
For their potion I'd gi'e 'em hard labour in gaol.

In the good times of old rogues like they, up and down,
At the cart's tail 'd ben properly whipped droo the town,
And then set in the stocks their misdeeds to requite,
Or stood in the pillory, and sarve 'um aright.

For the tricks o' the Seed Trade 'oodst make theeself match?
Thee goo, and thee get thee an old flannel patch

"UTILE DULCI."

PEOPLE complain of the uselessness of the fancy articles which are the staple of Bazaar-stalls. But at Arundel lately they have set a better example. At the Bazaar about to come off there to defray the cost of a Church-Clock and Organ-Case, the programme informs us—

"Besides the usual useful and fancy articles for sale, various novelties are promised, among them being a litter of puppies and a fine young pig."

This is something like. A few years ago a zealous High-Church Churchman was unmercifully roasted for placing a pig's head at the foot of the altar-rails with other harvest-home offerings. But there can hardly be the same objection to a litter of puppies and a fine young pig at a Church-bazaar. Puppies, at least, are no strangers in such places, whatever pigs may be.

An Unexpected Pleasure.

A LAYMAN having lately written to the Bishop of LINCOLN to know why the Bishop turned to the East at the end of his sermon, C. LINCOLN answers:—

"I was not aware of having done what you say was the case; and may I be allowed to add that it would not have been worth while noticing if I had done it. Life is not long enough for debates on such trivialities."

Hear! hear! hear! That *Punch* should find himself heartily saying, "Ditto to C. LINCOLN"!

From out of a blanket the Missus med spare,
Or a petticoat as she no longer wed wear.

Soak in water loo-warm, nigh the vire let 'a stand,
Then a hotbed in little thee 'st got to thy hand.
Sow thy seeds in 't, all counted; the live uns 'ool sprout,
By the dead, which they wun't, the deceiver's found out.

Whensoever I that there ixperiment tries,
'Tis from few seeds I finds as e'er sprouts fails to rise.
For I knows honest folks, and I dales where I knows:
That's the way for a feller to rip as 'a sows.

ENGLAND'S BLACK AND WHITE PAGES.

If Britannia's heart is so often saddened by certain black pages of her own account books, such as the hideous picture of vice, brutal coarseness, and not less brutal selfishness, brought to light by such an exposure as that of "Three Weeks with the Hop-Pickers," in last month's *Frazer*, or the statistics of Liverpool drunkenness, prodigacy, and crime; or sessions and assize comment on the life of any of our large cities, Manchester or Birmingham, Bristol or Glasgow, Edinburgh or Newcastle-upon-Tyne—there are white pages in the same book, opened before us from time to time, to cheer us by their contrast.

Such a page is that which records the dinner given to Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE at Exeter, at which the kindness of old acquaintance, the warmth of country neighbourhood and good-fellowship, and the cordiality of mutual regard and respect, are used to mellow the bitterness of party, and to sweeten the atmosphere of political strife. While opponents in the battle of public life can meet on such terms as prevailed at that Exeter dinner, there is no fear of cowardly manœuvres, dirty dodges, or foul fighting. And so long English public life will be a field for the Gentlemen of England to fight in, and for the people of England to watch the battle, and take part in it, all on their right sides and in their fit places, without rancour, mutual distrust, or anything but the good old English rule of fair play, "a clear stage, no favour, and may the best man win!"



AT THE AQUARIUM.

Juvenile Physiologist. "AND WAS THAT WHERE THE POOR WHALE LIVED, PAPA? DID HE BLUBBER MUCH BEFORE HE DIED, PAPA ??!"

"SMITH'S BEQUEST."

(See the "Times," December 4 and 5.)

THE SMITHS all dine together twice a year—on the birthday of their Benefactor and on Christmas Day.

The dinner is supplied by a SMITH, and cooked by a SMITH, and the waiters are all SMITHS.

The wealthiest SMITH presides, and the latest recipient of the testator's bounty occupies the Vice-Chair.

The only toast given from the Chair is "the Memory of our Benefactor," which is drunk in solemn silence. This year there will be an addition in the shape of "The Master of the Rolls," which will, doubtless, receive the same mournful attention.

After the cloth is drawn, the SMITHS relate anecdotes of their Benefactor's boyhood, and hand round precious relics, such as locks of his wig, fragments of his Alderman's Gown, a button from his waistcoat, his shoe-horn, &c.

They then expatiate on the benefits they have derived from the Bequest; and tell, in tremulous accents, how it has enabled them to send their wives and families to the sea-side, to engage accomplished governesses (with a Parisian accent) for their daughters, to replenish their cellars, to buy new pianos, to enjoy an occasional gallop with the Harriers, and to recruit their own health by pleasant little trips to Paris.

The SMITH who has last joined contributes Champagne to the feast.

The SMITHS write congratulatory notes and send presents (principally portraits of the Alderman) to each other on their birthdays. They intermarry, and are scrupulous in paying the last marks of respect to departed SMITHS.

Once a year the SMITHS visit the tomb of their Benefactor, and deck it with flowers. Afterwards they walk in procession down Smith Street.

The SMITHS being reasonably proud of a descent which can be traced through nearly two hundred and fifty years, and also naturally anxious to confine the testator's bounty to as few SMITHS as possible, narrowly scrutinise the pretensions of every fresh claimant,

A SCOTCH FOSSIL.

"Dr. BEGG, speaking at the Free Church Commission, Edinburgh, Nov. 31, about stained glass windows in churches, said, 'He should like to see the people throw stones at these windows.' —*Scotsman*, Nov. 22.

"WONDERS will never cease," it's said ;
To Science Embro's gi'en a leg,
Since in her kirk this fin's been made,
A Fossil man, ca'd Doctor BEGG !

The Fossil talks, too : through the auld town
Ye'll hear it thunner like Mons Meg !
Wha wants a stane to crack the croon
Of Pope and Papist ?—Hae, there's BEGG !

Gin any Roman read yon speech,
Ma certie he wad get a fleg
When at his head, wi' awsome screech,
Fling itself yon anld Fossil, BEGG !

A stained-glass winnock ! Losh, it shocks
His stammach, like an auld shop egg ;
I trow, the speerit o' JOHN KNOX
Can stir e'en stanes—see Dr. BEGG !

Gin scarlet cloots or storied panes
E'er shock his een, he'll no be gleg
To set the moh a flingin' stanes
As hard and heavy as auld BEGG !

Three centuries auld, if he's a day !
Can't the curators fin' a peg
In our Museum to display
This auld, auld Fossil, Doctor BEGG ?

Or since the Auld Man o' Babylon—
He maun be on his latest leg,
Seeks o' his "partibus" to mak' one
O' Scotland, spite o' Doctor BEGG.

Fearless o' KNOX and Scottish tongue—
That used to fetch him mony a deg ;
Forgetting the defiance flung
By JANET GENDRE and Dr. BEGG.

If there needs fence agin the like,
For folks that's gi'en to tak' a fleg,
To build an anti-Papal dyke
Tak' a few fossils just like BEGG.

so that the new SMITH, the first time he presents himself, is exposed to as many questions as the new boy at school.

The SMITHS felt great alarm when the War broke out between Russia and Turkey, fearing that the latter nation might take to piracy again, and that some disagreeable captives would come forward and claim their share of the Bequest.

The SMITHS all hope they shall live to see that happy time when the estate will produce £50,000 a year.

The SMITHS do not acknowledge the SMYTHS, or the SMYTHES, or the SMITHS—only the original and genuine SMITH.

The SMITHS are strong Conservatives, upholders of things as they are, and opposed to all new-fangled ways and schemes.

Innumerable correspondents, all signing their letters with the same surname, write to express their opinion that if the benefits of the Charity are to be extended, it cannot be better applied than to the relief of another large and respectable class of the community—the Browns. The JONESES and the ROBINSONS are understood to hold similar views. But the Clan SMITHS, to a man, woman, and a child, consider that British property-rights are bound up with SMITH's Bequest, and that any attempt to alter the appropriation of that most usefully employed of all funds will be "Confiscation." "And so say all of us—the SMITHS past, present, and future—which our name is already Lot, and will one day be Legion!"

A New Liverpool Horror.

LIVERPOOL may well be deep in her own Black Books, may well figure on the first page in England's ditto. Think of a town, where, to say nothing of other offenders against the peace of its unoffending inhabitants, widows, those objects of old *Tony Weller's* not unreasonable terror, have waxed so daring that one of them dares to advertise in a recent number of the *Liverpool Mercury* :

WANTED by a Young Widow Lady, a pleasant and superior Home in a Widower's House.

Talk of house-breakers. This is breaking into house and heart, in the same act of burglarious entry !



SANDHURST AND ITS MESSES.

General Bouncer (on a Round of Inspection at Sandhurst). "AUGH! CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT 'MESS' THIS IS?" Cadet. "WELL, THEY CALL IT 'MUTTON,' BUT I WOULDN'T VOUCH FOR IT!"

ÆSTHETIC HOUSE-BREAKING.

THE Town—with the exception of Messrs. AGNEW—heard enough last year of the theft of the Beautiful Duchess.

But we had supposed, notwithstanding the notoriety of that æsthetic “conveyance,” that pictures were still out of the burglar’s little game, and that the gems he was glad to collar did not include gems of Art. We were mistaken it seems. The taste for the Fine Arts seems to have spread to the Cracksman.

Woodfield Lodge, Clayton, Sussex, the house of Captain BAYNHAM, was lately broken into, and a number of valuable pictures untimely ripped from their frames and carried off, including portraits of Queen HENRIETTA MARIA, Prince RUPERT, the Earl of ROCHESTER, and members of the BAYNHAM family. Can it be that the Burglars were ambitious of planting a family tree, and resorted to this means of furnishing a gallery of ancestors? We have known of high-reaching *parvenus* rummaging the Wardour Street *bric-a-brac* establishments with this object, and stealing comes cheaper than buying, even ancestors.

But the look-out thus opened is not pleasant for owners of pictures. While the taste of the æsthetic burglar is confined to historical and family portraits, he will have only the run of our historic houses, and the owners of these are, as a rule, big-wigs who should be able to guard their treasures. But if the taste spread to modern *Genre*, think of the art-treasures of Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham, and all the manufacturing districts, where the seed of Art has been sown broad-cast by the hands of the AGNEWS! What pretty pickings in these places! Then if it rise to Old Masters, and from pictures extend to drawings, think of the plunder of the Devonshire treasure-house, or the portfolios of MALCOLM of Poltalloch, or WILLIAM RUSSELL, or FREDERICK LOCKER! Hitherto it has been thought that the difficulty of disposing of such treasures was their best protection. But æsthetic fences will, no doubt, be developed *pari passu* with æsthetic burglars, and the receiver will soon be as good as the thief at judging an Old Master, or appraising a young one.

A ROUNDABOUT PAPER.

PUNCH is glad to give the publicity of his world-wide circulation to a wonderful tale, not of a tub, let us hope, though of a transport, taken from the Naval and Military column of last Saturday’s *Daily News*. The *D. N.* prints the paragraph in small type. In this modest typographical garb the story might escape notice. A history so creditable to all concerned really ought not to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the minimum of minion. Here it is:—

“Last week an order was issued from the Quartermaster-General’s Office, directing a detachment of the 15th Brigade depot to be sent up to Chatham from the depot at Burnley, to join the 30th Regiment. Instead, however, of the troops being sent direct to Chatham, which they could have reached by rail in the course of a few hours, they were taken all the way to Portsmouth, where they were ordered to embark in her Majesty’s troopship *Assistance*, which conveyed them to Ireland. On arriving at Dublin the *Assistance* was again ordered back to Portsmouth, where, on the arrival of the vessel, the troops were disembarked, and finally sent on to this garrison by railway.”

There! We call that something like a paternal Quartermaster-General’s Office that does not shrink from putting the country to some hundreds of pounds expense, to give a deserving detachment the pleasure of an agreeable “outing,” showing them one of our principal naval stations, and treating them to a run to the Irish capital and back. And by sea, too, and in the month of December! So nice and bracing for them, dear fellows!

We have all heard of the Circumlocution Office... That belonged to the Civil Service. The Military Service has improved upon it, and given us a “Circumlocomotion Office,” over the door of which might be written, “The longest way round is *not* the shortest way home.”

Saying and Doing.

THE SULTAN talks in his Speech on opening his Parliament—odd to be opening his Parliament at the time it looks very like shutting up his European shop altogether—of the “equality his subjects enjoy in the eyes of the law.”

What his subjects complain of is, that they enjoy no equality at the hands of the law, whatever they may do in its eyes. Legal equality in Turkey, they complain, between Moslem and Rayah, is a matter of eyes altogether; being, in fact, all my eye!

We hardly know on which view of the case to dwell—satisfaction that the taste for the Arts should be spreading in this unexpected direction, or sympathy with the picture-possessors who may become its victims.

There is one comfort—an æsthetic burglar would be most unlikely to use a life-preserver, at least if there be truth in the famous couplet and copy-head,

“Ingenus didicisse fideliter artes
Emolliit mores, nec sinit esse feroci.”

Good News for France.

THE Marshal has yielded! His word of command is no longer “All Right—over the Left!” but “By your Left—March!”

In short—if the last reports may be trusted—the Marshal is, at last, out of the mud, and on solid Constitutional ground. While he keeps to his present better mind, obeys the orders of France his mistress, and follows the advice of his friends BRITANNIA and MR. PUNCH, as we wrote last week, “*Il y restera.*”

The stubborn and short-sighted old soldier seems to have throughout allowed himself to be made the cat’s-paw of the DUC DE BROGLIE. He may congratulate himself on being, at last, out of a hopeless im(de) Broglie.

A Superfluous Disclaimer of a Superfluous Licence.

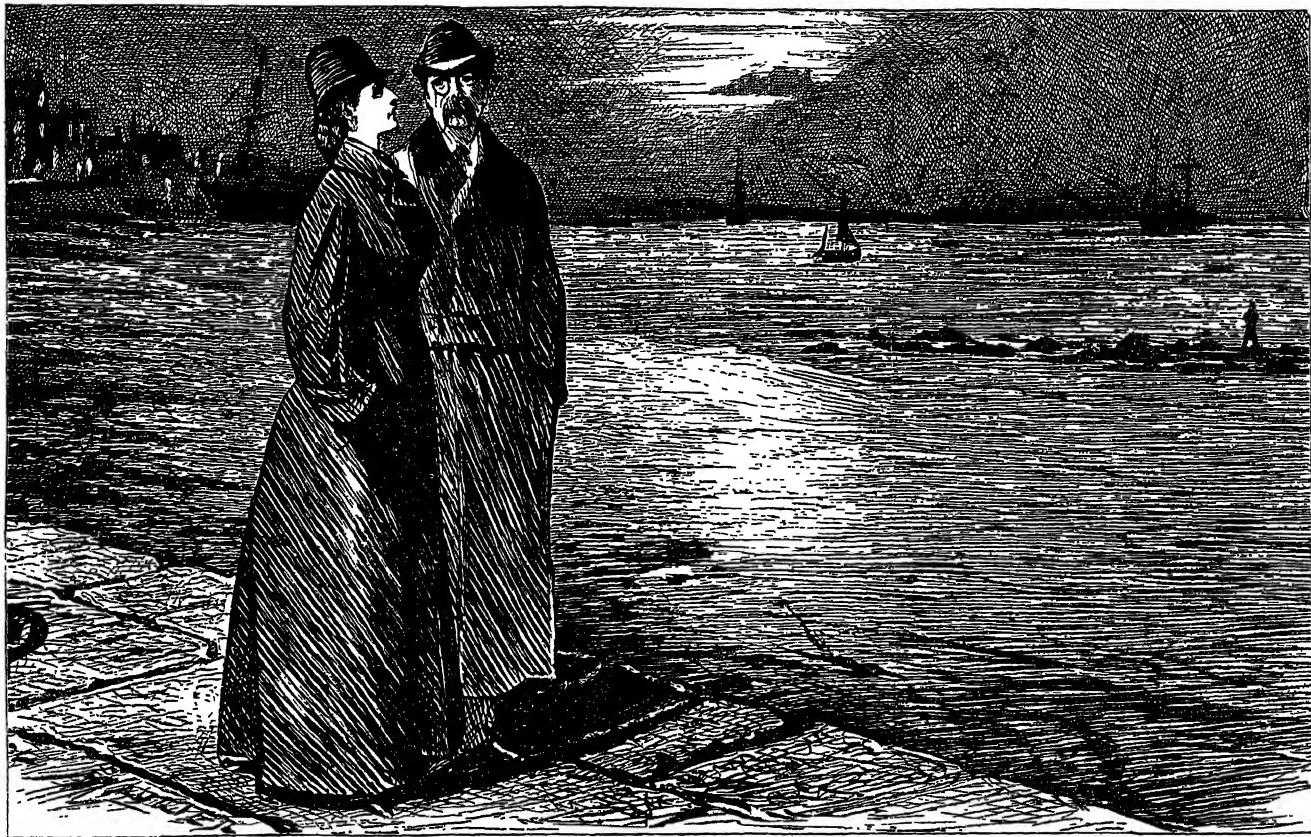
MR. ALGERNON TURNER, in the name of Lord BEACONSFIELD, writes to the Secretary of the Manchester District of the Loyal Orange Institution to deny all knowledge of any foundation for the report that the Pope had written an autograph letter, thanking the QUEEN for leaving his hands free to carve out Scotland into Papal dioceses, with the ecclesiastical machinery thereto appertaining. The dear old Pope needed no such permission. His hands are free to do his worst in the land of JOHN KNOX. He will be likely to get more knocks than Peter’s pence by the experiment.

THE LAST DAYS OF TEMPLE BAR.



"GOOD-BYE, OLD BAR!"

THERE will be no festivities this Christmas at the Mansion House, in consequence of the dissolution of the last of the City Gates. Every possible mark of respect to the departed will be shown on this melancholy occasion. The Mace and Sword will be enveloped in crape, Gog and Magog draped in black, and the Lord Mayor's Footmen will wear their State-Mourning liveries.



THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

Jones. "DID YOU SEE THE STAR-SHOWER THE OTHER NIGHT, MISS JESSICA?"

Miss Jessica (with a rapid but comprehensive survey of the Heavens). "No. BUT IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MUCH, FOR THERE ARE NO STARS MISSING!"

No dinners will be given by the City Companies while the work of demolition is in progress.

The Members for the City have all retired to the seclusion of their country seats.

The farewell visit of the Corporation to the Bar is described as having been a most touching scene. The Chamberlain pronounced a moving oration. The LORD MAYOR at last had to be led off, supported on each side by the Sheriffs. Several members of the party could with difficulty be induced to leave a spot endeared to them by so many tender recollections and associations, and when they did tear themselves away, cast many "a longing, lingering look behind." Bits of mortar and cement, fragments of placards, old nails, and other precious mementoes, were eagerly sought after, and carefully wrapped up in paper, to be treasured as reliquies and handed down as heirlooms.

The men employed in the work of destruction have been specially selected for their good character and known attachment to the City, its rights and privileges. Many of them are Freemen, or connected with Freemen. They were all admonished to execute their task orderly, quietly, and in absolute silence. Tea and coffee, from the still-room at the Mansion House, are served out to them at intervals by sympathising Watermen.

Every stone as it is removed will be folded in brown paper, and sealed with the Corporation seal. When the Bar is set up again, each Alderman, Deputy, and Common Councillor, will have the privilege of relaying one of these stones, which will be marked with his initials.

Hourly bulletins of the progress of the work will be despatched to the Mansion House.

The staff of Messrs. CHILD'S Bank will put on complimentary mourning.

A photograph of the Bar, edged with a deep black border, will be presented to every Member of the Corporation and of the LORD MAYOR'S household.

Many of the female relatives of the Corporation have been hysterical ever since the scaffolding was erected. In their visits to the West End, to avoid Fleet Street and the Strand, they make use of the Embankment.

The Cabmen, as they went under the Bar for the last time, lowered their whips, to which a piece of black ribbon was almost universally attached.

The Shades of Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN, of Dr. JOHNSON and GOLDSMITH (arm-in-arm), and of one or two headless persons, have been seen by several Spiritualists flitting about the neighbourhood.

Telegrams of condolence and sympathy are hourly received at the Mansion House from corporate bodies throughout the world.

The Remembrancer and the Architect have jointly composed an Elegy for the mournful occasion, which will be set to appropriate music, and sung by an efficient Choir on the last night of the Old Year in the Guildhall Crypt.

The Common Crier was left weeping when our despatch was sent off.

CHRISTMAS WAITS.

LONDON waiting for Cleopatra's Needle.

Christmas Diners-out in town and benighted Cabmen waiting for lamplight on street names and house numbers.

The Claimant waiting for ARTHUR ORTON.

Dr. KENEALY waiting for 20,000 sixpences.

The trees in Hawarden Park waiting for Mr. GLADSTONE.

Messrs. BIGGAR and PARNELL waiting for next Session's little game of obstruction.

Temple Bar waiting for a new site.

Master TOMMY waiting for his Christmas mince-pies and plum-puddings.

The Family Doctor waiting for Master TOMMY.

Turkey waiting for her second wind.

Servia, Greece, Bosnia, and Herzegovina waiting for their slices of Turkey. And, lastly,

Every true Briton waiting to wish Mr. Punch a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

A HINT FROM THE NAVY.—Colonel HENDERSON is introducing Dog-watches in the Police.

A REALLY NEW CHRISTMAS NUMBER.



T his time of the year the shops are deluged with Christmas numbers, in which Yule-tide is painted in the most glowing colours. Snow, robins, and good cheer abound in these so-called seasonable Annuals. For a novelty, *Mr. Punch* suggests that a grand extra number shall be published, by all the periodical publishers in concert, in which Christmas shall be depicted as it is. Were this done, the following circular might be issued immediately:—

DREARY CHRISTMAS!

Mr. Punch begs to announce the United Publishers' grand Yuletide Annual.

Amongst the Illustrations will be found "A Row in a Family Party;" "The Doctor's Visit to the Nursery on Boxing-Day;" "The Man in Possession on Christmas-Eve;" "The Christmas Sermon—TOMMIE fast Asleep;" "Christmas in Seven Dials—Thrashing the Missus;" "Putting up Umbrellas on Christmas-Day," &c., &c.

The following seasonable Stories have been written for *Dreary Christmas*:—"How JOHNNY NOGO spent Christmas-Day in the Debtors' Ward of Holloway Prison;" "The Story of the Clown who Used a real red-hot Poker;" "How ARCHIE MUDDLEGASH found a Writ in a Christmas Pudding;" "How a certain Christmas was spent in Lodgings at Herne Bay;" "Christmas-Day at Doctor BIRCH's Boarding-School, and how the Anglo-Indian Scholars enjoyed it;" "Why DAN PERIWINKLE tried to Hang Himself on Boxing-Day," &c., &c.

Besides the above, *Dreary Christmas* will be adorned with a magnificent double-page Illustration, entitled, "Bringing in the Christmas Bills," printed in black and white, with an emblematical border of funereal arabesques founded on the famous Danse-Macabre of the Fourteenth Century, in which, instead of Death arresting all conditions of men, Father Christmas will be represented leaving his bills on representatives of all classes and callings.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

To the Gaiety to see the Grasshopper, and, after the Grasshopper's over, to the Oxford to see an Acrobatic Performance.

SIR,

The Grasshopper has been produced at the Gaiety. Those who have seen *La Cigale* in Paris must dismiss that fact from their memory before going to see *The Grasshopper* in London. *La Cigale*, on her native heath at the Variétés, began at about eight and chirped till eleven. There was a short piece before it, I fancy, of not much importance. *La Cigale*, however, was the *pièce de résistance*. It was in three long Acts, whereof the first gave promise of a brilliant melodramatic future—a promise never subsequently fulfilled. The two French Authors—for in France it almost always takes the same number to a piece as to a quarrel—had first-rate materials for dramatic work in their hands, and made nothing of them; for *La Cigale* is simply and plainly a very poor piece, quâd piece, considered apart from the acting in general, and from Mlle. CHAUMONT's inimitable performance in particular.

The First Act was excellent, well played all round; DUPUIS good, PARADE capital, the Showman and his artistes very funny, and the CHAUMONT admirable. The Second Act was mere farce, excepting one excellent bit of comedy between Mlle. CHAUMONT and LASSOCHE, who, however, finished what he had to do in the Act in the broadest burlesque style. The audience roared at it, because it was LASSOCHE, I suppose, and because they had long before tacitly accepted the Second Act as a farce, and had been allowed by the authors to forget all about the dramatic interest of *La Cigale*. The Third Act, played in a scene which was a wild caricature of an artist's studio, was saved by some wonderful little pathetic

touches given by CHAUMONT, the unapproachable, who, by the way, had whipped up the business of the Second Act by her quarrel à la mode de la Mère Angot with the young lady who is no better than she should be, and much worse than one likes to see her.

To sum up, *La Cigale* is a very unequal and unsatisfactory piece, fairly answering its purpose, which was to exhibit the wonderful powers and peculiarities of Mlle. CELINE CHAUMONT—now graceful, now grotesque, and oftenest an indescribable intermixture of the two. And this is just what *The Grasshopper* seems to be. A better English *Grasshopper* than Miss NELLY FARREN would be difficult to find. If she does not do what Mlle. CHAUMONT did, it may be fairly replied that at the Gaiety the piece and performers must push along, and keep moving as rapidly as possible towards the climax of the evening; that is, the burlesque. For one, I wish that Miss NELLY FARREN could have had more elbow-room, but a first piece at the Gaiety must finish before 9:30, or else where would the burlesque be, while in these late-dining days few will enter the stalls before eight, and in view of the early closing regulations, nobody cares to remain in a theatre after eleven. *Ergo*, any first piece, to catch an entire audience, must commence at eight, and then cannot last more than an hour-and-a-half—a very limited time for three Acts, including the "Waits"—the Christmas Waits just now—while the curtain is down.

So *The Grasshopper* (without any reference to *La Cigale*) is a farcical piece, in which there is plenty of scope for Miss NELLY FARREN's fun, and opportunity for Mr. TERRY to score something out of the eccentric part of *Flippitt*, the harmonist in colours. M. DUPUIS (to refer for once to *La Cigale*) played this part in Paris, and, with greater opportunities, made less of it than Mr. TERRY does. Mr. SOUTAR is good as the Manager of the Acrobatic Troupe, and I should think that by the time this notice appears the scene between Miss NELLIE FARREN and Mr. ROXE, culminating in a burlesque dance, will go enormously. Mr. MACLEAN's old Nobleman is a very good little bit, better than the French original, which was mere caricature; and, by the way, Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD is to be complimented on two good names for his aristocrats—the *Earl of Bogland*, and his son, the *Hon. Mr. Morass*. The latter struck me as beautiful all round. *Lady Buckram* isn't bad as a name, and *Mrs. Leigh* a good realisation of the character.

So much for *The Grasshopper*. The burlesque of *Dr. Faust* goes as well as ever. The trio with Mr. TERRY's "*Luby Marguerite*" and dance, and then the Zazel business, are the two hits. Also, I quite understand the enthusiasm of the stalls, whose cry, just now, is *Vive la Rayne!*

Those who like acrobats, à propos of *Grasshopper*, should see the Wonderful Somebodies at the Oxford, whose names I couldn't catch—that's either the Chairman's fault, or the fault of the visitors who will give their orders while the waiters are in the room, or the fault of waiters who would open soda-water and other popping drinks whenever I wanted to listen to anything, and never would give me a programme, so that I was perpetually being taken by surprise throughout the evening, never knowing what was coming next. Well, as I was saying these gymnasts, one female and two male gymnasts (if you add these up, Sir, you'll find it's three gymnasts altogether), are wonderful. Keep your eye on the star at the top of the hall in the roof, and—you'll see. I won't destroy the excitement by telling you what is coming; all I can say is, Look up! and if you enjoy the performance drink to the health of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

THE GATHERING OF THE EAGLES.

Down! The Bear's tightening grip has done its work.
A prisoner, baffled, bleeding, lies the Turk.
Down, not dishonoured; at the victor's feet,
Yet who dare say the conquest is complete?
A gallant fight! No gladiator, prone
In the net's folds, too strongly, surely thrown,
E'er better won the generous applause
Which greets stark courage, in whatever cause.
The breathless Bear, all scarred and staggering, stands
And licks the wounds dealt by those desperate hands,
Admiring, doubting, jubilant yet grave,
As the brave should be who have quelled the brave.
Down, but not dead yet! On the darkened air
Resounds the whirr of wings. The quarry there,
Prostrate at last, is one which ravening beaks
Have long been keen to rend; from far the shrieks
Of the obscene winged things are heard—
Eagle and vulture, kite and baser bird.
The Bear alone the foe has dared confront,
Alone of that fierce battle borne the brunt,
But to the field, for rending of the prey,
Many will flock that never shared the fray.



THE GATHERING OF THE EAGLES.

Yon fallen fighter was a general foe,
And those he spurned would spurn *him*, lying low.
Some would fain rob the robber overthrown,
And some would seize the chance to clutch their own;
And so, with worse or better cause they flock
Fast to the field, ere yet the battle's shock
Is surely o'er. As yet the end is not
To all the weary tale of war and plot,
Of brute oppression, scarce less brutal zeal
To grind oppressor 'neath avenger's heel;
Of wrong that dares, of right that meanly shrinks,
Pretence that struts, and selfishness that slinks,
And pseudo-patriotism, small in act,
But large in talk, of self-conceit compact.
Has Peace no voice that may at last be heard?
Justice no claim at length to be preferred?
Who'll speak for honesty and human ruth,
Fair-play out-clamoured, and scarce-heeded truth?
Shall we leave Eagles, Kites, and Crows alone,
To tear the quarry at such cost o'erthrown?
Or will the Lion that has kept aloof
Bestir himself at length in Right's behoof,
Not Interest's only—stand betwixt the Bear
And those he came to save, is bound to spare?
'Twas Lion's fault they sought those dangerous arms;
'Tis Lion's part to see they take no harms.

COBBE TO THE RESCUE!



URELY not before it was wanted, Miss FRANCES POWER COBBE has been holding a Conference, preliminary to the publication of a paper, on the "Little Health of Women," — a translation, no doubt, of the delicate French phrase "*Petite santé*," which means not so much positive illness as a general out-of-healthiness, something which justifies an interesting invalid in maintaining she is "not well," when at the same time she would hardly

feel justified in proclaiming herself ill. It is a very dangerous crisis for affectionate and impressionable husbands, who often find feminine attacks made under cover of *la petite santé* peculiarly irresistible.

When Miss COBBE proceeded to formulate the causes for this "little health," *Punch* can only feel astonished, not that the sex should have "little health," but that they should have any health at all.

Here is Miss COBBE's summary: Neglect of exercise, discouragement of appetite, tight-lacing, sentimental brooding over disappointments, lack of healthy occupation for mind and body, false hair, bonnets that don't protect the head, heavy-dragging skirts, high heels, and pull-backs.

This is a formidable list, and it might have been made larger—for fashionable females—late hours, unwholesome excitement, crowded rooms, low dresses, sudden alternations of heat and cold, and many more potent causes of the ills that fashionable flesh is heir to.

If a crusade against these self-inflicted women's wrongs could be set agoing by the lady-advocates of Women's Rights, the "little health" of the Ladies would become larger, and might in time grow as large and lusty as that of their Lords.

Let us hope that the Cobbing which these fashionable insanitary practices have been subjected to, may lead to still more strenuous efforts to punish them with something worse than Cobbing—to their effectual putting down; till at length the British woman, even of fashion, can walk abroad without the false symmetry of a tight corset, the deceptive elevation of high heels, and the degrading thralldom of a "pull-back."

OUR WINTER EXHIBITION.

No. III.—SKETCH OF SRIMPAGE-ON-SEA IN WINTER.

(*Panoramic View continued by Our Own Quiet Observer.*)

A QUAIN town is Srimpgate. The longer you know it the quainter you find it. The two main thoroughfares are constructed on the principle of "One at a time, Gentlemen, if you please!" In some parts, walking on the narrow strip of pavement would be an excellent preparation for tight-rope dancing. Of two foot-passengers, meeting, the weakest-minded goes into the road. Hence it may be easily imagined, that catching a train, when there are a few coal-waggons and a drove of cattle in the way, is a trying process for even the most angelic temper. It is only a Quiet Observer who can view these obstructions unmoved. "Unmoved" is quite the word, as whatever his hurry might be, there he would have to remain, if there were only an obstructionist dray before him. No objurgation, no explanation, no peroration would impress on the drayman the importance of the situation. Yet there are Vestry meetings and Board meetings, and Magistrates' meetings, and stormy Town Council meetings, and rows and rumours of rows, and Local Srimpgate Newspapers to increase the excitement. But nothing is done, or, at least, very little, for the improvement of the thoroughfares of Srimpgate-on-Sea.

Your Quiet Observer, venturing to inquire, "Why is this thus?" —which he cheerfully admits is no business of his—is answered mysteriously, "Vested Interests, Sir, Vested Interests." Why can't we have a good broad street? "Vested Interests, Sir." Why can't that old tumble-down house be pulled down, and the way cleared, before it comes down of itself with a run? "Vested Interests, Sir."

Srimpgate speculators do burst out into building sometimes, but their efforts are made on the outskirts of the town, where you will see occasional rows of modern Cockney villas suddenly cropping up in the middle of waste land, almost all untenanted, some closed entirely, others with plaintive appeals to the passers-by in the shape of hand-bills with such words in big letters as "Freehold—to be Sold," "Lease," "To be Let, Unfurnished," for seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years,— "it may be," as the song says, "for years, or it may be for ever!" In this quarter may be seen one shop, which started wildly. A toy-shop: at least it seems to have begun as a toy-shop, perhaps under the impression that such extraordinary people as might be induced to come and live in this out-of-the-way place would be in want of amusement. From toys that shop seems to have gone in for sweets, from sweets into shop-eggs (a job lot apparently, still on hand after several months), and finally into everything at hap-hazard generally, the stock consisting of very little of anything at all, but displaying, as a genuine attraction to the accidental passer-by, three wooden hoops, five children's whips, the job-lot of eggs aforesaid, some old sweets in dusty glass jars, some dry biscuits, a few fly-papers with flies still there (frozen now), and a quantity of poor old shrivelled-up, second-hand apples.

But Your Quiet Observer has wandered away from the sea-shore of Srimpgate with which he is more immediately concerned.

On his way round and about and back again, Your Observer notices that if an abundance of weathercocks is a sign of a people's prosperity, then the Srimpgaters ought to be in the most flourishing condition. These weathercocks are not all of one mind simultaneously, but they get on very well, and suit themselves to the atmosphere in which they find themselves. There is one, on an eminence, that insists on pointing eastwards, when all the others are westerly,—but, perhaps, he may have ritualistic tendencies, and so, while all his blooming companions are weatherwise, he persists in being otherwise.

Old Srimpgate, which has never in its life until quite recently, pretended to anything like a fashionable existence, is not seen at its best, in what is called here, the Season; on the contrary, Srimpgate is then at its worst and weakest.

But now, in these winter months, when the mornings are bright, and it is so deceptively warm in the sunshine, and so remorselessly cold out of it, is the time of times for Srimpgate; that is, for those who have that true maritime instinct which displays itself in pilot-jackets and telescopes, and never quitting the shore. Yes, now is the time to see Srimpgate to advantage, when the sea, having got rid of such society as the Season brought to the sands, throws off all restraint, and not having to deal gently with bathers, goes in for tossing about the sons of the ocean, having a regular holiday week with the buoys, and playing pitch-and-toss with the fishermen and the native and foreign mariners. Now it goes in for real sea-horseplay, and, breaking through all bounds, it commences a series of, what may appear to it, as excellent practical jokes, such as knocking down sea-walls, breaking up vessels, sinking ships, attacking the life-boats, banging colliers against piers so violently as to smash both; doing all this at night (just as young larkers of the Tom-and-Jerry period about town used to select the small hours for wrenching door-knockers, "boxing Charlies," and so forth),



MAL À PROPOS.

Athletic Curate (from adjacent Parish, who had been following the Hounds on foot, and been "thrown out"). "WELL, SIR, DID YOU KILL HIM ! [He meant the Fox. But it was an awkward question; for the Horseman was our new village Doctor, who had been over the Country (he had travelled far, and was a good deal splashed), visiting his sick Patients all the Morning.—Explanations! Apologies!

and then in the morning looking as quiet, calm, and gentle as if it had never been out rollicking about from midnight in in all its life, and as if it couldn't say "bo" to a gull, or upset even a little rowing-boat, no, bless you, not for the world! What, that quiet-looking sea do all the mischief! Impossible! You can't believe it. What, that gentle, sunny-looking, sweetly-murmuring, playfully-plashing sea do anyone any harm! Never! It can't be! What, those shy, modest, little baby-waves, which just run a little way up the steps of the sea-wall and back again, so bashfully, so timidly, what those break out madly at night and knock down this solid masonry and carry away the huge stones? Bah! Impossible! Fact, nevertheless.

But after a storm how busy is everyone at Srimpgate! Up above, on the cliffs, old men are gathered together, their united ages amounting to several thousands (they don't die at Srimpgate,—they disappear gradually, and vanish to somewhere—perhaps the offing, where they live happily ever after), explaining to one another how it all happened, and how each one recollects it worse than this, bless you, on a similar occasion years ago. Telescopes of all shapes, ages, sizes, and capabilities, are brought out, and everyone who can get anything like a glass, is "looking-out for himself," and sweeping the horizon. The horizon ought to be a very clean place, at all events in the neighbourhood of Srimpgate, seeing what an immense amount of sweeping it gets from everyone here, professional and non-professional, daily. The only wonder is that it isn't swept away altogether. Nursery-maids, with suffering babies in perambulators, and shivering, damp-nosed, wintery children, are eagerly listening to the tales of the old Bath-chair men, all more or less nautical; shop-boys with baskets, porters with somebody's luggage, not caring a straw about whether somebody is in a hurry or not, are all drinking in the tales of the old salts, who know all about it, and who are delighted at getting a new audience.

Strange people, these old salts of the Cliff, something between ancient mariners and flymen out of place; but they are ready to work with a will if necessary, and will volunteer for the lifeboat as a matter of course, only to be refused on account of their advanced age. There they are on the Cliff, pointing out nothing in the distance to one another, each one professing to see it clearer than the

other every moment. Then to come down towards the Harbour. At the Consul's office—for Srimpgate possesses a Consul, which gives a classic tone to the place—there is a great deal of rushing up and down the steps leading to the Consul's door. In and out of the Consulate are constantly passing weather-beaten, foreign-looking men, with coal-heaving sort of hats, of very earnest demeanour, generally looking uncomfortable and ill at ease, but invariably mysterious. As Your Observer watches the Consul's visitors, it seems to him, that every one of them goes in with a pain in his conscience. They have the anxious expression of patients waiting for their turn in a doctor's ante-room. When they come out, two at a time, they are mostly arguing, in some unknown tongue, and never seem to have experienced much relief.

Your Quiet Observer, for his part, confesses to have a great curiosity to enter that Consul's office. To his own knowledge he has never seen a Consul, except in an illustrated History of Rome, and that picture has, he fancies, strongly tinged his present ideas on the subject. Sometimes Your Observer thinks to himself that he will invent an excuse for penetrating into the *sanctum*, and obtaining an interview; but, when it comes to the point, his courage fails. Yet there is a picture in Your Observer's mind's eye (or in the mind's eye of Your Observer) of what that august Presence must be. The classic scene behind those green blinds can be as easily imagined as described. Of course there is much red drapery, specially as a background to the Consul, who is sitting in a gilded chair, on a dais, like one of the KEMBLE family got up for *Coriolanus* (see old engraving). At each corner of the steps by which the Consul mounts to his seat on the dais, are two ancient tripods, on which burn two classic lamps; while somewhere, in a corner, is a small brasier, not so much for purpose of warmth as for the clerks to throw incense into, which, of course, is part of the ceremony on the Consul's taking his seat in the morning. Two Lictors, in full dress, modified by the climate of Srimpgate-on-Sea—Marine Lictors, with telescope-fasces—stand erect, guarding the approach; while on a peculiarly constructed chair with bow legs, massive elbows, and no back, sits, arrayed in all the glory of *toga* and trimmings, the Consul himself, CARUS PLANCUS, pronounced "QUAY-US PLANCUS," on account of his having so much to do with



A CANDID CHILD.

Landlady's Little Girl. "Ah, MOTHER LOOKS NICE IN THAT BONNET THAN YOU DO!"

the Harbour; and for "PLANCUS," or "Aboard," the reason is evident, in the case of a nautical Consul ready to hear maritime causes, adjudicate between pilots and pirates, investigate scuttling, report to Lloyd's, to the Board of Trade, and communicate intelligence to all the Consuls in various parts of the globe.

This picture may be purely ideal, but, for the classical honour of BRITANNIA, Your Observer hopes it is not. BRITANNIA, in her robes and helmet, ought to be served by Consuls in the *Toga Nauticais*, whom she could stir up occasionally, when expecting them to do their duty, with that otherwise useless Trident which she always carries. Why the Trident? Useful for periwinkles. Were Your Observer a certain celebrated glove-maker, he would adopt, as his trade-mark the figure of BRITANNIA with a "Try Dent" in her hand. This *jeu de mot* is one of the results of the Shrimp cure at Shrimpgate.

But, à propos of "Consul," if this surmise is incorrect, then would it not be better to drop the title of Consul altogether, while retaining the office, which, in a seaport town, is no sinecure? but what the new name is to be let the Great Elder Brethren decide. It falls not within the reach of Your Observer's Observations.

Hydrocephalous?

"Many supposed that there was a lack of water in India, but there was only a lack of brains."—SIR ARTHUR COTTON at Manchester.

"WITHOUT irrigation our system is rotten";—
With conviction to Manchester so preaches COTTON:—
COTTON's teaching in Manchester can't be in vain,
But e'en water may harm when it gets on the brain.

BEYOND THE PALE OF REDEMPTION.—The Ottoman Defence Loan.

SEASONABLE CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

For—

Tommy (aged twelve months). A number of new faces gathered round the family board, with liberty to howl at them.

Bertie (aged ten). A month's holidays, with privilege of turning home into a scene of constant terrors.

Fanny (aged eighteen). Twelve invitations to Christmas dances, and twenty-five gushing letters from school-friends.

Mary (aged twenty). A long letter from him.

John (aged twenty-five). A much longer letter from her.

Jack (aged twenty-eight). Twenty-six tradesmen's bills marked "pressing," and an intimation from his banker that he has overdrawn his account.

James (aged twenty-nine). A cheerful report from the Steward at his "place in the country," and a dozen invitations to spend Christmas at twelve different country-houses.

Frank (aged thirty). A request from the Committee of his Club not to use the smoking-room after 4 A.M.

Florence (aged thirty-two). A large "little account" for cosmetics from her hairdresser, and a long visit from her dressmaker with a longer bill.

Lucy (aged thirty-five). A really useful thing in Ulsters, and a cheque to be expended upon presents for the children.

Harry (aged thirty-six). One shilling left him by his father's will.

Henry (aged thirty-seven). Ten thousand a year from the death of a distant cousin.

Mary (aged forty). Thirty-six Christmas cards with good wishes for the season from as many nephews and nieces.

Paterfamilias (aged fifty). Twelve school bills and a dozen earnest requests for places for the Christmas pantomime.

Grandpapa (aged seventy-two). An arm-chair by the Christmas fire, and an invitation to dance "*Sir Roger de Coverley*" with little Rose.

Great Grandpapa (aged ninety-four). A chill, a doctor, a nurse, and a hearse.

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

COMMENTING on the Marshal's return to legality, the *Univers* says, "Disaster now begins." The *World* says, "Disaster now ends, and Peace and Prosperity begin."

A GORDIAN KNOT.

THERE has been a discussion lately as to the relative intellectual standing of the Celt and the Saxon. The Celtic superiority in quick-wittedness seems to be generally admitted. Like other Irish characteristics, this appears to extend to inhabitants of the Pale, to judge by the following advertisement which has lately been repeated in several issues of a Dublin paper. It is evidently addressed to a very quick-witted public, as only such a public could extricate the advertiser from the hopeless tangle in which he has mixed himself up with his late and future employers:—

Butler in a Small Family.—A young Man, Protestant, wishes to procure a situation as above; my last master gave me an excellent discharge as Butler, and trusted the keys of wine and wine cellar, and acted as Valet, and made myself generally useful and most obliging; strictly sober, and honest, and all the excellent recommendations; also an excellent place for the past nine years: another noble lady who has received an excellent character of me, and she is anxious to enclose it to any Lady or Gentleman who may engage him as a trustworthy servant; wages, £20 a year, and find my own dress clothes, or £16, with two suits in the year. Please address county Carlow Post-office, will be heard for a week.

Something like a Bargain.

WHO says London has got nothing by way of equivalent for the millions spent on her Sewerage Works? Ask Captain CALVER. She has got a cesspool between Gravesend and Blackwall—names not of pleasant omen—eight miles long, 750 yards broad, and a yard and a half deep, brim-full of odorous and oscillating sewage!

Call that nothing! If it needed a CALVER to reveal this cheering fact, how huge a calf must be the Metropolitan Bumble whom this CALVER has brought to light in our *Cloaca Maxima*, the Thames!

CHRISTMAS ON THE CARDS AND IN THE CRACKERS.



ALTHOUGH the flowers of summer have never hitherto been coaxed into blossom in our Christmas gardens, such a phenomenon is, at least, on Christmas cards, and in Christmas crackers. Never do we remember such an outburst of floral splendour as now brightens the stationers' windows, thanks to the unprecedented activity and ingenuity of such spirited Christmas gardeners as Messrs. DE LA RUE, MARCUS WARD, and their rivals. Not only do these magicians make all sorts of flowers blossom at Christmastide, till the old-fashioned evergreens of the season with their monotonous relief of red holly-berries, and pale neutral-toned fruits of the mistletoe bough, are fain to shrink into the background, outblazed; but they can people their floral Christmas world with all manner of birds and beasts, actual and antediluvian, with gnomes and elves, nixies and pixies, and

even with Watteauish little men and maidens in the most charming costumes, and the prettiest groups, of that good old time which is a great deal too good to have ever been true. King Christmas has, in fact, quite dethroned Saint Valentine.

Punch is but too conversant with the Postman, and knows better than any one the all-engulfing capacity of the waste-paper basket. But for some days past he has been sitting patiently under an unceasing down-pour of Christmas books from publishers whose name is legion, Christmas cards, Christmas calendars, Christmas wall-decorations, Christmas pocket-books, and Christmas purses showered on him by the liberal hands of DE LA RUE, MARCUS WARD, and their fellow caterers for the Christmas market. And then comes the bombardment, fitted to these days of war, of whole volleys of crackers and cosiques fired by Captains CADMAN and SMITH, from the most ingeniously contrived batteries, concealed in portmanteaus, trunks, Eau-de-Cologne bottles, blue china mugs, and scores of other forms as quaint and far-fetched, till he is literally buried in flowers and embalmed in sweetstuff before his time. If only *Punch* could deal out all these cards, use all these diaries, keep all the Saints' days of all these calendars, pull all these crackers, plunder all these cosiques, and fill all these purses! As it is he can only show his admiration of the grace and prettiness of these mementos of the moment, meant apparently, like sugar-plums, to take out of the mouth the bitter of Christmas Bills, by denying them the dishonour of the waste-paper basket and the closing ceremony of cremation.

All must admit that never before was so much grace of design, brilliancy of colour, and fertility of invention employed for the honour of Old Father Christmas and the delectation of his votaries, young and middle-aged. Our Schools of Design have done something for the Art of the Christmas card and the Christmas cracker, as well as for the papers on our walls and the china on our tables.

Mr. CROSS might take "Our Christmas Cards and Crackers" as the text of his next æsthetic sermon. Nay, JOHN RUSKIN, our æsthetic Jupiter Tonans, in his Olympus of Coniston Old Man, may even now be forging, out of their *disjecta membra*, thunderbolts for the luckless heads of WARD, DE LA RUE, CADMAN, and SMITH, and lesser offenders of the same stamp.

Let them look out for squalls if that monarch of all he surveys in the Arts proceeds, as our American cousins say, to "give them thunder." Meanwhile, *Punch* can only admire, as he abides, the "pelting of the pitiless storm," while he feels that there *may* be such a thing as a deluge even of the most delectable Christmas Cards, and Christmas Crackers.

THE SHORTEST DISPATCH OF THE WAR.

My dear CZAREVNA,
We've taken Plevna.
Yours,
ALEXANDER NICHOLAEVICH.

"ROGUES IN GRAIN."—The sellers of "killed" seed.

AN INFLEXIBLE VERDICT.

PUNCH asked—when the *Inflexible's* stability was doubted, And REED roared loud, as REED does roar, and Constructors' critics shouted,

And BARNBY and the Admiralty were generally scouted—

"Will she swim, OBADIAH, will she swim?"

Punch—as M.P. for Great Britain—saw her model in its tank, With his own eyes saw her floating, thought her anything but crank; But the great REED wasn't satisfied, and hinted hanky-pank Had been tried on to persuade us she could swim.

Then came tall talk in Parliament, hard hitting in the Press, And things seemed getting in a snarl, poor WARD HUNT in a mess, And between the black and white both ways 'twas mighty hard to guess—

"Would she swim, OBADIAH, would she swim?"

So they named a Committee, the tip-toppest that could be, An Admiral, a Doctor, an F.R.S., and a C.E., To sit on the *Inflexible* inflexibly, and see—

"Could she swim, OBADIAH, could she swim?"

And now that Committee has sat and made report, Which comes down on each question with sharp clause, if not short,

And Constructor BARNBY may on ex-Constructor REED retort—

"She will swim, OBADIAH, she will swim."

If the *dicta* of HOPE and WOODLEY, of RENDEL and of FROUD, With scientific specialists and unscientific crowd,

Against J. R. REED his *dictum* their due weight are allowed,

"She should swim, OBADIAH, she should swim."

Of course REED isn't silenced—it is not his way to be.

He has the last word in the *Times*; won't let things drop, not he: 'Gainst Constructors and Reporters he has set forth his decree—

"She shan't swim, OBADIAH, she shan't swim."

But, in spite of REED his roaring, let's hope BARNBY's not depressed,

And that no *post-mortem* grumbling can break poor WARD HUNT's rest.

And that Britons all may chorus, under E. J. REED's protest,

"She will swim, OBADIAH, she will swim!"

MAKING A CLEAN BREAST OF IT.

"A numerous population, non-combatant and inoffensive, women and children, whose life and honour ought, according to the usages of war, to have been respected, have been subjected to cruel treatment, revolting to humanity."

THIS is a passage from the SULTAN'S Speech on opening his Parliament. It is gratifying to find the Padishah so frankly avowing the horrors of Batak, Olti-keni, and Philippopolis. All the more, when he adds—

"I am pleased to hope that in the future nothing will prevent the truth in that respect from coming to the light."

After this fresh confession, we may indeed say, "Never too late to mend."

The Difference to a T.

MAJORITY won't vote supplies;

MACMAHON swears that *he* won't trudge it.

"Until you budge"—the Chamber cries,

"We, as purseholders, will not budget."

Protestant Degradation in Ireland.

An indignant Irish Protestant writes to us—"Talk of the equality of the Protestant and Papist before the law since GLADSTONE's suicidal measure of Disestablishment! Look at this—a public advertisement cut from the Dublin *Daily Express* of the 7th instant":—

WANTED, a steady, sober, and respectable Protestant to drive in single harness!

REASSURING.

It should surely have occurred to the minds of the owners and other parties interested, that the protracted absence of the lately missing Atlantic steamer might have been accounted for by the fact that *The City of Berlin* was on the Spree.



HARD TIMES.

Principal. "WHAT ARE THE FIRM'S REQUIREMENTS, MR. SCREWGY?"
Head Clerk. "HORSE WANTS FOUR NEW SHOES, SIR."

Principal. "THAT ALL! HUM! WRITE FOR TENDERS TO THREE OR FOUR OF THE PRINCIPAL HOUSES—SHOES TO BE DELIVERED AT OUR WORKS—STATE UTMOST CREDIT—AND HOW MUCH IN CASH THEY'LL ALLOW FOR THE OLD ONES!!!"

GHAZI OSMAN AND THE NEWSPAPERS.

For daring fabrication of false news, and unscrupulous propagation of such news knowing it to be false, the present War stands, we would fain believe, alone among the collisions that in our time have enlisted unscrupulous journalism. But on this side the Channel, at least, the Turcophilic and Russophobe Press can boast a proud pre-eminence in *suppressio veri suggestio falsi*, discolouring and distortion of facts, invention of fictions, and every other device of meanness which greatly-daring partisanship can employ for the advancement of its ends, or blind and besotted prejudice can accept and avail itself of, under the comprehensive cloak of pious fraud.

One of the most striking illustrations both of large liberty in lying, and of bigoted readiness not only to swallow the lie, but to moralise on it after the writer's own one-sided fashion, is to be found in the circumstantial story of Ghazi Osman's suicide, which reached this country through the channel of "Our Special—very Special—Correspondent" of the Turcophilic of Turcophilic journals; and the comment upon it in another equally rabid organ of rampant Russophobia and savage Slavodium. At once accepting the story of the gallant Ghazi's death, as intrinsically probable, the indignant journalist proceeds:—

"Such a man, sorely wounded, bitterly disappointed, and despairing of his cause, might well have felt the cup of humiliation filled to overflowing when he found himself an object of high 'magnanimous courtesy' among the superior persons of the Russian camp. To be fed, paraded, and patted on the back by Russian and Roumanian generals must have been torture to a man in his situation and with his spirit. It ought to surprise nobody if he died of it, or through its operation."

More authentic, and of even date with the circumstantial lie telegraphed home by the "Our Special Correspondent," is the conquered General's own despatch to his brother—just what the letter of such a man might be expected to be, straightforward, simple,

calmly accepting and recording defeat and captivity, handsomely and gratefully acknowledging the chivalrous recognition of courage by the victorious enemy, and the "benevolent" treatment of prisoners and wounded by their captors:—

"Our provisions being totally expended," writes the Ghazi, "I determined to make a supreme effort to break the iron line surrounding us on every side. You know the result. I am a prisoner, with the remnant of my brave army. The courage and intrepidity of my soldiers have been highly appreciated by the Russian Emperor and his brother, the Grand Duke NICHOLAS. All our soldiers are prisoners, and are treated with benevolence. Our wounded are cared for with kindness. I am slightly wounded, but am in good health. My place of residence has not yet been named."

Which is most creditable,—the plain unvarnished narrative of the Turkish hero, or the uncharitable, unfair, and malignant comment of his big-mouthed friend in the English newspaper-paragraph?

GHAZI OSMAN, if he be cognisant of this kind of sympathetic "patting on the back," from his newspaper partisans in London, may well add "Save me from my Christian friends" to the other petitions of his Moslem prayer.

Christmas Crackers.

To pretend that you only go to a Pantomime for the amusement of the children.

To assert that Brighton is improved by the presence of the Boxing-Day excursionists brought down to spend a happy day at the seaside for five shillings and sixpence.

To say grace in a hypocritically thankful spirit over Christmas Turkey and Plum Pudding.

DOMESTIC, IF NOT FOREIGN.—An accomplished fact. The impending Partition of Turkey.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

(*Off the Christmas Tree.*)

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.—Five pounds of *Ra-hat-la-koum* (lumps of Turkish delight), wrapped up in a Sibylline leaf.

MR. SECRETARY CROSS.—A Detective's staff and bull's-eye on improved principles.

THE EARL OF CARNARVON.—A dozen of best Cape champagne, and a set of Caffre head-ornaments.

THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM HENRY SMITH.—A model of a ship-of-war, warranted to float without a Commission of Inquiry (flexible material).

THE EARL OF DERBY.—A bottle of the new non-marking fluid, with pen and paper to match, for despatch-writing.

RIGHT HON. SIR MICHAEL E. HICKS-BEACH.—A Home Rule, with the measures marked in orange and green alternately, and a group of the Kilkenny cats in hard-bake.

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.—The new game of *Over the Frontier*, with counters and forfeits complete, being an Indian form of the popular Japanese entertainment Go-bang.

A TALE OF TERROR.

DEAR PUNCH,

I SEE a Novel advertised, called *The Missing Will*. The title is suggestive of a henpecked husband, and I, for one, can sympathise most fervently with the poor fellow, for I am sharing his sad fate. My own will has been missing ever since my marriage, and I have small hope of recovering it, except by a divorce. Perhaps the tale may be intended to warn men who are trembling on the brink of matrimony, that a man's Will surely vanishes before a woman's Won't.

I conclude in some alarm, for I hear my wife's voice calling me.

SAMPSON SHAKERLEY.

P.S.—Except in certain cases, a Lady's will is legally not valid after marriage. A pleasant legal fiction this, as many a poor victim has found out to his cost.

FRENCH NATIONAL "DEVELOPMENT."

THE Crisis in France has been a struggle for existence of Parties, and it has ended in the survival of the fittest.

PLANTING THE HUGHENDEN TREE.



Did the Czar in far Bucharest shiver?
Did GORTSCHAKOFF thrill with a dread?
Did the SULTAN in Stamboul feel smoother
The thorns where he pillows his head?
As from luncheon in Hughenden Manor
The QUEEN and my radiant Lord B.
Walked out to the lawn, and proceeded
To plant a memorial tree!

Oh, what was the tree my Lord ordered,—
Or was it the QUEEN that bespoke?
Was it poplar, or alder, or laurel,—
It could scarcely have been British Oak?
Or a tree of some Asian order,
Till now to our *silea* unknown,
From a Hebrew root shot up in no time,
With a coronet-flower, newly blown?

HIGH is Aylesbury's fame for dairies,
High is Aylesbury's fame for ducks,
But High-Wycombe enjoys greater glory,
The most-favoured borough in Bucks!
The renown of a Hughenden Manor,
The luck of a BEACONSFIELD nigh,
To shed on its dairies and dwellers
A light from an Asian sky.

One industry that little borough
Has based on her fair beechen woods,
The making of chairs, pails, and platters,
And all sorts of "turnery" goods.
All fashions of backs and of bottoms,
Of arms and of legs—four by four—
That from kitchen and bedroom-use rising,
To Windsor, in apogee, soar.

At length to that neat little borough
Whence so many Windsors take frame,
In this blessed month of December
The Lady of Windsor there came!
VICTORIA, *in propriâ personâ*,
To Hughenden Manor drove o'er,
With Hughenden's Lord to take luncheon,—
A grace deigned few subjects before.

Sore travailed the brains of the borough,
Of Aldermen, Town-Clerk, and Mayor!
Who shall tell of the meetings and motions,
And appeals—as of right—to the Chair?
How should High Wycombe rise to its highest,
Its loyal invention to show,
In building an archway triumphal,
For the QUEEN underneath it to go!

Christmas evergreens, holly and laurel,
Were there, but such archways were stale;
Mere battens, distemper, and canvas,
Were all in the common-place pale;
Till 'twas planned—who proposed it we know not,
His blushes posterity spares—
Both her trade and her loyalty Wycombe,
Should proclaim in an archway of chairs!

Of all arches ever passed under
By Royal Procession before,
Never arch displayed loyalty greater,
And none e'er struck Royalty more.
There was but one feature a-wanting.
What a crown of the arch had been there,
In Lord BEACONSFIELD posed, emblematic,
A-poising a neat Windsor chair!

Pass we o'er the address and the bouquet,
Guard of honour drawn up on the green,
And drive on to Hughenden Manor,
Where its honoured Lord welcomes his Queen,
His Empress—to whom he has added
A title was ne'er Queen's before,
And now, his full cup over-brimming,
As his guest sees her darkening his door!

Was 't a growth from the islands Pacific,
Or a shoot from some battle-fed seed,
With red roots and red flowers for the bearing,
Good for lance-wood and gun-stocks at need?
Whatever the tree that was planted
At Hughenden Manor that day,
To what e'en her QUEEN plants 'tis the usage
That England has something to say.

There's war on Bulgarian mountains,
And war in Armenian plains,
But to England, that watches the battles,
Thank God! blessed peace still remains;
And ere she takes hand from the ploughshare
And loom to lay hand to the sword,
Be assured she will well weigh the reason,
With due faith in her QUEEN and my Lord.



MONEY "TIGHT."

British Subaltern. "By-the-by, Smith, can you lend me that sovereign I gave you this morning for a Christmas-box?"

SAVING THE EMPIRE.

(Or, how a "Spirited and Emotional, but Intelligent Minority" would manage it for us if they only had the chance.)

SCENE—A public spot in the centre of the Metropolis, during an outburst of patriotic enthusiasm. Throngs of all classes of the community, wild with excitement, crowd every available inch of space, while several distinguished members of a "War Ministry," who have held office for some hours, and have clambered on to the base of a convenient column, are addressing those in their immediate vicinity.

A Secretary for Foreign Affairs (concluding a stirring peroration). And, lastly, Gentlemen, that we may meet the forces of an opposing world, let us, with a united front, destroy all pitiable party differences, and bury the animosities that spring from greed of place in the common grave of a wide and generous Coalition. (He embraces a couple of Obstructives, in tears, amidst loud and prolonged cheering.) Yes, Gentlemen, Union is Strength. Home Rule is an accomplished fact; and in order that all men of all shades may rally round the flag of our beloved country, we have no hesitation in accepting the principles of these worthy patriots en masse. (Shakes hands warmly with the authors of several Parliamentary Bills for the Abolition of Public-Houses, the Disestablishment of the Church, the Extension of the Franchise, the Division of Property, &c., &c.) And now, finding posts for those who should never be suffered to wither in the chill gloom that lies beyond the bounds of office—(buttonholes several influential ex-Cabinet Ministers)—and thus conciliating all the clamours of faction, we are prepared, without fear of criticism or reproach, to consult the interests of the great Empire it is our privilege to serve, and to face the worst! (Enthusiastic cheering.) And now we will hear the splendid news that has just reached us from the Viceroy.

A Secretary for India (waving a lengthy telegram above his head.) Splendid, indeed! By dint of indomitable perseverance we have succeeded in bringing about five frontier wars at one and the same moment, while Thibet, Upper Tartary, Japan, and the whole of China Proper have been threatened with invasion simultaneously.

A Secretary for Foreign Affairs (shaking him by the hand with

much emotion). Thanks! Thanks for the welcome news. That is the way in which a spirited Government should obviate any possible danger at Calcutta! (Great cheering.) And those approving shouts embolden me to announce that with a view to our doing to-day what our fathers' have done before us, we have thought it as well to send an ultimatum to every Court in Europe! Yes, Gentlemen, Her Majesty's Government are determined that Wapping shall be secure (deafening cheers), and it is thus that their ardent patriotism wisely anticipates events. [Great cheering.]

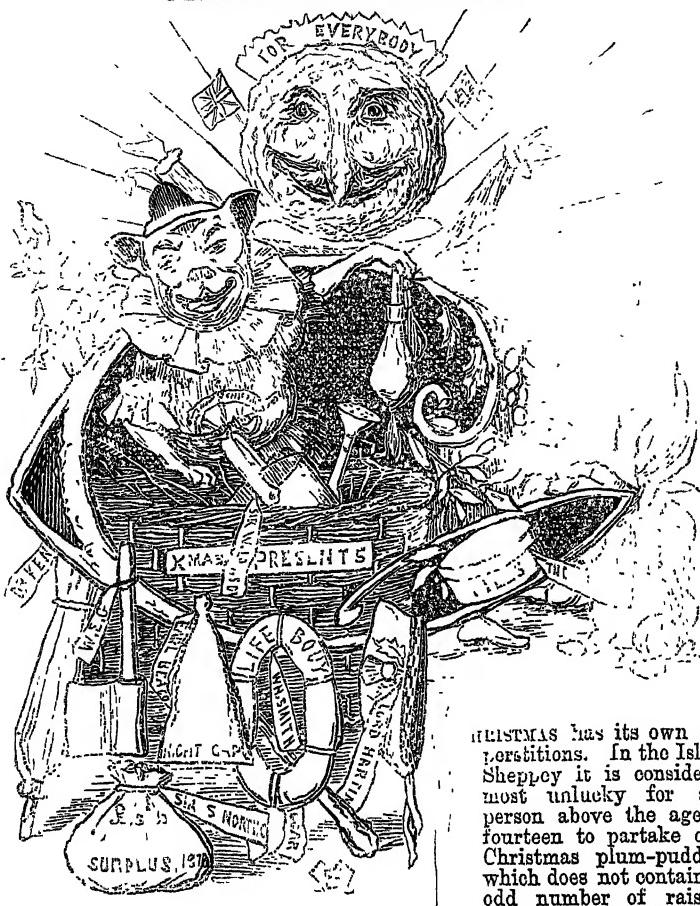
A Secretary for War (pushing to the point). Excuse me, but these are emotional times, and the tears flow freely from my eyes with joy as I announce that the country will not find this department unprepared! (Renewed cheering.) All males between the ages of thirteen and ninety will instantly be hurried to the front. The pipes of all the leading gas and water companies will be dug up, cut into lengths, rifled, and served out to active volunteers to use them as they can, while a picked corps of seven hundred half-pay generals, under the command of the editor of a daily paper of worldwide circulation, will forthwith be despatched secretly to some important spot upon a foreign coast! The crisis demands great sacrifices, but when the hour of danger strikes, this is not, by any means, the department to avoid them. [Renewed cheering.]

A First Lord of the Admiralty. Spoken like a spirited Minister! And I have only to add that the whole of Her Majesty's fleet, together with the entire mercantile marine of the Empire, is now steaming down the Channel under sealed orders to blow up and utterly destroy every seaport town in the two hemispheres. This, of course, as an initial measure of defence. I am no sea-lawyer, but I hope I am enough of a diplomatist to appreciate the necessity of maintaining untarnished the splendid memories that still linger round the name of "Trafalgar." [Enthusiastic cheering.]

A Foreign Secretary. Just so. And I think, Gentlemen, that perhaps with that we may conclude the programme of our arrangements for this morning!

[Left speaking as a great and united people march off to defend in the most irrational manner something somebody has called "the mighty heritage bequeathed to them by their sires;" but what, nobody has any notion.]

SEASONABLE FOLK-LORE.



CHRISTMAS has its own superstitions. In the Isle of Sheppey it is considered most unlucky for any person above the age of fourteen to partake of a Christmas plum-pudding which does not contain an odd number of raisins. The universal cry throughout the Island is—Have the plums been counted (by a fair woman), and what is their total amount?

The inhabitants of Lincolnshire, and Nottinghamshire, where those two counties border, cling tenaciously to a quaint custom which they are believed to have derived from the Danes. The mince-pies made in Lincolnshire for consumption on Christmas-Eve and Day are sent (in a willow basket lined with tiffany and covered with holly-leaves) into Nottinghamshire to be warmed before they are eaten, and, *vice versa*, the Nottinghamshire pies are conveyed into Lincolnshire with the same ceremonies.

In the Lake Country, the robin-redbreasts at this season wear ruffs round their necks made of gilt-edged note-paper. These ruffs are put on the birds on Christmas-Eve by the Churchwardens, and taken off on Twelfth-Night by the Ministers of all denominations. The beginning and end of the ceremony is announced by the firing of cannon.

In the remote parts of Essex, there are three things which it is held to be unlucky to do between St. Thomas's Day and New Year's Eve—to make your will, to ride a white pony, and to marry a second cousin. The same superstition prevails in Devon and Cornwall, but with these differences—you may make your will, but not a codicil to it; you may ride a white pony if it has a chestnut star on its forehead, and you may marry your second cousin if she has no false teeth.

In the borough towns in Dorsetshire, the Mistletoe is gathered at sunrise by the Town Clerk, who rings a muffin-bell and blows a hunting-horn (alternately) in the woods for half an hour before the ceremony begins. He is assisted in his duties by all those of the inhabitants, between the ages of eleven and twenty-one, who were born on Christmas Day.

In Yorkshire and Durham the parish Pinder performs the same office. He wears a cocked hat and a sword, and distributes the branches in the twilight, singing the National Anthem all the while, and accompanying himself on an Aeolian Harp.

In Suffolk, an acidulated drop, in the shape of a true lovers' knot, is inserted on Christmas Eve in the turkey stuffing by the hands of the last-born child in the family. Whoever has the good fortune to get this drop, when the bird comes to table, is certain within the next twelve months either to find a treasure of gold coins in a ploughed field, or to sit in a window-seat eating medlars and reading the best metaphysical work of the year.

The Staffordshire man or boy considers he has not faithfully discharged the duties of the Season unless he eats a portion of pork-pie (stuffed with raisins) every day from Christmas Eve to New Year's Eve (both inclusive). The pie

must bear his initials on the top, surrounded by a plain circle, and be baked before noon by a woman who has never been on the Continent.

In the Isle of Man, on New Year's Eve, they drink elder wine flavoured with rosemary, and eat buns soaked in warm ale. When the clock strikes twelve the company all rise, link little fingers, dance round the hearth on one leg, and sing "*Rule, Britannia!*" to the accompaniment of the hand-bells.

The customs and superstitions of the Channel Islands at this season are a mine of interest to the antiquary and connoisseur. The horror of caraway-seeds, the respect paid to the magpie, the indispensable ingredient of *caviare* in the mince-meat, the shouting the names of departed ancestors down the streets at midnight, and the curious practice, among the lower orders, of pelting each other with hard-boiled eggs (painted bright orange) on Boxing Day, may be cited as a sample of the old-world usages which still linger in these delightful retreats.

In North Wales it is held to be lucky to eat an egg from the wrong end on New Year's Day. The egg must be a turkey's egg, and stained purple, and the person who takes it out of the nest must have blue eyes and a majestic countenance.

In South Wales ill-luck is considered to attach to the man who does not either wear a new hat on Christmas Day, or part his hair down the middle, without speaking a word to any one, before breaking his fast in the morning.

Both in North and South Wales, to spill the salt at table on Christmas Day is looked upon as a particular misfortune, which can only be remedied by the transgressor standing at the open street-door, during the rest of the meal, with a blood-orange in each hand, stuck with chips saved from the last Christmas Yule Log, for presentation to the first Bishop who passes by the house.

OUR WINTER EXHIBITION.

No. IV.—TWO FIGURES. SKETCHES FROM SRIMP-GATE.—THE FIRST BEING AN OLD SALT ASHORE.

YOUR QUIET OBSERVER has two sketches on hand which will conclude his Srimp-gate subject. The first is of a weather-beaten Old Salt, who lounges about the pier, and whose tales of wonder, which have long since ceased to astonish the natives, must be taken by visitors *cum grano salis*, not, however, to be supplied by the Old Salt himself.

BILL BOLDER has been to sea in his day; in what capacity has perhaps never been exactly clear, except to his contemporaries. It is difficult to get at the truth about Old BILL; it is more than difficult to extract it from Old BILL himself. He is the very type of the sort of on-shore mariner, previously described by Your Observer in his picture of Srimp-gate. He is all boots and trousers, which latter might be termed "breast-works," as with a very little trouble, he could pull them up over his head and go to sleep in them, not only without experiencing the slightest inconvenience, but with a considerable amount of personal comfort. They realise the slang term some time ago applied to this article of dress, namely, "bags." His hat would be equally suitable for a Dustman, a Coalheaver, a Mud-collector, or a Sea-fisherman. There is rather a determined expression on Old BILL's face, as if of a man, who having told a story, meant to stick to it against all comers. He has an index-nose, so to speak, which seems to be always pointing seawards. His nose does duty for his hands as far as pointing is concerned, his hands being either in his capacious pockets, or engaged in holding a big telescope, by which BILL BOLDER makes his livelihood.

Old BILL's trade is confined almost entirely to the summer season, when, without stirring from one and the same spot on the pier, he does a marvellous amount of flat-fishing and flat-catching. The flats of Deal are nothing to the flats that come down from London to Srimp-gate-on-Sea in the summer. For them BILL BOLDER has his choicest stories and his heartiest and most impressive manner. For them BILL exhibits his telescope, and gives what is, in its way, quite a lecture on the marvellous powers of this unequalled glass—which unequalled glass, by the way, leads to many other glasses of a very different character, BILL's capacity as a swallower being only rivalled by that of his Cockney

audience, whose open mouths would take down the Sea Serpent itself, if Old BILL only insisted that he had seen it himself, and that if they got the glass in the right focus they could see it for themselves out there, bless your dear eyes, in the offin'. Woe be to the vent'esome person who would dare dispute the merits of the telescope, or throw a shadow of a doubt across the brilliant narratives of WILLIAM BOLDER. "'Spose you think as that ain't true what I'm a sayin' of," retorts BILL, with intense irony. "'Spose you think as I didn't do one 'arf o' what I've been a tellin' you? 'Spose you won't believe as this here werry telescop warn't give to me by a great naval hoff'cer for savin' of more nor two hundred o' lives at sea? 'Spose you'll not b'live BILL BOLDEN's word, not when he shows you the inkskeipshun itself wot is in-gured on this here werry telescop. Now then—*thur!*" and triumphantly he exhibits the polished brass of the telescope, whereon is engraved as plainly as possible information to the effect, that "*This glass was presented to WILLIAM BOLDER, by a Lieutenant of the Royal Navy, for having saved two hundred lives at sea.*"

Then the telescope is shut up, and so is the person who had dared to doubt the word of BILL BOLDER. How the shillings and half-crowns come out after this, not only as further testimonials to the unexampled bravery of the gallant old Tar (and no further questions asked), but also to soothe the ruffled feelings of the hero who has lived to hear a slur cast upon the integrity of his hitherto unblemished character! It takes a great deal of liquor to wash out such a stain as this. But BILL BOLDER manages to get over it, and in half an hour more he will be going through a similar performance before another audience, and with undiminished success. No one has yet inquired the name of the generous Lieutenant of the Royal Navy from whom this tribute of admiration originally came. At all events, his good deed is written in BILL BOLDER's brass. BILL makes his hay while the sun shines, from May till October, when he retires for the winter, and enjoys his well-earned repose, until the first warmth of spring, and the appearance of the bathing-machines induces him to quit his retreat, when out he comes fresher than ever. Oh, rare BILL BOLDER!

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Or, the Christmas Letter-Writer.



I.
Sir,—For the eighth time I must request your immediate payment of your outstanding three-quarters parochial rates. I am not unaware of your Christmas engagements, but if my demand is not at once complied with, I shall be compelled to forward you an oblong slip of paper, inviting you to meet ALEXANDER EDWARD COCK-BURN in the Queen's Bench at Westminster within fourteen days.

Yours, &c.,
J. BUMBLESON,
Vestry Clerk.

II.

Sir,—I am much obliged to you for your promised invitation, but I regret to add that I shall not be able to accept it, as owing to some hasty remarks once delivered at the C. O. B. by the Lord Chief Justice in relation to myself, some mutual embarrassment might be caused by our being again thrown together. By the time this reaches you I shall have followed my Doctor's advice, and have sought a more genial clime. Letters can be addressed to me, Poste Restante, Monaco.

Yours, &c., J. DIDDLER.

III.

MY VERY DEAR MADAM,

WHEN this epistle reaches your hands your offspring will be in your arms. It is with pleasure that I am enabled to give a report of your son which will doubtless be most gratifying to so admirable a parent as yourself. Your son's scholastic attainments are of the highest order, and I can scarcely decide which is the most remarkable, his devotion to the languages of Greece and Rome or his love of modern *belles lettres*. He is a most gentlemanly boy, and deservedly popular.

I enclose the term's account of £84 18s. 6d., and beg to call your attention to the fact that the college will reassemble on the 18th prox.

Yours very truly, I. SWISHELL.

IV.

SIR,
My son has returned with a black eye, and smelling strongly of smoke. I do not yet know what may be the sum of his school acquisitions. Up to the present he has displayed two—a large guinea-pig and three white mice in his trousers' pockets. Your bill is exorbitant, and my son will not return next term.

Yours, &c., CORNELIA GRAKIUS.

V.

MY DARLING SISTER,

ACCORDING to the promise you made when you stopped here for three weeks in the summer, the girls and I are looking forward to a slight visit to you at this festive season of the year. The two girls are much grown, and ANN being fourteen and ELIZA now twelve, are quite old enough to mix under your tuition in the great world of London. They can play the "Sweethearts' Waltz," both as a duet and a solo, and will thereby be able to amuse your guests. Mudborough is very dull just now. Your loving sister, JANE.

P.S.—I have forwarded you a hamper containing a hare.

VI.

MY DARLING SISTER,

HOW provoking of you not to have reminded me of my promise before. You must know what a perfect wretch of a memory mine always was. I have asked our poor Aunt here for Christmas. She is devoted to my two boys, but, of course, I shall put in a good word for your girls. I am not covetous of her money. Poor, dear children, how sorry I am they cannot come to town for the holidays. But time soon passes, and next Christmas you must all come.

Yours everly, EMILY.

P.S.—The hamper was unpaid, and the hare was—well! This muggy weather!!!

VII.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOUR well-known generosity as a Theatrical Manager alone tempts me to ask you a favour. I have several friends from the country who have never seen a Pantomime on Boxing Night. Will you please send me by return of post, seven stalls, or I don't mind dress circle seats, if they are in the first row? If you have any tickets for the pit, I should like to give my servants a treat. Excuse my asking, but I met you at an evening party at Mrs. A. MATHEWS once, and consider you quite in the light of an old friend,

Yours sincerely, JULIA MCCREESUS.

VIII.

THE Manager of the Polyolbion Theatre presents his compliments to Mrs. MCCREESUS, and is glad to say that every seat in the house is engaged for Boxing Night. The Manager regrets that he has forgotten Mrs. A. MATHEWS' evening party, and the delightful meeting alluded to by Mrs. MCCREESUS.

IX.

MESSRS. JEWITT AND TEAZER beg to enclose Mr. O'MULLIGAN'S account with their clients, COOL AND PEABODY, (which has now been running three years), with their charge for the present application amounting to £3 10s. 6d. Messrs. J. AND S. have to state that their clients have been compelled to stop payment, that their affairs are in course of liquidation, and that prompt settlement of this amount will prevent the accrual of legal expenses.

X.

MR. O'MULLIGAN begs to inform Messrs. JEWITT AND TEAZER that he is in the same position as their clients. His affairs also being in liquidation, he begs to refer Messrs. J. AND S. to the liquidators for their own demand, as well as that of their clients, Messrs. COOL AND PEABODY, and hopes they may get it.

The History of a Life.

IN FIVE SITTINGS.

(Dedicated to the Author of "Lothair.")

A LAWYER'S Stool.

An Author's Library Lounge.

A Parliamentary Seat.

A Treasury Bench.

A Triumphal Arch—of Windsor Chairs!

ACCEPTABLE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.—Marshal MACMAHON'S *étrencées*—Return of Constitutional Government to France.



CHURCH MILLINERY.

WANTED, AT MADAME CUNEGONDE'S ESTABLISHMENT FOR READY-MADE VESTMENTS, REGENT STREET, TWO OR THREE TALL, GENTEEL-LOOKING YOUNG MEN, OF CLERICAL ASPECT, FOR THE TRYING-ON DEPARTMENT.

GREAT INVESTMENT—UNRIVALLED OPPORTUNITY.

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Capital Five Hundred Millions, in Twenty Shares of Twenty-Five Millions each. Formed to buy up and utilise a most important Property in the East, the present holders being compelled to wind up.

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(With power to add to their number.)

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A more detailed programme will be shortly issued.

It is understood that the Director ALEXANDER ROMANOFF has a Mortgage of One Hundred Millions on the property, of which, however he is willing to take payment, principal and interest, in paid-up Shares, besides giving his valuable aid in the management of the property—which will be taken as a going concern.

COMFORT FOR FRANCE.

REPUBLICANS of France, dismiss your fears:
You may be GRÉVY-eyed, yet have no THIERS.

HOLLINGSHEAD ON THE PLACE OF CARICATURE IN THE ARTS.

MR. HOLLINGSHEAD disclaims all intention of personal disrespect to Mr. WHISTLER in his introduction of a caricature of him and his pictures in his successful adaptation of *The Grasshopper*.

Mr. WHISTLER, he says, attended the last rehearsal, and like the Russian *Commandant de Place* on the Coblenz Column that recorded the invasion of Russia by the French, inscribed his "J'u et approuvé par nous, WHISTLER," below Mr. PELLEGRINI's "charge." In fact, it was in answer to an invitation from Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD for this purpose, that the Artist wrote playfully back, "WHISTLER, and I'll come to thee, my lad!"

"Pellegrini," in English, means "Pilgrims." MR. WHISTLER, we understand, playfully congratulated his caricaturist on his "Pilgrim's Progress," attributing that Progress to the influence on the Pilgrim's style of even an attempt to turn him (W.) into ridicule. Pellegrini, as WHISTLER triumphantly remarked, cannot even satirise the author of Colour-symphonies without giving his own miserable art a shave up. "Such is the effect," added the great Colour-syphonist, "of poking fun at genius, even with the wrong end of the stick!"

A Proclamation.

SHEEP!

FOR many years you have been oppressed by the Wolf. Last summer you defied him, and would assuredly have been eaten had not the Shepherds interfered on your behalf. Then the Wolf, in spite of his teeth, was forced to retire, and you promised to leave him alone. You have chivalrously kept your promises. As the Wolf had teeth, you wisely waited until they should be drawn.

Sheep!—noble, patriotic Sheep!—thanks to your good and strong friend, the Bear, the Wolf's teeth are drawn and his claws clipt! It is, therefore, now your bounden duty to go and kick him, and when it comes to cutting up, to take as much of his carcase as the Bear will give you.

Given at Our Court of Belgrade.

(Signed)

LAMBEKIN.



"OUT OF THE MUD!"

M. LE MARÉCHAL. "JE N'Y SUIS PLUS—MAIS—JE RESTE!!!"

HOW FATHER O'SHEE LAID IN HIS CHRISTMAS COALS.



YOUNG PATSY MOLLOY was as purty a boy
As was ever of widdry the pride and the joy ;
And as for his Ass, sure no baste could surpass
That beautiful baste, but for one fault, alas !
When she felt she'd a load, you might kick and might
goad,

Bnt the deuce of a foot would she move on the road,
Till you'd tickle her bones wid a handful of stones—
And that hint she'd take, the desatiful ould toad !

* * * *

The Widdy, half dead with could, looked in the shed,
But sorra the peat could she find, so she said,
" Sure I'm clane out of few'l, and the night's could and
crew'l ;
Take the baste for a load of Wallsends, PAT, my jew'l ! "

* * * *

So PAT made a start, wid the coals in his cart,
But the baste wid her tantrums well-nigh broke his heart;
For never a stip would she move, the ould rip !
But she stood like a pig wid her legs wide apart.
" Ochone ! wirra-istrue ! Arrah, what will I do ? "
Cried PAT, as he sat in a terrible stew.

Then he called on the Saints, and he called on the d—
(I won't say the word—sure it wouldn't be civil !)
To bring him a stone to bestow on the baste—

When, troth ! at that moment up strowls an ould Praste !
And who should it be but Father O'SHEE !

And he says, " My son PATSY ! my son PAT ! " says he,
" Sich language is really shocking to me.

Sure, what is the matther ? " " The matther ! " says PAT,
" Now, saving your prisence, by this and by that !
The murthering baste will not budge the laste taste."

" Then why don't you bate her ? " replied the ould
Praste.

" Is it batin' ? " says PAT. " By the Saint in my hat !
Tisn't batin' she cares for—och ! not in the laste—
Ochone and ochone ! if I'd only a stone— ! "

" A stone ! " says the Praste—ah thin, wasn't he artful ?—

" A stone ! Why, ye Omadhaun, look at yer cartfull ! "

" Thrue for you ! " PAT sings out ; " them's the jockeys
'll do,"

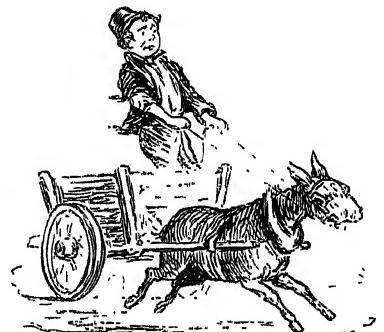
And clutching two handfuls with joyous " hurroo,"
He let fly in haste at the back of his baste,
That not likin' the taste, started off as if chased
By the ould one himself, for a good rood or two.
But PAT knew the thrick, and whenever she'd kick,
Or stop in her canther, the coals would fall thick
On her ribs and her back, till the road was astrew
Wid best Wallsends, and PATSY's poor baste black and
blue !

* * * *

A few minutes later the Praste you'd have seen,
Wid his shovol and crate, and his purty colleen.
" Colleen dhas," said the Praste, " sure 'tis wicked to waste
The goods of this world—'tis the best Wallsend coal—
Take it up every lump, if you vally your soul ! "

* * * *

As for PAT and the widdy—I will not be guessing
What he got—but I'll go bail 't wasn't a blessing !



PARTURIUNT MONTES.

CABINET Councils ! Royal Visits ! Reports that contradict each other on the most undoubted authority ! Gossip at high tide ! *Gode-moucherie* in full swallow !

The Mountain of Official Resolves is in labour. What will it bring forth—Mouse or Earthquake, Dispatches Demonstrations or Defence, Big words or Great Deeds, muster of armies for war and movement of fleets for battle, or only bandying of big words and brandishing of official pens, with no bloodshed behind them ? Thus far, there is but one birth of the Labouring Mountain which England and the world knows of—the Meeting of Parliament three weeks before the usual time. But whether this will be to sanction wary resolves or warlike, to vote money or ships and soldiers and ratify resolutions of action, to open a safety-valve for pent-up popular steam, or to provide buffers of tall talk for Ministerial responsibility, to strengthen weak hands and brace up tottering knees, or to show strong arms ready to strike in, and our Collective Wisdom chorussing Mr. MAC DERMOTT, to reveal divided counsels, or to announce the welded will of a United Nation, it is for time to show—not for *Punch* to prophesy.

Some things, however, he will say, believing it timely and even urgent to say them.

If Parliament meet but to promote peace, and assert BRITANNIA'S right to a voice in settling its terms, then " well met " says *Punch* to Parliament. But if all hands be piped to shift H.M.S. *Britannia's* neutral anchorage-ground, and bring her within the drift of the war-current, then it will be in an ill hour that the crew were " roused up," because it will be with half a heart and a divided will that they will obey—if they obey—the boatswain's whistle.

That the Parliamentary Bull's-eye should just now be turned on to the Cabinet-room, the Parliamentary Bull's-ear held close to its keyhole, the Parliamentary Bull's-voice heard by way of clear and concordant undertone in its deliberations, and the Parliamentary Bull's-foot set down unmistakably and with a will—that is reason for *Punch* and his Great Britain to be glad and thankful, whatever is to be hoped, or feared, of the labouring mountain whose travail the Clubs are so loud about.

NATURE'S " COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON."—" A muggy Christmas and a sloppy New Year."



"OVER THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS' FRANCHISE."

WHEN THEY DO DISAGREE, THEIR DISAGREEMENT IS WONDERFUL.

WHAT HE HAS LAID HIMSELF OPEN TO.

In spite of his refusal to enter into a tree-felling contest, Mr. GLADSTONE continues to be overwhelmed with challenges. He has been kind enough to forward us a selection of a few typical ones:—

No. 1.—*Postmark, "Lower Tooting."*

PROFESSOR Brown's compliments to Mr. GLADSTONE, and Professor BROWN understands that Mr. GLADSTONE is fond of delivering Lectures. The Professor for the last forty years has been taking his celebrated entertainment, "Five-and-twenty Minutes with the Cannibals," round the Provinces. The Professor will be happy to lecture against Mr. GLADSTONE for ten pounds a side. Each lecturer to bring his own dissolving views and character costumes.

No. 2.—*Postmark, "Hackney."*

MR. PENNY A. LINER begs to welcome Mr. GLADSTONE as a brother contributor to periodical literature. Mr. P. A. LINER desires to enter into a friendly competition with Mr. GLADSTONE. Say for ten shillings a side. Both authors to furnish an article. The subject to be chosen by the Editor of the *Hackney Morning Thunderbolt*, who might also act as Judge. A card by return of post would oblige.

No. 3.—*Postmark, "New York."*

ELDRED E. SLOCUM presents his compliments to the Right Honourable Privy Councillor GLADSTONE, M.P., and would be glad to make a deal with him. ELDRED E. SLOCUM has seen pictures of the Right Honourable Privy Councillor GLADSTONE, M.P., in many positions as a woodcutter. ELDRED E. SLOCUM begs to say that a Lecture Entertainment in that connection would pay over here. ELDRED E. SLOCUM is prepared to conclude an engagement with the Right Honourable Privy Councillor GLADSTONE, M.P., for the regular lecturing round of the United States and the Canadas with "A Lecture on Lumbering by a British Ex-Leader." Mr. ELDRED E. SLOCUM would find the lumber, but Privy Councillor GLADSTONE, M.P., would be expected to bring his own axe and jaw. Cable terms.

No. 4.—*Postmark "Paris."*

The Author of *The History of a Crime* sends his paternal greeting to the Feller of Trees. Art converses with Toil. A grand sight! The Author of *The History of a Crime* once insulted a regiment of soldiers out of an omnibus window. The Feller of Trees has been photographed in his shirt-sleeves. Both have showed to an astonished world that they possess a delicate sense of the ridiculous. Why should not these two contemporary illustrations unite in a record of their trials, tributes, triumphs, political and personal? It would be a glorious work! It would be more. It would be a curiosity.

No. 5.—*Postmark "Dublin."*

MR. PAT MOLLOY has noticed that MR. GLADSTONE has lately paid a visit to Shillelagh Wood. Mr. Molloy has been told that Mr. GLADSTONE cut an elegant sprig from that same wood. Mr. Molloy

has himself a very well-balanced and well-seasoned selection of twigs of the same timber, and is game for a friendly quarter of an hour with Mr. GLADSTONE if he'll do him the honour to tread on the tails of his coat, or allow Mr. Molloy to perform the same *pas* on the tails of Mr. GLADSTONE's. Each Gentleman to bring his own alpene, and find his own plaster.

No. 6.—*Postmark "Fleet Street."*

Mr. Punch has noticed with much pain that Mr. GLADSTONE, since his retirement from office, has been in the habit of placing himself in undignified and, occasionally, ridiculous positions before the Public. In his youth, Mr. Punch was in the habit of making a show of himself in the public streets. On reaching years of discretion, Mr. Punch, remembering that it was *infra dig.* to posture before a gaping crowd, adopted a bearing more in keeping with his years, antecedents, and character. Mr. GLADSTONE cannot do better than follow his friend Mr. Punch's example.

But this correspondence with the Right Honourable W. E. G. and the hosts whom he excites to emulation, has not been the only effect of Mr. HOPKINSON's challenge. It has led to the making of a series of similar offers in other and scarcely less distinguished quarters.

The following, a few out of many replies, may possess some interest for those to whom the lighter recreations of noteworthy men afford matter for philosophic reflection:—

I.

From the Earl of BEACONSFIELD, on his being invited to paint a Pantomimic Transformation Scene.

SIR,

I CANNOT but regard the challenge you have been so good as to send me as a *naïve* and *notable* compliment; but I at once give in. The excellence to which I have attained in the art of opening out, as it were, on the astonished gaze, sudden scenes of striking and unanticipated splendour, is not such as to enable me to enter myself as the rival of those whose triumph may be said to consist rather in the calm beauty of growing and gradual development than in the blinding bewilderment of sudden and surprising change. Under these circumstances I must be content to leave you to your laurels, and subscribe myself

Your faithful Servant,
BEACONSFIELD.

II.

From the Emperor of RUSSIA on his being offered several points in a game of Beggar my Neighbour.

SIR,

I AM commanded by my August Master to inform you that, while thanking you for the considerable odds which you are disposed to offer him in the event of his being willing to take a hand with you at "Beggar my neighbour," he regrets that he is quite unable to accede to your request through an hereditary ignorance of the nature of the game to which you refer. Accept, &c., GOETSCHAKOFF.



AN APOLOGY.

Chinamaniac Mistress (with tears in her Voice). "SEE, MARY, WHAT YOUR CARELESSNESS HAS DONE! YOU HAVE BROKEN ONE OF MY FAVOURITE CUPS!"
Mail. "YES, M'M. I'M VERY SORRY, FOR I'M VERY PARTIAL TO OLD CHINA MYSELF!"

III.

From Mr. PARNELL, on his receiving a Challenge from the Proprietor of a damaged Steam-Roller.

SIR,

I AM not surprised that, provided you can get your machine on its side, lengthways across Temple Bar, you should back yourself to stop the entire traffic of Fleet Street. But I am not accustomed to entering into trivial contests of this kind. Get a couple of Circuses, half-a-dozen Furniture-vans, and a Wild Beast Show into Pall Mall Place, and back, and then I may look at you.

Yours, &c., S. C. PARNELL.

IV.

From Marshal MACMAHON, on his refusing to be fired, for a Wager, from a Cannon.

MONSIEUR,

YOUR challenge, inspired doubtless by my recent situation, has been made under a complete misconception of the circumstances which surround and direct me. It is true that, notwithstanding that the gunpowder was ready in the Chamber, I have reposed for some time with my head looking from the cannon's mouth. But I had no intention of being fired off. No. That is the business of acrobats, not of Presidents. I have, therefore, got out.

Accept, Monsieur, the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

MACMAHON.

V.

From Prince BISMARCK, on being invited, by the Stationers' Company, to write a Prophetic Almanack against the Editor of "Old Moore."

You want to know what's going to happen next? Try your own Sphinx.

Yours, &c., BISMARCK.

CASE OF NECESSITY.

THE Italian House of Commons has voted the Penal Code proposed by the Minister of Grace and Justice, Signor MANCINI, which, besides abolishing capital punishment, amid the applause of the galleries, admits necessity or uncontrollable impulse—*forza irresistibile*—as an extenuation of crime. This, in the event of being finally enacted, will indeed be a saving clause for criminals. If, according to our English form of indictment, Italians commit crimes because of "being instigated by the devil," and necessity is to extenuate crime, and "needs must when the devil drives"—who can ever be hanged? Luckily, Italy has a House of Lords in her Senate, as well as a House of Commons in her Chamber of Representatives. The Senate may be safely trusted to veto, if, indeed, it have not already vetoed, Signor MANCINI'S rather rash and risky if benevolent measures, and leave *forza irresistibile* still face to face with the gallows—to try conclusions which is stronger, the irresistible impulse that leads to cutting throats, or the fear of the penny cord that compresses them. *Punch*, on the whole, backs penny cord—particularly in a land where most men carry knives, and where assassinations run to the tune of thousands per annum.

A CHRISTMAS CATECHISM.

(For the Use of Infant Schools.)

Who made the first Plum-pudding, and did he take a pill after it?

Was kissing under the Mistletoe in fashion with the Druids, or were they more in favour of kissing under the rose?

How came it that St. George was long esteemed the patron Saint of Snapdragons?

Why is it that a Beadle always gets a Christmas-box?

Do you think that Robinson Crusoe in all his foreign travels ever climbed a Christmas-tree?

Who invented Mince-pies, and how many did he eat?

Are you fond of Christmas Waits, and which do you like best—the long Waits that occur between the scenes on the first night of a Pantomime, or the short Weights that occur when you buy a pound of plum-cake, or an ounce of sugar-plums or toffee at a street-stall?

Where were Harlequin and Columbine when the limelight went out?

SERVIA RECHRISTENED.—Time-Servia.

A REMARKABLE PROCLAMATION.

(From the "Glasgow Herald.")

HERE is a startling piece of intelligence from the *Glasgow Herald*. We should scarcely have expected it to reach us via Irvine:

"IRVINE.—Harbour Trust.—The Harbour-Master reported that the north pole had been washed away, and he was instructed to have a temporary one erected at once, and to make arrangements for the erection of a permanent one."

This will naturally be annoying to Captain Sir G. NARES, Captain STEVENSON, and their gallant shipmates of the *Alert* and *Discovery*. They can never hope to "pick up" the old Pole now! On the other hand, the erection of a temporary substitute, and then the provision of a permanent Pole, will furnish agreeable and useful occupation to the Arctic voyagers of the future, whom we presume the Harbour-Master of Irvine will at once proceed to enrol. It is a very flattering commission for a provincial official, and one hitherto, however respectable, certainly not prominent.

Christmas Games (for European Powers, Big and Little).

AUSTRO-HUNGARY.—The Race Game.

England.—Cross Questions and Crooked Answers.

France.—Consequences.

Germany.—Beggar my Neighbour.

Russia.—The Krieg-Spiel.

Servia.—Follow my Leader.

Greece.—Catch as Catch Can.

Turkey.—Forfeits.

ALL ON THE VERY BEST AUTHORITY.



as to within what time an expeditionary force of twenty-five thousand men could be fed, mustered, equipped, and embarked for the Mediterranean.

They have received no orders, and had no special inquiries, either at the War Office or the Admiralty.

The Fleet has been ordered to enter the Dardanelles.

The Fleet is to remain at its old anchorage-ground in Besika Bay.

An expeditionary force will sail for Gallipoli before Parliament meets.

The Mediterranean garrisons can't spare a man. It would take us, at least, three months to equip and set twenty thousand men in line of battle within striking distance of the Russians.

The QUEEN told THEODORE MARTIN, when he dined at Windsor the other day, that she considered the behaviour of the Russian quite as bad now as before the Crimean war, and that she didn't see why this country should put up with it any longer.

Her MAJESTY told Lord BEACONSFIELD at Hughenden, the other day, that she considered the immediate summoning of Parliament the best guarantee for the preservation of European peace, and that she was confident it would not be disturbed.

The Cabinet is hopelessly divided. BEACONSFIELD is nobody—has quite lost his nerve. The Marquis of SALISBURY all but snapped his fingers in his face at the last Cabinet Council, and he did not seem even to resent it.

BEACONSFIELD is master of the situation. Absolutely leads DERBY by the nose. SALISBURY is nowhere. He and CARNARVON have been completely snuffed out; STAFFORD is flaccidity personified; and CROSS daren't call his soul his own.

They are going to ask Parliament for six millions. They have offered Russia an ultimatum.

You mark my words, Ministers only want a Parliamentary buffer between them and the Impracticables, in and out of the Cabinet. Bless you—they don't mean to do anything.

Europe will be in a blaze in two months.

The three Emperors will settle everything off their own bats. We shall bluster a bit, but it will all end in ink.

We mean to take over the Turkish Fleet from the SULTAN, nominally as a guarantee for the bondholders—of course, to keep it out of the hands of the Russians.

We have told GORTSCHAKOFF we shall consider his insistence on the passage of the Dardanelles for Russian war-ships a *casus belli*.

Ministers are quite ready to discuss the terms on which ships of war may pass the Straits—on the principle of "One down, another come on."

It has been decided that we are to defend the lines of Chekmedjé. We have had ten Engineer Officers planning the works there these eight months, and laying out the camping ground. All the commissariat contracts are made.

The Cabinet have kept us quite clear of the mess so far, and depend upon it they'll bring us through it without war.

The Government means to put its foot down, and is satisfied it has the country at its back.

The Government has not the most distant idea of fighting. They admit

they've a divided country behind them; and Lord DERBY said to a friend of mine only the other day, that he had never known a war but the first thing that went was the Ministry. That don't look much like meaning business.

And so on, *da capo*—Russophobe and Turkophile, Black and White, Peace and War, Right and Left, Ding Dong, Hammer and Tongs—right in each other's teeth—but ALL ALIKE ON THE BEST AUTHORITY!

REGENERATE RUSSIA.

THE ex-Premier has added another to the series of letters which have recently won him such special celebrity.

"Did you really, illustrious WILLIAM, in the year 1854, deliver the subjoined sentences touching the Crimean War, on your legs in the House of Commons? Because if you did, they seem rather to falsify your present position:—"

"I apprehend that what we think to secure by the war is not the settlement of any question regarding the internal government of Turkey, as this will be a work for many years, but there is the danger of the absorption of the Turks by Russia, which will bring us greater evils than those which already exist. This we are called upon to resist by all means in our power."

To the question substantially proposed as above by a "Sheffield Liberal" our WILLIAM thus replied:—

"Sir.—I do not doubt I said, and it was quite true if I did, that the immediate object of the war in 1854 was to repel the aggression of Russia upon Turkey. Russia made a demand at that time which did not concern the redress of the Christian grievances, but in the opinion of all Europe attacked Turkey in violation of public law. The war aimed at repressing that violation of law, but with it were combined measures which were then believed to be realities, and to provide for the redress of grievances.—Your faithful Servant, W. E. GLADSTONE."

Thus completely sweet WILLIAM, that flower of Statesmen, shuts up the questioner of his consistency with his old self, and his former speeches. No doubt in 1854 BRITANNIA went to war with the object of repressing Russia's violation of public law, though not altogether irrespectively of British interests and of the circumstance that she then had France for an ally. Now she means to wait till she is sure British interests are in danger. Who can say that they will be? In 1854 Czar NICHOLAS did not profess to have any other object in attacking Turkey than territorial conquest. Czar ALEXANDER in 1877 has professed as his object the enforcing of good government for the SULTAN's Christian subjects, and disclaimed any other. There may be those who hope shortly to see the Porte concede this demand, and there an end; peace restored early in the New Year—perhaps before Parliament meets on the 17th of January—who knows?

In that happy event, the business for the despatch of which Parliament is summoned to meet on that early day may be whittled down to a talk about the terms on which peace has been made. This will be an eminently Parliamentary occupation. At any rate, no debate whatsoever can arise on any Russian stipulation for "material guarantees" involving territorial acquisition, or on any demand for an exclusive right of passage through the Straits for Russian ships of war. It will by that time have been proved to the satisfaction, if to the confutation, of Turcophile alarmists, that the Christian cause was not a mere pretext for the present war, and that although in 1854 Russia warred for mere spoliation, in 1877 she did battle from an exalted sentiment of Christian sympathy. It may be so. NICHOLAS was one Czar, ALEXANDER another. May the moderation of Russian proposals very speedily demonstrate such a difference between the two Czars, and their respective Russias and policies, as will triumphantly attest the discernment, as well as the consistency of our most excellent WILLIAM.

Permutations and Combinations;

Or, Fourton v. Dufaure.

MACMAHON, in his reckoning on a *coup*, Employed, in combination, one four two; But finding France that figure *would ignore*, He tried, in permutation, one two four.



A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE.

"Now go to school, and be a good boy. And mind you don't use any rude words!"

"Rude words! Tell me a few, Mummy, and then I shall know, you know!"

GOOD WOMAN'S WORK.

PUNCH lately uttered words of wisdom on the "little health" of the Ladies. He is reminded in good time of the "Ladies' Sanitary Association,"* whose business it is to spread the knowledge of those laws, by observance whereof—

"Those may get health who ne'er had health before,
And those who have little health may make it more."

In 1857, a few wise women, impressed by a sense of the widespread ignorance of the laws of health, and the vast amount of preventible illness and death thence arising, set to work to get together and circulate plain knowledge on the subject. Some wise men helped the wise women. They began with Lectures to Ladies, and went on with Tracts. Never was a more praiseworthy or helpworthy tractarian movement than that which sprang from the "Ladies' Sanitary Association," in words of wisdom on *The Worth of Fresh Air*, *The Use of Pure Water*, *The Value of Good Food*, *How to Nurse the Sick*, *The Health of Mothers*, *How to Clothe and Manage a Baby*, *The Power of Soap and Water*, &c., &c., &c., and other such "homely" truths, which have circulated in swarms from their eighty-six thousands to their tens, doing as purifying and sweetening a work as the insects who spread the pollen of the flowers.

With an average yearly income of £350, the Association has, since 1857, published seventy such tracts, edited by scientific men but written in simple language. The publications of the Association have had a circulation of nearly two millions, have been translated into several languages, welcomed at hospitals, working-men's clubs, lending libraries, mothers' meetings, and schools, and distributed by Clergy of all denominations, Scripture-readers, City Missionaries, Sisters of Mercy, Bible-women, and Sanitary Missionaries.

The paper on *Overwork* served to prepare the way for the "Early Closing Association." *The Dance of Death* helped to call attention to the use of arsenic in ball-dresses, flowers, and wall-papers. *Dress and its Cost*, pleaded not unsuccessfully for over-tasked seamstresses, working weary hours in ill-ventilated rooms, and from the same source came the present effort to obtain seats for shop-women, who suffer so much by long hours of standing behind counters, which is procuring relief for them steadily, though slowly.

The delivery of practical lectures on health, sanitary improve-

* The Office is 22, Berners Street, and its Secretary is Miss Rose Adams.

ments, and domestic economy, formed another principal feature in the Ladies' crusade. Some seventy courses have been delivered on physiology, public health, gymnastics, chemistry, cooking, and nursing. Branch associations have been formed, day nurseries have been opened, houses cleaned, cleansing materials lent, clothing clubs formed, and even a company for building suitable dwellings for the poor. Poor London children have been fed, cared for, and made happy, in a humble way. Baths, washing-tubs, pails, brooms, and brushes, disinfectants, cooking utensils, and nursing appliances, patterns of garments, made and unmade, text-books on domestic economy, models of filters, drain-traps, ventilators, invalid cooking and nursing appliances, have been kept and lent for purposes of illustration.

The Association has helped to introduce into schools text-books of domestic economy, and in its last tract, *Our Schools and Public Health*, has tried to draw the attention of all engaged in training the young to the importance of teaching physiology and the laws of health.

In the face of the needs pressing and the work accomplished, the Association may fairly take credit, in its own words, for having laboured, "by God's blessing, to secure happier, purer, more intelligently-managed homes for England, and a healthier, more temperate, truer manhood and womanhood for her sons and daughters." *Punch*, at this Christmas-tide, can have no fitter function than to point to what these Ladies have done, and to ask all his Lady-readers not only to wish well to, but to join and aid, their wise and kindly efforts.

NEW YEAR'S LEAVES.

(That might be "turned over" with advantage.)

On and after the First—

Lord BEACONSFIELD might abandon the oracular diplogy of Delphi for plainer English.

Mr. BRIGHT might look rather less to the points of his oratory, and rather more to the accuracy of his data.

Mr. GLADSTONE might leave the themes proper for the stump to the mountebank who is in place on it, and preserve unimpaired the hard-won dignity of a great name.

Lord DERBY might manage to see less than seven distinct sides to every question, and, when occasion requires, might even bring his great mind to a definite statement in black and white.

Mr. LOWE might relinquish his taste for political calisthenics, and try six months as a farm labourer without the franchise.

The Emperor of RUSSIA might give up a military parade or two at St. Petersburg, and try an experiment in "Civilisation without Gunpowder."

Mr. MACKENZIE might deny himself a little bit of trimming, a vestment, a mop and a mow, and a flower-pot or two, and inculcate by his practice some of the obedience and respect to authority which he preaches.

Marshal MACMAHON might avoid being thrust by his advisers into contemptible situations, accept accomplished facts, and brush up his best cocked-hat for the Opening of the Coming Exhibition.

The British MASON might gather from experience that his Employers were not created solely for his convenience, and, the next time he has a chance of a job, not be fool enough to hand it over to a set of Foreigners, because he is too dense to understand a simple sum in Rule-of-Three.

The Turkish Government might give up a hopeless contest with the "logic of events," and set about the more rational business of paying up arrears to the Holders of its Foreign Debt, together with a handsome bonus.

The Patriotic Alarmist might fall asleep without thinking out a Government Plan for the Defence of the Isle of Dogs, and define "British Interests" without either referring to PITT, quoting PALMERSTON, or using a rhyming dictionary, and

The Man who takes a Common Sense View of It, might pay a little less attention to the scares of the hour, and quietly wait the Opening of Parliament.

Misnomers.

Who would expect to find our War-deprecating and Tree-felling ex-Premier in a seat inscribed "Ha! War-den!" while his rival, who never handled an axe, sits in "Hughen-den"? Surely the names must have got transposed. Or is it merely a brace of cases of the right man not in the right place?

SHAKSPEARE TO WIT.

SCIENCE has lost a distinguished follower in Herr RUHMKORFF, the inventor of the famous "coil" which bears his name. Herr RUHMKORFF, who was as benevolent as he was scientific, has just "shuffled off this mortal coil" at Paris, at an advanced age.

PUNCH'S NEW-YEAR'S CRACKERS.



EARLY no one has yet discovered what cannot be packed into these ingenious
devices.—*Daily News on Cosaques and Bonbons.*

SNAP! Bang! Pull on, my merry men,
The Sage stands by, your sport surveying.
'Tis good to frolic now and then,
And *Punch* provides you games for playing.
Yet Wisdom's ever-watchful eye,
From veriest trifles knowledge gleaning,
In your disportings may esp'y
Some pregnant or prophetic meaning.

Here Sphinx and Woodman tug and strain,
At rival policies, whose tissue

Punch fain would hope, in common gain
To her whom they both serve, may issue.
May both those wreaths still intertwine
BRITANNIA's brow, and bloom upon her :
For one of safety is the sign,
The other is the crown of honour.

Here Russ and Turk, whilst Yule-bells chime,
Pull angrily in hostile fashion.
Alas, that at this holy time
Religious zeal means ruthless passion !
But see the olive-branch and scales !
May their fair omen find fulfilling.
Where Justice potently prevails,
Peace is a handmaid prompt and willing.

France and her Marshal foot to foot
Tug hotly ; they should pull together.
France wins ! May Freedom's tree take root,
All winds defy, all tempests weather.
The Phrygian Cap ! Who dreads it now,
Save foes to Liberty and Progress ?
France fits it calmly on her brow,
And fears no more the blood-stained ogress.

Priest pulls 'gainst priest. A sorry sight
That little fits the genial season.
Punch bids them heed the rule of right,
And listen to the voice of reason,
Or bonds will snap ne'er to reknit,
Like New Year's crackers rent asunder ;
And a Fool's cap be found to fit
The heads of all these sons of thunder.

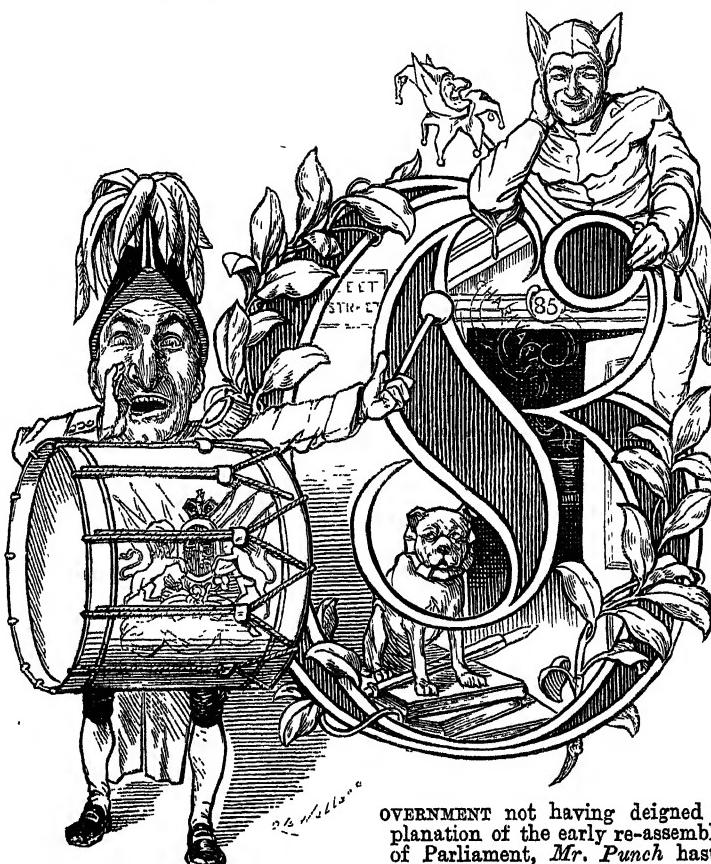
Labour and Capital at strife,
Tug, till Trade's vital ties seem riven.
A foolish fight ! War to the knife
Is not the watchword sense had given.
Make friends, or wealth may flee our land ;
Hard times with every strain grow harder.
Two symbols all should understand,
A leaking purse, an empty larder !

Fool Fashion pulls 'gainst Common Sense ;
In so-called Science "ism" 'gainst "ism."
While ignorance, purblind or dense,
Leads the wild dance of school and schism.
So *Punch*, the sage, whose mirthful page,
Ranks him with Reason's stoutest backers,
Commands to a discordant age
The morals of his New Year's Crackers.

REASONS FOR THE EARLY MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

BECAUSE England may find it necessary forthwith to despatch an ultimatum to Russia.
Because England is anxious to utter a distinct reiteration of her neutral policy.
Because England purposes the immediate annexation of Egypt.
Because England wishes to reassure the KHEDIVE against reported intentions of aggression on his realm.
Because Lord BEACONSFIELD wishes to open the way to his contemplated resignation.
Because Lord BEACONSFIELD intends to lay down a more vigorous line of action for the Government.
Because Austria has expressed her determination to go hand and glove with England.
Because Austria has revealed herself as the uncompromising ally of Russia.
Because India is in danger.
Because it is necessary to prove that India was never safer than at the present time.
Because it will annoy Prince BISMARCK.
Because it will relieve Prince BISMARCK of an overwhelming sense of responsibility.
Because the Militia can be called out at once.
Because we are so thoroughly secure, thanks to our Volunteer Forces.
Because Lord BEACONSFIELD likes surprises, and no one expected it.
Because Lord BEACONSFIELD has such perfect confidence in the nation, and everybody was anxiously waiting for the announcement.
And lastly, because *Mr. Punch*, after mature deliberation, thought—but stop, this is divulging a Cabinet secret.

"THE STATE OF PUBLIC FEELING."



GOVERNMENT not having deigned explanation of the early re-assembling of Parliament, *Mr. Punch* hastens to allay anxiety by stating the real motive.

Immediately upon the opening of the Session, the Government, anxious to gauge public opinion on the Eastern Question, intend to propose a Select Committee to ascertain the opinions of those "who know all about it." These persons will not be sought in Parliament itself, but in a select circle of London Clubs, drawing-rooms, and newspaper-offices. The Committee will examine and report on the opinions of the loudest of the witnesses. Specimens of the evidence likely to be produced are given by anticipation :

The Hon. NOODLE FITZNOODLE, examined :—"Am in favour of the Turks, and hate the Russians. Why ? Well—really—you know—the Turks are such gentlemen, and the Russians are such blackguards. Oh, yes, have heard of the Bulgarian atrocities. Never believed in them much. Had a sort of idea they were got up by that fellow GLADSTONE, don't you know, because he wanted to make a row of some sort. Yes, 'political capital,'—just so ; that's what I mean. No, I don't exactly accuse him of inventing the massacres. You're so sharp—take a fellow up so. Well, I dare say the Bulgarians massacred a few Turks, and then the Turks massacred a few Bulgarians, and then GLADSTONE said it was all the fault of the Turks ; that's my notion. Dare say the Bulgarians deserved massacring ; dare say they are a low Radical lot—Communists—that sort of thing—don't you know ? No, have never read any history ; don't seem to care for it much ; don't read newspapers much, either. Have a general sort of idea that a Russian is a savage, eats tallow-candles, kills Poles wherever they come across him, and flogs people who won't go to his church. Am rather tired of answering questions ; makes one so confoundedly dry, don't you know ?"

Colonel SLASHER (*late of the Forty-First Smashers*).—"Was never asked to give reasons for my opinions before ; think it rather impertinent to ask my reasons for advocating war. Am told the Russians want to take Gibraltar, or India, or some place. Don't know the distance between Kars and Calcutta ; should say about a hundred miles, perhaps more. My advice is, send our fleet to Constantinople ; land a few thousand men ; occupy Bulgaria and Armenia, and then the job's done—nothing plainer. Don't know anything about our Transport Service. Allies? No, never thought of them ; am not aware that we have no allies, and don't see why we need any, if we haven't. Loss of lives ? Well, what is the good of soldiers if they can't fight ? Sacrifice myself ? Oh ! I'm retired, or should be happy ; must stay at home to keep up popular enthusiasm—British prowess—all that sort of thing. Why, it would be something to come down to the Club for—something to talk about ; no excitement in life now."

Mr. LEO RAMPANT.—"Am a rising politician, and a writer of Leading Articles. Am considered rather an authority on the Eastern Question. Give Russia a

'piece of my mind' every morning. Am satisfied I have plenty of the commodity to spare. Believe that the voice of the Military Clubs is the *Vox Dei*. Know that 'Society' is in favour of the Turks. Consider that the Upper Ten Thousand is more likely to be right than the Lower Thirty Million. Believe that Lord BEACONSFIELD is a second CHATHAM. Was not aware that Lord CHATHAM called Russia 'our natural ally.' If so, am of opinion it was a slip of the tongue for Turkey. Am aware that the most eminent historians agree that the Ottoman Empire in Europe is doomed. Do not believe in eminent historians. Prefer mystery to history, and hysterics to both. Believe the Liberal Papers to be in the pay of Russia. Believe I am justified in saying that a High Personage favours the Turks. Have heard so from a friend, who heard a friend say at the Club that the news had come direct from a Royal coachman."

FATHER TIME LOQUITUR.



AUGH! blessme! ugh-ugh! good
gracious!
What's this Stygian reek pesti-
ferous,
Rising strong and stercoraceous,
Olefiant, odoriferous?
Can it be—tut-tut! such tricks
I hate!—
Someone's left the candle gut-
tering.

Earth with noxious fumes to asphyxiate ?
Shocking oaths I can't help muttering !

Fetch instanter an extinguisher !
Horse ! hurry ! ere ye be too late—
This effluvium is a thing which a
Fiend might use the Earth to etiolate.
Bring my matches, quick ! a clearer light
Flash on this worm-eaten planet's density,
Lest some blind and blundering aérolite
Strike and hurl it down the Immensity !

OUR WINTER EXHIBITION.

No. V.—TWO COMPANION PICTURES TO BILL BOLDER. THE LAST OF THE SHIMPAGATE SET.

By Your Own Quiet Observer.

YOUR Observer has already quietly observed, that, on and about the piers and quays, there are several bustling persons in official costume, some closely resembling what seems to be the German idea of our policeman, as represented on the *bon-bon* boxes imported into England at Christmas-time. One burly, rubicund individual, with a sort of waterman's or fireman's badge, in silver, fixed in front of a worse than ordinary chimney-pot hat, appears to be attached to the bridges leading from the outer to the inner basin. He has great opportunities of improving himself in all languages, as he has to open his bridge for the passage of vessels of various nationalities, and as they take a long time in going through his little Suez Canal, and as the sailors on board are mostly ready and willing to converse with any bystander, specially an official, the gentleman with the

undecided silver emblem in his hat, ought by this time to be a well practised linguist.

Your Observer, however, has noticed that this person's English is of the roughest and readiest school, and that the official in question, in spite of a rum-and-watery aspect, is of a rather morose and soured disposition, only addressing himself on topics of absolute and indispensable professional necessity to his mate, taking little heed of any vessel as it passes under his very nose (and his is a very nose), and relapsing immediately into a taciturnity from which nothing but Duty's call (the call of duty would come from the Custom-house, with which he is probably connected) can arouse him.

Who remembers the song of "*Jolly Nose?*" Not your Quiet Observer for one, that is, as sung by the late Mr. PAUL BEDFORD in *Jack Sheppard*, but it is to be found in HARRISON AINSWORTH's romantic account of that housebreaking hero. But if ever there were a jolly nose misplaced,—and more's the pity,—it is to be seen on the face of the taciturn Bridge-gate opener at Srimpgate-on-Sea. Silence in such a man is golden. If he were to indulge in chattering, and picking up scraps of knowledge in all languages, how long would it take twenty vessels to pass from the outer to the inner harbour? This is not a conundrum, it is a problem, whose solution is rendered unnecessary by the exemplary conduct of this worthy official, whose life is framed in accordance with the one great nautical commandment—"Yot must not speak to the man at the wheel." Other men have not the temptation to which he is exposed. All sorts of men, at all sorts of wheels, are daily, sometimes hourly, passing through, within a few inches of his festive nose. What wonders cannot these mariners from the North, South, East, and West, reveal to the man with the silver badge? News from France, from Holland, from Norway, from Russia, from Italy, from everywhere he can obtain, *vivid voce*, for the mere asking. But never a word passes his lips. Of what passes his lips—well that is a matter out of business hours, an affair between his nose and his chin, which concerns no one but himself. So here's his health in anything he likes best.

There's another official at the gate, stern and watchful as Cerberus. Of Puritanic tendencies, Your Observer imagines, from having heard an austere rebuke given by him to some small children, who, in the joy of their little hearts, were carolling forth a profane song on Sunday.

But the harbour would be nothing without its Master. What his official dress is, Your Observer is unable to say with anything like precision. It is not unlike a police inspector's, only without the cap. Gloves appear to be an indispensable part of his costume. Government has no neater servant in its pay, than the Harbour Master of Srimpgate-on-Sea. He is trim and taut as a newly-rigged yacht. If "taut" is not the word, it should be. It is a post of great importance, and there cannot be a man more fitted for such a post than Captain BUBBLE, who is importance itself. What he was ever Captain of, Your Quiet Observer has never been informed, but a Captain he must have been, for he looks all over just the man who wouldn't allow a speck to be seen on the quarter-deck, and who would read prayers, and a sermon into the bargain, to the Crew on Sunday morning, in the absence of a Chaplain.

On the day after a storm, when the tugs are towing in the wrecks, when severely damaged vessels with their topmasts broken, their sails in shreds, and their sides stove in, are entering their haven of rest at Srimpgate, then Captain BUBBLE is to be seen at his best and bravest. All Srimpgate is out on the pier; the excitement is at its height. What has happened to this vessel? what to that? They follow in, one after another; the harbour is becoming crowded, and space valuable. Standing on a coign of vantage, well-buttoned, well-booted, and well-gloved, Captain BUBBLE shouts out his directions to the steersman of each luckless craft, as it glides in between the stone piers, making for its welcome moorings. The Captain's intentions are excellent, but the Captain's words, though loud, are about as intelligible as the speeches of the figures with big heads in the opening of a Pantomime. The bystanders do not understand them, but this is of no consequence; those on board the vessel to whom the words of advice, or of command are addressed, either do not hear them, which is unlikely, unless they are deaf, or fail to appreciate either their value, or their own dependant position.

A weather-beaten ship is sailing in limpingly, so to speak, being thoroughly crippled. Weather-beaten men on board have their eyes intently fixed on the harbour before them; they look neither to the right nor to the left, and consequently do not happen to see Captain BUBBLE, who, like the cherub in DIBDIN's ballad, is perched up aloft, on the pier, keeping watch for the safety of poor JACK. The steersman's gaze never wanders from some point straight ahead; for that he is making; from his course he will not swerve. But once on Captain BUBBLE's territory, or mare-tory, that eminent individual will not allow many seconds to pass ere he lets them know who's who in the Harbour of Shrimpgate-on-Sea. If they think they are going to any point they like, and just how they like, without any interference on the part of the Commander of the

Harbour, they are very much mistaken, no matter what their rank, or their nationality.

"Keep your—wow wow wow!" shouts the Captain to every one on board.

Not the slightest attention from anybody.

"Keep your wow wow wow!" shouts the Captain louder and more energetically.

He might as well have said it (whatever it was) in a whisper, so utterly do the crew ignore his existence. This is decidedly annoying. He raises both his gloved hands to his mouth, so as to form a sort of speaking-trumpet, and bawls out, furiously, a lengthy direction, in which only the words "hard" "port" "helm" are distinct, the rest being all represented by "wow wow wow" as before. This supreme effort seems to raise Captain BUBBLE's stature by about two inches above his ordinary height, and a tremor runs through the crowd on the pier, lest the Captain should be literally carried away by his excitement, and go head foremost into the water.

At last the Captain of the vessel, or some one in authority standing by the helmsman, appears to have become aware that some one is addressing him. Without altering his position, or taking his eyes off the point in view, he quietly extends his right hand, and makes much the same movement with it, as the leader of an orchestra does with his left, when he wants his band to reduce itself to *pianissimo*. It is a deprecatory action, and signifies, if anything, "We're all right, my good friend. Don't make that horrid noise!"

Whether Captain BUBBLE reads it in this way, is more than Your Quiet Observer can assert, but its effect is temporarily quieting, and, strange to say, Captain BUBBLE appears quite satisfied with the result of all his shouting and hallooing, just as if he had been only anxious to obtain from the new-comers some sort of recognition. He pulls himself together, recovers his voice, and prepares to receive another ship, which has been following in the wake of the first, when precisely the same performance is gone through, as it would be if there were twenty ships all one after the other.

Another great occasion for Captain BUBBLE to come out strongly is, when some large foreign vessel has quit her moorings, and take her departure. She has been in for repairs, and the Srimpgaters have all become interested in her. She has been to them an object for a walk on the pier. They have watched her return to convalescence, from the day when, in a very shattered condition, she entered their hospitable harbour. They have become attached to her, and are very sorry to part with her. Nevertheless, as she must go, they come out to bid her *bon voyage*.

The slightest thing brings all Srimpgate out on to the pier. There wasn't a soul on it a minute ago: it is crowded now. There is the tug, with steam up, ready to drag the ship out to sea. There is much hauling and shouting on board, specially in a foreign craft, and Captain BUBBLE is bellowing himself hoarse, from his usual elevation on a stone block, and no one on shore, or on board, is paying the slightest attention to his invaluable advice.

The excitement is worked up to its culminating point by the persistent stupidity, or obstinacy, of some person or persons unknown (invisible to the bystanders on the pier, and apparently also to those on the ship itself), who will not haul something or other, in the stern, sufficiently taut. Captain BUBBLE shouts at the invisible obstructionist until he is more than usually hoarse, and so, by this homeopathic remedy, nearly recovers his ordinary tone; the Captain of the ship calls to this dense individual, a mate implores him, the Pilot cajoles him (he doesn't see him), addressing him cheerily as "My Lad," and appealing to him thus: "Now, my Lad, do haul taut the (whatever it is)" — but all to no purpose; the person so adjured and implored (for even the bystanders join their entreaties to those of the others) either won't or can't haul it taut, and so the vessel is delayed for half an hour beyond the time for starting.

At last, when all the commanding, cajoling, imploring, and ordering, in good and bad language, has ceased, and when even Captain BUBBLE is tired out and helpless, it suddenly appears that the somebody, in question (in what part of the ship he is, or who he is, remains a mystery to the end) has done what was wanted, and then the ship gets under weigh, the steam-tug puffs and grunts, and Captain BUBBLE strenuously shouts out his last piece of unexceptionable advice in so emphatic a manner, that the bystanders, thinking that he is warning the departing Crew against some most terrible danger, imminent there and then, at the very entrance of the Harbour, would clasp their hands in shuddering terror, were it not for the calm demeanour of the Pilot in charge, who simply nods a familiar farewell to Captain BUBBLE; whereupon the latter at once descends from his pedestal with the thoroughly satisfied air of a hero, who, at all risks and hazards, has done his duty under most trying circumstances, and has saved the lives of innumerable fellow-creatures.

*Vive, Captain BUBBLE! When thou art gone—*abit omen!*—it will be a difficult matter to supply thy place in the Harbour of Srimpgate-on-Sea.*

CHRISTMAS APPEALS.



WRITING from the Gourmet Club, Mr. GUTTLER plaintively appeals to the large circle of his friends, and implores them not to press him to partake of either mince-pies or plum-pudding at this extremely festive and indigestive season, and if possible to spare him the sight of either roast beef or boiled or roast turkey for the next three weeks at least.

Mr. and Mrs. ROSELEAF of the Turtledovecot, Cooington, appeal to their dear relatives, the GROWLERS and the SNARLINGS, that no cross words or looks may be suffered to disturb the harmony of the evening wherein the usual family gathering takes place.

Miss WALLFLOWER has some notion of circulating a piteous appeal for compassion to the young gentlemen of her acquaintance, when they behold her pining for a partner in the valse.

Master TOMMY TUCKER will, as usual, plaintively appeal for a second helping of plum-pudding.

A piteous appeal has been addressed by Mr. JOLLYDOG to his dear wife by no means to sit up for him if business should compel him to be late in coming home.

Old Mr. SINGLETON KERR MUDGEON has had serious thoughts this Christmas of appealing to his relatives to abstain from bothering him with calls and cards and compliments of the season, which serve only to remind him that his next of kin are waiting to step into his shoes.

Many hundreds of appeals have been issued by small children, imploring dear Papa to take them to the pantomime, and beseeching dear Mamma to let them have a Christmas party.

Miss SELINA SLYPUSS, in her utter helplessness, appeals to Cousin CHARLEY, not to catch her under the mistletoe, which is hung *most awkwardly*, just outside the dining-room, exactly where he once suggested that it should be placed.

"CRUEL ONLY TO BE KIND."

The Standard, lately told us, under the heading "Christmas Festivities at the Hospitals," that "At St. Thomas's, 280lbs. of nice rich plum-pudding was served out to each patient." Surely this must have been on the principle of *flat experimentum in corpore vili*, with the intention of giving next day a grand demonstration of the power of Hospital treatment in cases of indigestion. The report concludes with an allusion to the evening which followed this awful festivity, when, as we are told,

"Those who were convalescent appeared highly delighted at the kindness shown to them by all the officials, and even more delighted in attending to those more unfortunate patients who were unable to move from their beds."

The wonder is, not that some of the patients were unable, but that any were able, after such a Christmas cram, to move from their beds!

A Case for Sir Wilfrid.

We presume that "Hydraulic Jacks" must be a new-fangled phrase for Teetotallers who may take service in the Navy.

That we have been fortunate enough to secure some such exceptional blue-jackets, and that the Admiralty is doing its best to undermine their temperance principles, we gather from a recent Admiralty Circular, which we reprint from a Portsmouth naval organ:

"My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty are pleased to direct that in future fresh water is to be used for Hydraulic Jacks on ordinary occasions, but that when it is probable that the temperature will be sufficiently cold to freeze the water, spirit (rum), in the proportion of *one of spirit to two of water*, is to be mixed with the water for the Jacks. The rum is to be drawn from the Paymaster by the officer (engineer or gunner) in whose charge the Jacks are placed, but *Commanding Officers are to see that proper precautions are taken to guard against misuse of the spirit.*"

LIVERS AND THEIR COMPLAINTS.—"Is Life worth living?" Mr. MALLOCK has been asking in the *Contemporary Review*. We suspect it is, in a great measure, a question of the Liver.



AN INCOMPLETE AMUSEMENT.

The Squire. "WELL, MOSSO LE BARRONG, HOW DID YOU LIKE THE MEET OF THE QUEEN'S HOUNDS THIS MORNING?"

Distinguished Frenchman. "O VER MUCH! ZE PAYSAGE IT VOS BEAUTIFUL; ZE LADIES, ZEY VARE SHARMEENG'S; AND ZE COSTUMES VAKRE ADORABLES! BUT—ZARE VOS NO PROMENADE!—NO BAND OF MUSIC!—NOSSING!"

"PAX VOBISCUM!"

LET her come in! The New Year cannot bring
A guest more welcome, or a friend more needed.
Whilst echoes of our Christmas chants yet ring,
Is her benign appeal to pass unheeded?
Hath "Peace on earth" lost meaning in their minds
Who mouth the text at this our holiest season,
But whom the red mirage of War so blinds
To the high beacon-lights of ruth and reason?

Let her come in! Her claim is not the first,
Whilst evil lives to slay, and wrong needs righting.
There is a peace whose calm is more accurst
Than e'en the fiercest storm of righteous fighting.
But once the storm hath stricken—for the right,
As most men hold—and ancient wrong lies broken,
Let Peaceful Counsel bring her guiding light,
And sheathed sword twined with olive for a token.

Let her come in! Midst shipwreck's shocks and strains,
The hand of reason may well leave the rudder;
But thinking on those blood-dyed Eastern plains
The hardest hater of hoar wrong might shudder.
Not blood, not vengeance, is the Christian cry,
Death to the wrong, but not wrong-doer's slaughter!
Carnage is scarce so fair that we need fly
To hail the red-armed Fury as "God's daughter."

Let her come in! Whilst loud the joy-bells greet
The opening Year, a woful world may listen
To hear the gentle fall of those fair feet,
At whose soft sound Hope's sad eyes well may glisten.
Princes and Politicians, here's a guest
Whom roughly to repulse were blindest folly.
Let her come in, while with glad welcome's zest
We twine her olive in our Christmas holly.

ROBINS IN THE WRONG PLACE.

At a swell wedding in the Hunting Metropolis, we read of Eleven Bridesmaids in white Cashmere polonaises, trimmed with holly, mistletoe, and *Robin Red-Breasts*—dead *Robin Red-Breasts*!

Since the time that kindly bird covered the Babes in the Wood with leaves, even schoolboys' blood-thirstiness and rough' recklessness have spared the Robin—the bright-eyed, fearless friend of man—the sweet little singer of winter.

It was reserved for these Eleven dainty Bridesmaids—or rather, let us hope, for her who, without their cognisance or consent, planned their trimmings—to rise superior to the piety which spares the "little bird with bosom red."

May the spirits of the slain Robins not sit, like the slain Albatross on the conscience of the Ancient Mariner, on the souls of those Eleven Bridesmaids. But we should like to give a trimming of our own to the unwomanly woman who devised this cruel accompaniment of the holly and mistletoe, emblems of kindness, good-will on earth, and innocent kisses.

On False Pretences.

WHEN MRS. CRAWSHAY started her plan of "Lady Helps," the last thing probably that she thought of was providing a mask for meanness, anxious to shirk a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. But this is what the name, and any inducement it may hold out to youth and inexperience, are being used for, if we may judge by this advertisement from the *Standard* of the 21st ult.:—

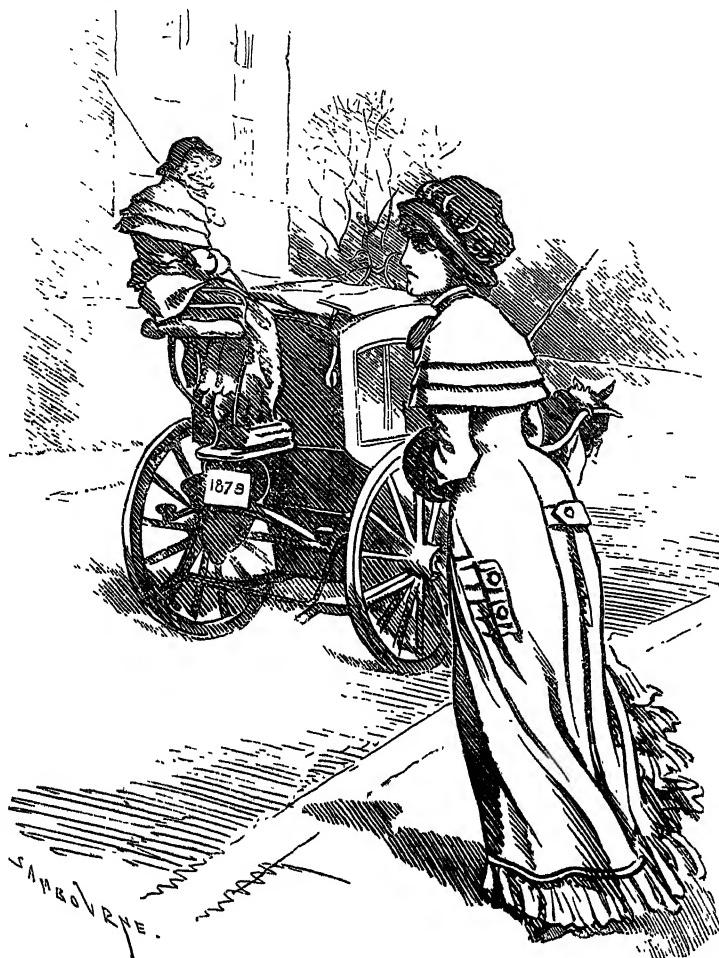
WANTED, a LADY HELP, on Jan. 3; salary, £10. Suitable for an Orphan wishing to find a home. Must be able to walk out with and teach young children; an early riser, able to attend to wardrobes, very cheerful, and steady.—Address, &c.

What a cheerful look-out for the "orphan wishing to find a home!"

TEETOTAL FESTIVITIES.—Cakes, but no more ale.



“PAX VOBISCU M!”



"IMITATION THE SINCEREST FLATTERY."

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At Drury Lane Pantomime, of course, with a Brief Philosophic Study of Master FREDERICK VOKES. Mention of some other places, and Promises for the Future.

SIR.—This comes greeting. I hope every one by this time has spent a very Merry Christmas, and commenced a Happy New Year, and Your Representative "can't say no fairer than that."

"Oh! the Mistletoe Bough," as the old song says, when "The boar's head smoked in the Castle Hall"—a sight, I confess, I should like to have seen. Imagine a boar's head *smoking!* We have all seen one with a lemon in its mouth, but with a pipe—never!

Mr. E. L. BLANCHARD ("Bless him!" say the Boys, and "Let us kiss him for his Pantomimes!" say the little Girls) should have this sort of boar's head in one of his Christmas Annuals at Drury Lane, of which the latest for 1877 is not one whit, or one wit, behind any of its predecessors. In some respects it is better, that is, to the taste and fancy of Yours Truly, who owns to a weakness for what are known as Comic Trick scenes. Can there be too many plums in a plum-pudding? No! That there are as good plums out of a plum-pudding as there are in it, is a certainty, or what would become of our hopes of another Merry Christmas and another Merry Pantomime? I like to see mysterious, bodiless hands crossing the stage and beckoning the entire VOKES family to follow them to the Enchanted Cat's Castle. These, though evidently quite new hands, are in excellent working order, and have a wonderful Grimm-goblinesque effect.

The VOKES will never want helping hands as long as they are able to appear before an appreciative public. Then that scene where FREDERICK VOKES encounters the violence of the storm, and has his clothes blown off his back, finally protecting himself and sisters from the inclemency of the weather by getting, all of them, under an umbrella, and dancing like mad, of course to keep themselves warm. Depend upon it, this is what they do in private life. It must be. I can see them, in my mind's eye—HORATIO—coming

MEMS OF MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

Mem. To take more exercise, and not smoke so much.
Mem. Not to dog's-ear my new books, nor wear my new boots down at heel.

Mem. To get up every morning directly I am called.

Mem. Never, under any provocation, to allow myself "forty winks" after dinner.

Mem. Not to be sulky with my wife when she has lured me into shopping with her.

Mem. Nor to grumble when she drags me out at night to a four-mile off "At Home."

Mem. To join no more new Clubs, and to spend less time and money at my old ones.

Mem. To give up playing cards—at least for more than penny points.

Mem. Not to forget to recollect that we really must invite my dear Mamma-in-Law to come and stay a month with us.

Mem. Not to waste my precious time so much in reading trashy newspapers and trumpery French novels.

Mem. To cultivate a deeper sense of conscientiousness in regard to the return of borrowed books and silk umbrellas.

HETERODOXY AND HOSS-BACK.

To the stable mind generally there is, perhaps, no sort of news less readable than ecclesiastical intelligence. Yet habitual fox-hunters, and all men given over to the Noble Animal, must needs feel a keen interest in the question pending in the Established Protestant Church of Prussia respecting the orthodoxy of the Rev. Herr Hossbach. This Clergyman was lately nominated incumbent of St. James's, Berlin, by a majority of his congregation. Petitioned by a minority, the Brandenburg Consistory Court has refused to confirm Herr Hossbach's appointment. The case stands referred to the Supreme Consistory, with whom it rests to decide whether or no Hossbach shall keep his seat. Hossbach, in the meantime, sticks on, and goes in to win. He stands a good chance, for Hossbach is a very Broad Churchman, and his pace is far beyond that of the ordinary clerical canter.

GOOD NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE.—To buy *Punch's Almanack*, and turn over all its new leaves.

down Bond Street on a wet and windy day; Miss VICTORIA, Miss JESSIE, and Master FREDERICK, their heads put together under a model SANGSTER's parapluie, and only the Ladies' skirts and boots and the Gentleman's legs visible, as people make way for the talented trio from the Oxford Street end to Piccadilly.

There is no dancer, no pantomimist, so terribly earnest as Master FREDERICK VOKES. Everything is a puzzle to him in a pantomime. He is always encountering everything for the first time, and being equally bothered by it. He is astonished at seeing his own leg go over his sister's head. He is more than astonished, for an expression of intense regret deepens the habitual pensiveness of his countenance, suggesting to the spectator the idea, that nothing in life causes him so much real annoyance, as the utterly thoughtless recklessness of his own legs. He would disown his own legs if he could. He would apologise for their extraordinary conduct, were there time to pause in the tune. And yet the Ladies, his sisters, "over whose heads," as Novelists used to say, FRED Vokes's legs have passed, do not seem to mind it. Mind it! they jig away and smile, and appear quite unconscious of the cause of their unhappy brother's almost overpowering anxiety.

Miss ROSINA having retired from the very active service of the winter Drury Lane campaign, her place is taken by Mrs. FRED VOKES (*née* Moore—*nay*, *more* now, as she is Mrs. F. V.) who, in her turn, dances away hand in hand with her husband, who regards her from time to time with almost tearful eyes and suppressed emotion, as though inquiring whether she might possibly be angry with his way of going on and going off, whether she has observed a leg whisking above her in the air, and if so, whether she will believe him when he assures her, on his honour, that it is one of those circumstances over which he, alas, has no control. Yet, "my legs are my fortune, Sir," he said—to Mr. F. B. CHATTERTON, speaking for himself and talented associates.

The *La Chatte-ron Blanche-ard* Pantomime is highly to be commended this year. Amusing it must be from its subject; and the Cats' Cookery Scene, where all the felines run after a mouse, is most Amousing. There is a first-rate Cat, who executes marvellous



ZEAL.

Master of Hounds (gloomily). "WELL, I SUPPOSE WE'D BETTER GO HOME?"

Suffolk Farmer. "SIR, I TELL 'E IT'S YA BE-AUNDEN DEUTY TO STICK TO UT TILL YA BEEUTS BUSTES THERSELVES WITH WAATER!"

somersaults : he must be a pupil of Mr. RAWDON VOKES. Gymnastic capers that are cut in the winter ought not to be called *summersaults*. Oh, Sir ! where do bad punsters go to ? To Pandemonium, of course. Oh ! But I will turn the subject over in somebody else's mind, my own being at present fully occupied.

Master FRED VOKES's business with the invisible RAWDON must be closely watched by the intelligent spectator. It is immense. Master RAWDON represents an invisible Goblin, but not an intangible one ; so that, though he cannot be seen, he is a material obstruction. Master FREDERICK, not seeing him, runs against him : he can't imagine what it is stops the way : there is an invisible obstacle, as stubborn and as surprising in effect as would be an invisible brick wall. Master RAWDON enjoys the jest as only a goblin could. It is such unaccountable perversities as these that deepen the gloom on Master FREDERICK's face, and cause him to shake his head slowly, as he murmurs to his sister, "There is more in heaven and earth, VICTORIA, than is dreamt of in your philosophy!"

Hamlet! Why doesn't he play *Hamlet* ? A Ballet-Pantomime *Hamlet*, as serious as the play itself, from a Frederick Vokes point of view. Let RAWDON VOKES be the *Ghost*. Let VICTORIA be *Ophelia*. Miss COVENNEY, who is almost one of the family, should be the Queen-Mother. And if there are not materials there for a Vokes *spécialité*, I have mistaken my company. Master FREDERICK VOKES, in *Hamlet's* suit of sables, with that pained expression on his pale, wan countenance, would be the Prince of Denmark down to the ground. What a dance he would have with *Ophelia* ! What scenes with RAWDON VOKES as the *Ghost* ! How he would "follow" as the *Ghost* "leads on."

But to return to the Pantomime, which those who have seen it once will be delighted to do. MR. BEVERLY's Lake of Water-Lilies is as beautiful a scene as even he has ever painted. The *tableaux* formed by the characters in the first Scene, representing MR. FEITH'S "Coming of Age in the Olden Time,"—(Ah ! there'll be another sort of coming of Age when the Olden Time arrives !—but that's not yet)—was admirably managed.

So thank you very much, Messrs. BLANCHARD, BEVERLY, and all

concerned in the production of the Drury Lane Annual under the management of Mr. F. B. CHATTERTON, who ought to have danced in his own "F. B. C." ballet. Perhaps the Lord Chamberlain wouldn't let him ; or perhaps he *does* dance, all by himself, out of sight, at the wings, while the "F. B. C." is going on in front.

It is impossible to be everywhere at once. And, therefore, I must leave the Covent Garden Pantomime, the Aquarium, and the Gaiety afternoon Pantomime of *Valentine and Orson* for next week.

Mr. J. L. TOOLE's *Trying a Magistrate* at the Globe is a solo performance which keeps the audience in a roar. Miss LOTTIE VENN and Miss RACHEL SANGER at the Strand play a sort of burlesque Robertsonian Love-scene in *The Red Rover* charmingly. *Fatherland* is to come out at the Queen's. *Fatherland* is a translation of *Patrie*, but it sounds German.

M. SARDOU's *Dora* will be produced at the Prince of Wales's in January, but let us hope that the time is not far distant when we shall have as many original English plays as there are now translations and adaptations. The various causes of the present translationary and adaptationary state of the stage in England, are best known to those who are, literally, behind the scenes.

With the Compliments of the Season, I beg to assure you of my most distinguished consideration, and sign myself

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

DOCTOR DUCTOR.

"And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death."

THROUGH what odd holes truth may leak out sometimes ! Here is a copy—*verbatim et literatim*—of a Certificate given, the other day, to a Registrar of Deaths by the Secretary of a Foresters' Court in Bedfordshire :—

"December 2nd, 1877.

"Dear Sir,
"This his to certify that I am of opinion that JOHN M.— died in accordance with Doctor's instructions."



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